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Or
The Historie of the Coy Lady
Adorned with Sculpture,

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PANDION AND AMPHIGENIA: OR, THE HISTORY OF THE Coy Lady OF THESSALIA

Adorned with *Sculptures*.

By *J. CROWNE.*

LONDON, Printed by *I. G.* for *R. Mills*, at the sign of the *Pestel* and *Mortar* without *Temple-Barr*, *Anno*, 1665.

Bibl. Bodl.

To the Right Honorable

ARTHUR

Lord Viſcount

CHICHESTER, *Earl of* DONEGAL,

And one of His Majeſties moſt Honorable Privy Council for the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

My Lord,

THis poor Off-ſpring of my vacant hours, having ſlept awhile in the ſhades of obſcurity and ſilence, I knew not when it might better walk abroad, and take the Air of popular cenſure, than in the Sun-ſhine of your Lordſhip Patronage. I am very ſenſible of the meanneſs of the Subject (being wholly fictitious) and the poverty of its dreſs; and none can think more contemptibly of it than my ſelf: I was ſcarce twenty years of Age when I fancyed it, and therefore it muſt needs want thoſe maſculine conceits as do violence to mens underſtandings. I am not ignorant that things of this nature are onely

to ease and supply a Brain that hath long bin in the Rack of severer Studies: and I am afraid this will hardly be preferred to so noble a use, since a lofty Intellect that hath been Airing its Wings in clear and sublime Meditations, will hardly stoop to Bath in the puddle of these low and sordid Fancies. If throughout the whole *Utopia*, there be an expression, or a person whose Character or Passion may deserve a transient glance from your eye, it hath commenced a degree of Honor above my expectations. And I shall esteem my self highly and generously rewarded, if I may hereby in any degree merit the title of,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most

humble, and most

obedient servant,

John Crowne.

To the Reader.

IT was on a day, that as Time rode by in the Chariot of the Sun, I resolved to go in Pilgrimage to Parnassus; *and borrowing some few idle hours of that old bald-pated Usurer to bear my expences, I weaved me a Hermits Gown of Opportunities forelock, and took for a Staff a Sun-beam, and so accoutred I went to do my devoire to the nine Patronesses of Poesie. Where after a long and tedious peregrination I arrived; but no sooner arrived than I beheld to my astonishment, the Widowed chanel that once had embraced the Castalian Springs sweet off spring, destitute of its murmuring society, and of the delight it once took in its moist kisses, and prostitute to a new black complexion'd Lover; the bubling womb whence that progeny was extracted, being turned to a Grave, where Oblivion lay entombed; that treasury of liquid Pearls that used of yore to enrich old Poets Brains, wherewith they so oft bespangled their Poems, being quite exhausted. Some said it was thence conveyed into little Cisterns, and so conducted thorough slender pipes into a vast Conduit. Others said the thirsty throats of Lovers, parch't with Beauties Raies had swill'd it up. I as an impartial Judge imputed it to both. Next I looked round to see if I could espy the Muses; but Time it seemed had long ago ravished those sweet*

Virgins from that ſolitary place. Some ſaid they were dead and Coffin'd up in Poets Sculs. Others ſaid, they ſerved as Handmaids to fond Lovers Paramors. I as an unintereſſed Umpire imputed it to neither, but judged they were fled to heaven to renew their Bankrupted ſtores. Thus grieved to ſee my journey fruſtrate, I reſolved however to Banquet my eyes with the ſight of that forked mountain, that once had been the pleaſant Throne where the nine Virgin Queens were wont to ſit, Crowned with Lawrel, on a green Carpet wrought with Flowers embroidery, tuning their enchanting Laies to Eccho's reſounding Accents; but turning to behold it, I ſaw nothing but the Plain whoſe ſhoulders had once born that huge pile of earth; when ſtruck into a tranſport with admiration at this monſtrous product of Time, I was told by the ſtanders by, that ſome Modern Gyants of wit had born it thence, intending to ſcal Heaven, and plunder it of its choiceſt rarities, wherewith to fill the heavenly Coffers of their minds. Theſe words were as an alarum to my murmuring thoughts, which now began to mutiny againſt my repoſe; whom whilſt I ſtrove to appeaſe, I heard from a confuſed Maſs of Rocks and Stones, the moſt ſoul-entrancing-melody that ever was begotten of the Airs fluid womb; ſuch as would have compelled a Stoick to ſteep his mind in thoſe ſoft pleaſures, whoſe every tone ſounded like a Diapaſon, and all its accents like the very reliſhes and cloſes of that heavenly Muſick, Angels and beatified

fied ſouls compoſe, when in their Silver Bowers, they joyn in Conſort, and make the Arches of that Empyreal Orb reſound the Eulogies they ſing in praiſe of their immortal ſolace. No ſooner were theſe Airs convey'd into the Labyrinth of my ear, but I felt my ſelf confounded with ſudden raviſhment; when demanding of the Auditory, whether Melody it ſelf lay interred under that Chaos? Reply was made, that they were onely ſome few Reliques of thoſe raviſhing ſtrains Apollo uſed to charm ſouls withall, when playing on his Viol he made the Air dance her rareſt meaſures, in thouſands of ſweet forms, after his nimbly quavering fingers, whoſe melody made the very ſenſeleſs ſtones become Epicures, who loath to part with their delight, hoorded up its Silver ſound in their obdurate treaſuries. Scarce had my mind lent attendance to the cadence of their ſpeech, ere I was ſnatcht I knew not how, I knew not whither. Whilſt I lay exſtaſied with this harmony, I ſaw in a Viſion, a young Muſe in tattered habit, holding in her hand the pourtraiture of a man, drawn by the Pencil of Nature ſo exquiſitely, that it ſeemed the perfect Character of a Divine Idea, for no humane fancy could deviſe ſuch an excellent draught. His looks were the Enſigns of ſome eminence in him, more than humane; ſo that he ſeemed the Epitome of the whole worlds excellencies: The Princely Air of his countenance ſeeming as a refracting medium of the beams of an illuſtrious Soul; that he almoſt confirmed in me, that before doubted Platoniſm,

nism, That Angels are united to bodies. *As I was feeding my admiration with this admirable sight, I heard a voice proclame in my ears, Copy out this representation. Fain would I have made my own inability the excuse of my neglect, and made answer, that such superlative excellencies did transcend my comprehension, much more my expressions; and that it sufficed that they were their own blazons, since none could sufficiently emblazon them; and as for me, I would imitate the adorers of the Sun, not being able to encircle his head in a Lawrel Crown, I'de sacrifize some few Poetick Flowers to his praise. These thoughts restored my revolted senses to their Offices, when no sooner awaked, and that I had taken acquaintance with my self, but I saw the Muse that appeared to me in my Vision, who came running to me, and presently Midwived some conceipts, that my Brain was then in travail withall; which when born she wrapped up in some scattered plumes that the Muses had left behind them, and so presented it to the Nursery of wits the Press; which (Reader) here I devote unto thee. Who if thou beest one of those whose squeamish stomacks nauseat every thing, but what's of their own dressing, I shall not wonder if thou canst not empanch this ill-dreſt-garbage, since the rarities of a more curious fancy, Cook't by a cleanlier Muse, offend thy palate. Doubtless Brains is the best sauce for this sort of dishes, but Necessity is the best Apology. Want and sordidness are like Æneas and Achates inseparable coiti-*

coitineranis. As her youth may easily excuse her want of skill to weave a fine-spun-webb wherein to array her Progeny. She is not yet emancipata, and therefore no wonder if not so sinewy, vigorous and sprightly, as those that have arrived to the third or fourth climacterical. The way then for thee to banquet thy own Genius, is not to feed on these jejune weak conceipts, but rather on some more polite, accurate piece of thy own composing, whose excellency may be set off by the foil of my deficiency; for so men augment the Suns refulgency, by comparing them with the gloomy shades. Again, if thou beest one, who settest up these few Pictures of my fancies confused Ideaes, in the Gallery of thy thoughts, thinking to adorn it, with the quaint allusions, acute Criticisms, high-flown raptures, and big-swollen words, that may be expected to fall from a Pen that endeavors to limn out the pourtraiture of Vertue; let me anticipate that wonder, a rational conjecture tells me an unexspected delusion will create in thee, by telling thee before hand, this Cabinet encloses no such treasure. I cannot tell which I was most unhappy in, in my perambulation, whether to forget to pass thorough France, *and there to have adapted my tongue and pen to the moding complements wherewith that Ceremonious Nation so neatly give the lye to themselves; or else that during my abode in* Thessaly, *I could not procure some of the golden Fleece, which* Jason *with the* Argonautes *brought from* Colchis, *of which to have spun my Muse a*

glister-

gliſtering Veſture. I muſt confeſs, ambitious I was to ſtrut it with the moſt boyſtrous and Alla-mode *Royſters of our times, and therefore ſent my Wits a Wool-gathering, to ſee if they could pick up ſome locks of it, and thats the reaſon they come home ſo ragged. Some though they live in the frozen Zone of a* Plebeian *ſtupidity, will yet apparel their minds in fuſtian, which ſure is the reaſon they Cough and ſpit out ſuch Phlegmatick conceipts; which oyſter-like dotes, they will (in deſpite of any) fancy to enſhrine the richeſt Pearls. To bolſter up a crooked invention with fungous words, and putid phraſes (methinks) makes the deformity more apparent. Volumes filled with ſuch empty inflations, inherit the Office of a foot-ball. As I ever hated ſuch barbariſms, ſo I never delighted in complemental falſities: and as I am a ſtranger to Silken language, ſo neither am I familiar with the expreſſions moſt in Vogue. My endeavors have been rather to delineate humors and affections, than to affect humorous delineations. Or again, if thou beeſt a Lover, I marvail not if thou eſteemeſt this Poem reliſhleſs, if thy eye dazled with the Rays of Beauty, can ſee no luſtre in this ſhady repreſentation of that Paſſion: for there wants that pure Veſtal fire, that ſhould devout my thoughts, and diſtill my notions into a quinteſſence.*

Or laſtly, to be brief, if thou beeſt ſome Antick Mimick, that turning over theſe Pages, doſt ſcoff and diride, probably not with ſo good reaſon, as if

every

every leaf were a Looking-glass, I despise thy severest censures, and value not though thou make this little off-spring of my Invention a Martyr to thy Morosenos; as I used my liberty in fancying, so do thou in approving or condemning.

To the benign Reader then do I principally dedicate these droppings of my Pen; who as his clearey'd judgement will discern this Fiction to be an Hospital of lame conceipts, so his judicious candor will serve as a crutch to obscure their haltings. If he meeteth not here with the most exquisite illustrations, let him consider this is but the first essay. Natura non facit saltum. *None but Angels and pure spirits stript from all union with matter work instantaneously, or derive their notions from infused Species. Besides, had I such a vast big-bellied Fancy, that the very boundaries of Nature would seem too streight-lac't for it, yet whilst caged within the Universe, it must not think to flutter out of the state of imperfection. Perfection is the array reserved for Souls that have shaked of their clayie mantle. However, as all that is here is mean, so all is Genuine; nothing stole, nothing strained. As my Muse is none of the rare Phœnixes of our Age, who seem to arise out of the spicy nest of Invention, from whence they perfume the world with odors more fragrant than those wherein the* Arabian *Nunn expires; so neither is she any of those dung-bread Scarabites, generated of the putrefaction of some dead Muse, whose works are onely glimmering lights, lightned at the*

Torches

Torches of ſome deceaſed Poets, as Paper Urnes that contained nothing but his Aſhes. In fine, ſhe is no Jay trickt up in others feathers, nor Popinjay to parrat others Wit: So I ſhall conclude with a verſe of ſweet-tongued Draytons,

Like me that liſt, my honeſt Proſe and Rimes
Nor care for Critick, nor Cenſorious times.

PANDION

PANDION AND AMPHIGENIA.

NO sooner were Nights Sable Curtains drawn, and *Aurora* had opened her Rosie Courts, but fair *Cleodora* arose, and dispossessed her downy Bed of those perfections, which that Night had been a treasure of: And looking forth out of the window, to see whether the season would permit her her usual Custom, which was early while others were fettered with *Morpheus* his Chains, d wrapped in Sleeps *care-charming* Mantle) to walk rth, sometimes into the Gardens, sometimes into the pen Fields, and then into the shady Groves, feeding r *mournful* meditations with those objects, which in thers would breed delight; and seeing each thing by isplaying its beauty to invite her among them; the leavens painted with a Vermilion dye; the Rosie morn having flung her self among the Clouds, as if on urpose to gaze on so sweet an object; the sky inter-nixed with azure streaks, as indeavouring to imitate her Veins; the winged Choristers chirping in each Tree

Torches of some deceased Poets, as Paper Urnes that contained nothing but his Ashes. In fine, she is no Jay trickt up in others feathers, nor Popinjay to parrat others Wit: So I shall conclude with a verse of sweet-tongued Draytons,

Like me that list, my honest Prose and Rimes
Nor care for Critick, nor Censorious times.

PANDION

PANDION AND AMPHIGENIA.

NO sooner were Nights Sable Curtains drawn, and *Aurora* had opened her Rosie Courts, but fair *Cleodora* arose, and dispossessed her downy Bed of those perfections, which that Night had been a treasure of: And looking forth out of the window, to see whether the season would permit her her usual Custom, which was early (while others were fettered with *Morpheus* his Chains, and wrapped in Sleeps *care-charming* Mantle) to walk forth, sometimes into the Gardens, sometimes into the open Fields, and then into the shady Groves, feeding her *mournful* meditations with those objects, which in others would breed delight; and seeing each thing by displaying its beauty to invite her among them; the Heavens painted with a Vermilion dye; the Rosie morn having flung her self among the Clouds, as if on purpose to gaze on so sweet an object; the sky intermixed with azure streaks, as indeavouring to imitate her Veins; the winged Choristers chirping in each Tree

their melodious Anthems, as in praise of so many excellencies united in perfection, and the *odoriferous* Flowers perfuming the Air, with fragrant odours, as if they strove to exceed the sweetness of her breath; she slipt on her morning habit, and walked out to betake her self to her accustomed Soliloquies, and entertain her mind with those thoughts, that made her frequent unfrequented places, accounting them her most delicious recreations; at first the abundance of delight, for a while overwhelmed her Melancholike passions, but recovering her self, she thus began to complain, What fatall Star is this whose Pestilential influence doth afflict me with succedaneous sorrows, and makes me daily fill the air with Complaints, as if my soul were griefs Exchequer? Misery and despair hath arrested all my powers, that all my words and thoughts are steeped in briny sorrows, and not a part of me, but is forced to bear *a part* in this Consort, to make a *horrid harmony* in woe. My tongue, the Organ of my soul, blown by the sighing Bellows of my heart, never ceaseth its mournful tones, whilst the tears flow in such unmeasurable measure, from the floud-gates of my Eyes, as if my very Soul would be diffused out of those perpetual streaming sluces. Not a thought but is sacrificed to him, on the Altar of a constant mind. And that that confounds me with endless woe, and makes my woes endlesly profound, is not only an utter despair of ever being blest with the fruition of him (which alone were able to kill a lip-sick Lover, who with quaint Rhetorications can paint his Mistress face, and curl her hair with better art than she her self, and think her tears love philters, each sentence a heart-charming Exorcism, and every frown to dart a death) but that my affections should be insnared by one, for fading skin-thick beauty, whose worth and valour, and all that might render him excellent,

lent, I am wholly ignorant of. But Ah! my Soul, how dareſt thou entertain a diſhonorable thought of one, by externals, Natures Minion, and thy darling? would Nature have Compiled ſo beautiful a fabrick, to be a receptacle for a deformed ſoul? Certainly ſhe would not have made ſuch a Cabinet, but to place a Jewel in it, and that of no mean value neither; do we not ſee how ſhe hath framed the heavenly Orbes, of a more pure quinteſſential nature, than theſe courſe-grained Elementary bodies, ſet with gliſtring ſpangles, garniſhed with millions of golden Scutchions, and all to be a fit Pavilion for the Sun, the worlds great General? And what is this dull *blockiſh* earth, but for blind Moles, Dens of wild Beaſts, graves of dead putrifying Corps, and at beſt for man to tread on? and as for Trees, Plants, and Flowers, do we not ſee how they not indu[illegible] to be impriſoned within its bowels, break forth, ſtriving to aſcend, and leave it; but that the Earth as loth to part with them, fetters them by the roots; And wherefore hath ſhe made this Microſm, Man, the Epitome and total ſumm of all the worlds Excellencies, but that it may be fit to contain ſuch an Angelical Soul? And will ſhe now be ſo prepoſterous, as to make *Pauſanias* excell all in beauty, but that he excels all in vertue? But what's all this to me? I do but Tantalize my ſelf with theſe fond thoughts, ſince cruel Fortune ſeparates me from him.

Thus ſhe walked, regardleſs whither ſhe went, until ſhe was ſurprized with a glimmering light, appearing through the leaves and boughes; the ſuddenneſs whereof ſilenced her incompoſed thoughts, ſo that now ſhe betook her ſelf to ſee, what ſhould cauſe theſe twinkling ſparks of light; and having gone ſome few paces forward, ſhe came to a little Plain, at the foot of a Hill, where lay the Relicks of a ſtately Edifice, as

might plainly appear by the ruins of it, upon which there ſtood a Chapel defaced by Antiquity, ſo that it was rather venerable than beautiful, only the ſituation of it made it ſeem one of the ſweeteſt places in the earth; neer the Chapel, there was a Cryſtall Rivulet, whoſe curled ſtreams ran ſoftly along, murmuring that their Envious purſuers would crowd them thence ſo ſoon. And paſſing through a Grove ſhe came to the Chapel, and entering into it, ſhe eſpyed a Lamp, and an Inkhorn and Paper lying upon a Table of Stone; ſhe took the Paper, and looked into it, in which were written theſe Verſes:

Then muſt I live, and will none pitty lend,
By ending me, at once to put an end
To theſe my pains and tears, which ne're will ceaſe
Untill by death my Soul obtains releaſe?
Then when (O Soul) wilt flye and leave theſe Chains,
Wherewith this Body cloggs thee, and theſe pains,
Theſe never ceaſing pains, tormenting fires,
Which daily burn, to feed ſome fond deſires?
But (Ah!) poor Soul, long ſince th' art fled and gone
To her, 'twixt whom ther's ſuch an union,
Made by affection, that although by death
I ſhould this body to the grave bequeath,
Yet ſooner can thy ſelf diſſolved be,
And looſe that knot of immortality,
Which makes thy woes eternal, than be able,
To looſe that Union, which Love makes ſo ſtable.
Paſſions are like the flame, which once being felt
Within the breaſt, the Soul like Wax doth melt;
Th' Idea is th' Impreſſion, which receiv'd,
Of it the ſpirit ne'er can be bereav'd.
What then if thou above the Clouds wert fled,
And left this clayie body, pale as Lead,

What wilt avail, if when thou doſt diveſt
Thy ſelf of it, thou canſt not be at reſt?
Though left this Priſon, if theſe paſſions fly,
And ſtill bereave thee of thy liberty?
If when this body's burnt, and in an Urn,
Yet then with greater endleſs fires doſt burn?
Only this hope remains, that though they may
Aſcend great Natures dictates to obey;
When thou their flaming Center doſt attain,
They with that fiery Element will remain.
Mean while to all vain pleaſures bid farewell,
Since th'art exil'd from her that doth excell
What Earths vaſt Wombe, or Heavens influence,
Did e're produce, all other excellence
Is but an Empty name, if not in her,
She is the ſubſtance, others ſhadows are;
They're wiſe, fair, vertuous, if like her, for ſhe
Is Wit and Beauty, patience, chaſtity.
Then ſince by cruel fates, we parted are,
Henceforth I will be wedded to deſpair.

She read the Verſes, and her own Experience made her to pity the Author, ſo that more out of Compaſſion than deſert, ſhe commended them; conſidering alſo they were the lines of one ſubmerſt in ſorrows, and therefore unable to ſoar aloft, on the wings of an airy fancy. And having paused a while, ſhe heard a ſigh accompanied with a ſilent, but a deep-fetcht groan, which was eccho'd back by another from her, being moved thereto by the thoughts of her own hard fortune, which thoughts made her the more to pity him, whoſe condition ſo neerly reſembled hers, inſomuch that a Pearl-like tear was ready to diſtill from her Eyes; but her curioſity putting her upon a farther inquiry, ſhe took the Lamp, and went to the place whence the air

convey'd those sad accents to her ears. The first Species that presented it self to her view, was one in black upon a bed, and seeing him possess'd with Sleep, Deaths image, together with his pale looks, sorrows continual concomitant, she almost thought he was a Carcase, not a man, but that she remembred she heard him sigh. About his wrist was a Bracelet of Hair, in which were wrought in Letters of Gold these verses,

Though cruel fortune makes us part,
Yet you remain within my Heart,
FLORINDA.

With her looking upon the Bracelet, by the dazeling Lamp, she waked him, which she perceiving, Pity, a quality inseparable from the best Natures, made her thus address her speech to him; *Sir*, whoever you are, that thus separate your self from the World, by being Cloystered within these *doleful* walls, let not a too passionate sorrow prevail over all the faculties of your Soul, and Reason it self, which ought to be the helm whereby we steer our course through the fluctuating billows of sorrow. Take advice of one, who though a stranger to you, yet not to these passions wherewith I perceive you burn; do not lavish out your self in a spontaneous grief, lest your tears prove Omens, and presage a greater evil. Tears are too brackish to quench, and Sighs are but wind, and more apt to excite than extinguish these flames; therefore leave this retiredness, and who knows but *Florinda* may be yours, although hitherto some Sinister frowns of Fortune hath blasted your proceedings, which continually attend those who by Vertue aspire to Honour and Happiness. — *Periander's* spirits (for such was his name) receiving so sweet an alarm, uttered in such a compassionate manner

Who

ner, as made it plainly evident, her own passions bred that sympathy, made him think she was some tutelary Angel sent from Heaven out of pity to direct him; and as if the very name of *Florinda* had as it were by a prophetick Enthusiasm thus desived to him, breathed new life into him, he rouzed up his senses, and with a trembling, and as it were dying voice uttered this reply; Who is it that thus by endeavours cruelly merciful, rips up my wounds, fondly thinking thereby to cure them? Is that the way to ease a grief-burthened soul, to deny all ease? sure the most Flagitious Villain the Earth bears, whom the World abhorrs for his improbous actions, may not be denyed a leave to mourn; The most inhumane Tyrants that ever plagued the world with their horrid immanity, when they strove to make a dying soul survive with cruciating pain, would suffer them to bewail their State; souls laden with Woe, though ballasted with Hope, will sink under Fortunes stormy frowns, unless they pump out those griefs that threaten destruction. But ah! my heart is toss'd with the surges of despair, and charged with overwhelming sorrows, which unless I seek to disburthen, will augment to my unrecoverable ruine. And what though I should abandon all *Corroding* Passions, would that repair my *irreparable* State? would that regain *Florinda*? Oh what more vain than such deluding thoughts? Heaven justly thinks me unworthy of so much Bliss, and therefore interdicts me its enjoyment. Oh, if there be any sparks of pity yet remaining, either put a period to my miseries, by ending my life, that I may no longer contemplate in my self a spectacle of woe, or else remove this light, that so no Object may be presented to my eyes, that may divert my mind from the thoughts of despair, and leave this pensive place to me alone, being fit for none but those

devoted to misery, that so I may take my fill of sorrow, since nothing without *Florinda*, will give me contentment, but that wherein there is no content. And with that he fetcht a deep sigh from the Heart, which intimated where the distemper lay, which *Cleodora* hearing, she was at first perplext in her mind, not knowing what course to steer; one while she despair'd of ever framing consolation able to appease such vehement sorrow, and therefore according to his desire thought to leave him a prey to his passions; but then compassion would utterly forbid that; at length the natural desire that is iucident to all humane spirits of knowing others afflictions, with the hope of giving some ease by her advise added, caused her thus to break silence; Sir (said she) though the black clouds of Despair have so over-spread your Soul, as that there is not the least ray or glympse of hope, whose bright aspect might revive you, yet let it not cause you to degenerate from Vertue, which makes the possessor inflexible under all adversity, like the rock that remains unmoved, though assaulted with the impetuous rage of the boisterous Winds and roaring surges of the troubled Sea. He in whose rich Soul Vertue hath once taken up her residence, hath always a *Halcion* serenity within, whatever the tempestuous changes and *chances* of Fortune may be without; such a one is placed in the mids of the variety of Vicissitudes, as the Centre in a Globe, which remains fixt, notwithstanding all the Gyrations and successive *Changes* of posture in its adjacent parts. Hence Vertue to a wise man is not only as a lofty mountain, on which he may overtop the misty region where Fortune minteth and *Contrives* her various accidents, but as wings, that transport his Spirit above the Stars, by which means he over-rules, controules, and bridles them at his pleasure, and hath

a greater influence on his own felicity, than all the Constellations in the Heavens. And though there are none have a Charter of Exemption from the enmities of cross mischances, yet can they not infringe a wise mans happiness, since it depends not either on Fortunes inconstant smiles, or the uncertain dispositions of men, but on the constant and certain exercise of Vertue, which sad misfortunes can no more impede, than the air can oppose the lights penetration. Vertue will shine through the thickest clouds of adversity, nay, its lustre will then most appear; that rust which with too much ease is apt to contract, is scoured off by the filing of adverse fortune, like the fire that lies hid in the bosom of a flint, content with its own warmth, and never *ventures forth* out of its rocky dwelling, nor appeareth to the view of others, unless roused by the Steels rude *knocks*. Hence Calamities should be the exercise, not the overthrow of Vertue, and therefore to be overcome with every infelicity argues rather too much of a Feminine Spirit, whom Nature hath not indulged with that Heroical power of self-Conquest, which is indeed the greatest victory. Therefore forsake any other retiredness than that into your own vertue, where you may Sanctuary your self against Fortunes assaults, and impart a relation of your condition, and who knows but these black lines of adversity may tend to a centre of happiness, which if my *Fortunes* can in any measure avail to produce, assure your self you shall not be more ready to desire or command, than I shall be to obey, in what I may have the happiness to serve you.

These words were as water cast upon those flames of Love, but as wind to those sparks of Honour that lay buried in the ashes of *sorrow*, which it kindled to such a flame, that Honour got the victory over Love,

and

and rendred his reason triumphant, which *Cleodora* conjectured by a Crimson blush that over-spread *Periander's* face, and dispossest sorrows pale symptomes. At length *Periander* returned her this reply. *Madam*, (said he) your Expressions speak you no less rich in Vertue than Beauty, my grief must have pressed me a degree beneath humanity, if such weighty reasons couched under such Eloquence could not have counterpoised it. I should be more savage then the Beasts that *Orpheus* charmed into civility, should I remain inexorable to the intreaties of so sweet an Orator, whose perfections are such, that I cannot but account it as great a glory to obey you, as it would make me sensible of shame to refuse any thing you should command, though it were to sacrifice my life and honour, which are the only Jewels I ever prized in my prosperity, and which is all that Fortune hath left to my disposal in my adversity. Therefore though it be to rip up my wounds and make them bleed afresh, to acquaint you with my story, which cannot be done without recollecting those thoughts, which are as the source of all perplexing agonies, yet because it is in obedience to your command, I shall not refuse. Know you then in the City of *Corinth*, there dwelt a Nobleman, by name *Eleutherius*, who as he was equal to any, both for descent, being derived of an ancient and honourable Family, as also for Wisdom and Valour, so he did excel all in the place where he lived for liberality; He was both magnificently expensive in his gifts and presents, to those whom Birth and Fortune had made his equals and superiours, and almost prodigally liberal, *in his supplying the necessities* too of his inferiours, and in neither exceeding the bounds of mediocrity. But especially when publick occasions required it, he was a President to all, admired at by most,

most, and envyed at by some, whose malice, though it made them repine and carp at his actions, yet it could not stir the spirits of others any farther than to retort those malicious detractings with the greater disgrace upon themselves, so that the calumniating darts which they with such peevish violence cast, thinking to wound his Honour, flew back with the greater reproach upon themselves. Now as *Corinth* did reap the fruits of *Eleutherius* his magnificence, so th: City did repay him with respect and honour; And as Fortune had heaped such favours upon him as made him seem her darling, so Heavens blest him with a Son and a Daughter, whose incomparable excellencies were such, that as their Parents were an Honour to them, so they were to their Parents, and both were happy in each other. But especially such was the *ravishing* beauty of *Florinda*, as that it did attract the eyes and hearts of all; All her Vertues, and Graces, and Deportments, were as so many nets to inthrall each beholder. Among the rest, it was my unhappy fortune at a feast, to view that beauty, which had captivated so many; As soon as ever she came, I felt my self so strangely transported, as if my soul had been *snatched out of my eyes*, the sparkling glances that came from her eyes were as so many *Charms* that *inchanted* me into a passionate Feaver. The changing my colour sufficiently discovered the convulsions of my mind, one while blushing, fearing lest my stollen views should betray my distemper, and then despairing thoughts would cause a paleness to over-spread my countenance. Thus I continued one while blaming my eyes for giving entrance to those desires that had wholly stollen away my heart, then my mind for entertaining those thoughts which fed those desires, and caused that torment. No *delights* could give me con-

tent.

tentment, whilſt that *delightful* object was preſent. A faint qualm made me nauſeat the rarities which were provided, onely my eyes fed upon *Florinda's* rare perfections, which the more they fed, the more I pined, and remained the leſs ſatisfied; and thoſe melodious Conſorts of Muſick made the greater diſcord in thoſe paſſions, which had ſo furiouſly agitated my ſpirits, and at the beſt bred a melancholy, which as fuell did but foment the flames. The variety of company did but abridge the freedom of converſing with my thoughts.

Thus did *Florinda* tyrannize over my affections, till at length Night, which puts no difference between the rareſt Beauty and the greateſt deformity, and cauſes all things to return to that Chaos, out of which they were created, cauſed her to withdraw, and ſo ſeparated us. But alas, though theſe beauteous rays which had ſcorched my heart, were Eclipſed by Nights black veil, nothing could reſtrain the Eyes of my thoughts from viewing that Picture which my fancy had limned in my mind. But as the Moon is the cauſe of the various eſtuations of the Sea, ſo her Idea cauſed ſuch Ebbings and Flowings of paſſion, as would not permit the leaſt repoſe, which I termed an amorous Lunacy. Thus for a time I ſtrove to retain my paſſion a priſoner within my breaſt, till a convenient opportunity tendring it ſelf, being not able to endure the torment, I diſcloſed the ſincerity of my affections to her, which were no ſooner diſcovered, but I perceived alterations in her countenance, modeſty and diſdain ſeemed to contend for *priority*; the former by rendring her the more amiable, increaſed my flames, and the latter my deſpair; ſo that I ſtood like a priſoner at the Bar, expecting the ſentence to be paſt upon him. But *Florinda* which had by her Eyes diſplayed the thoughts of her mind, did more evi-

dence

dence them by her expreſſions, telling me how diſpleaſing ſuch diſcourſes were to her; and that ſhe could not but look upon them as tryals of her *levity*, and that ſhe was none of thoſe whoſe over-fond Credulity made them yield to the allurements of men, whoſe hearts and tongues ſeldom concurr, but firſt with falſe perſwaſions enſnare, and after deſert them, and thereby caſt ſuch a blot of contempt upon them, as no tears nor repentance can wipe away. That ſhe rather thought my words proceeded from an inſolent deſire of tyrannizing over her, than from any ſincerity in me, as I pretended. But my words could not be ſo diſpleaſing to her, as hers were to me; my looks had been an invincible Argument of my integrity, if ſhe had viewed them with an Eye leſs Cruel than Charitable; for my ſpirits which before, fear had cauſed to retire to my heart, were now ready to take wing, but that they were recalled by the ſudden arrival of the waiting woman, which gave me occaſion to take leave of her, with whom it was death to part. Home I went, fraught with a thouſand perplexing agonies, fluttering about my ears like birds of prey, devouring all thoſe Cates of conſolation that Hope would ſet before me. Neither day nor night could give any eaſe to my torments; ſleep it ſelf, that gives reſt to the tyred labourer, made me but the more reſtleſs, by torturing my imaginations with the moſt extravagant *Chymæras*, that could be fancyed. Frequent ſolicitations I made, which were not more frequent, than vain. Till at length theſe ſtorms were over-blown, by one ſweet blaſt, from her more *ſweet* mouth, which was ſo much the more ſweet, becauſe it aſſured me, not onely that ſhe was convinced of the honor and integrity of my pretenſions, but alſo, of the reality of her affections to me. Heavens! to what an extaſie did theſe words raiſe me? that joy which had al-

most transported my spirits, without the superficies of my body, cannot be contained within the angust limits of expression. My self was too narrow to contain my self. I could almost have imagined I had been in a dream, but that such dreams to me were unusual. Excess of contentment stopped the passage of our speech, but kisses and embraces were the language of our hearts, wherein we both strove to be most eloquent, and each word or sentence from either strugling for birth, was smothered with a kiss, and became abortive. Mutual promises and engagements were made each to other. Nothing we wanted to the consummation of our joys, but the joyning of us in Marriage, who were inseparably linked in affection; but, alas, this joy was too great to last long, the fates had otherwise decreed; and who can divert its stream, or break the Iron Chains of necessity? for thus it happened. Some two days before the day appointed, wherein a happy Hymen should Crown our desires with success, and our love and delights with honor, the Kings birth-day was to be celebrated, with the greatest solemnity imaginable, such as befitted the dignity of the Prince, and the love of the Subjects. All the Gallants of the City did resort to the Court at that time, to be both Actors and Spectators, who appeared like so many radiant Stars in that Sphere, receiving from, and adding lustre to it. And to avoid singularity, I also went, to wait upon *Florinda*, not imagining the Kings birth-day should be the death of all my joy and happiness. Nothing but Tiltings and Turnaments, Maskings and Dancings, Musick, and all delights that the heart of men could either desire or devise, the Court did abound in; so that it seemed an earthly Paradise. And that which added the greatest glory to the day, was the dazling train of beauties that did attend upon the Queen, whose glory made every

Eye

Eye greedy to gaze upon them, amongſt whom was *Florinda*, who appeared like *Diana* amongſt her Nymphs. Never did Eye vowed to *Cupids* ſervice behold a more lovely face. A *Tinſell* veil did ſhrowd her locks, and ſtrove to cover what it could not hide. Her ſparkling Eyes darted flames of love into each beholders heart, and ſeemed to be like two Cryſtall thrones, where *Cupid* ſate triumphant; neither was the King himſelf able to withſtand theſe beautiful aſſaults, but of a King became her Subject; and though the Queen had beauty enough to have quencht any ſuch diſloyal flames, yet when the King compared her with *Florinda*, ſhe ſeemed but for a foyl of *Florinda's* beauty. Great enquiry he made after her, who and what ſhe was; and though every one was able to ſatisfie him in that, yet none was able to give contentment but *Florinda*, whom the next day he ſent for to the Court, by a Gentleman of his own Bed-chamber. Accordingly ſhe went, little thinking her loyalty to her Prince ſhould contradict her fidelity to her Lover. All ſhe feared was, leſt this unexpected accident might cauſe me to ſuſpect her conſtancy. But Kings as they cannot brook Competitors in rule and power, ſo neither will they admit of Rivals in affection. So it was with King *Acaſtus*, who hearing not onely how we affected each other, but alſo how deeply we were contracted, it did at firſt ſtartle him, and cauſe his love to degenerate into jealouſie. But remembring the ſword he bare was ſharp enough to cut in ſunder ſuch Gordian Knots, and thereby able to make himſelf ſole Monarch of her, who ruled over ſo many hearts, he ſentenced me to baniſhment, the better to ſecure her to his poſſeſſion, who already poſſeſſed his heart. But all the while this tempeſt was gathering over my head, did I remain ignorant, till an Officer from the King, came to acquaint

quaint me with his Majesties command, how that upon pain of death I must not be seen within any part of his dominions after ten days. He had no sooner delivered his message, but if as the transforming influence which was in *Medusae's* head to metamorphise all beholders into stone, had been in him; So did I remain more like a lively statue, than a living man. At length recovering my self, I told him that I would obey the Kings command, but I knew not the reason of that sentence; He answered, neither did he, but the Kings will. I was no sooner parted from him, but with all speed possible, I went to *Eleutherius* house, thinking to acquaint *Florinda* with the Kings Decree, and the hope of having her partaker with me in my exile, did for a while appease the *raging pains of sorrow*; but when I came and found all my hopes blasted in their blossoms, with the fatal tidings of *Florinda's* invitation to the Court, to what degree of sorrow was I *transported?* my banishment from my Country, was worse than death; but to be exil'd from her, was worse than ten thousand deaths. However, before my departure, I resolved to take my last farewell of her; and to that end, with a heart swollen with grief, I went to the Court, but when I came there, sooner might any one have committed a rape upon *Danae*, when she was inclosed within the Brazen Tower, so that *Jupiter* was fain in a Golden shower to descend into her lap, than have spoke with *Florinda*, imprisoned in the Kings arms. Onely thus far Fortune smiled upon me, that as I was passing by, thinking to have bid adieu to those Walls, more happy than my self; *Florinda* chanced to espy me thorough the window, she opened it, and flung down this Braceler, as the last pledge of her never-dying affection. When I saw her, how did I at once bless and curse my happy unhappy fortune! happy to see her, but unhappy

Periander and Florinda pag 16.

py to see her in that *sorrowful* condition, more unhappy to think, that I must never see her more; on the other side, the thoughts of our separation did as much perplex her. The fear left her Keepers who were present in the room should discover this passage, did for a while imprison her sorrows within her Breast, but at length being not able to conceal it any longer, it brake forth at the *windows* of her eyes, and distilled in a *Pearly shower* (*more precious* than that Golden one, in which *Jove* was *transformed*) upon her Lily cheeks.

Thus for a while, not being able to part, we tarried, but then not being able to tarry, we parted. The Bracelet I took up, and with a thousand kisses tyed it about my arm, and with it home I went, where I took what I thought convenient, and departed; and riding along, hapning upon this place, where you find me, I entred into it, and seeing it agreeable to my condition, and with a mournful silence to sympathize with me, here I resolved to spend the residue of my days.

And thus you have my story, wherein I see no other crime I have committed, either to merit the Kings heavy sentence, or your censure, than this ardent affection, which may seem to relish of too much levity; but that may easily be connived at by them, who are acquainted with the extremities wherewith they are transported, who are touched with these passions that animate my sorrows. *Cleodora* having all this while heard his relation with as much compassion as attention, and remembring her words, wherein she promised to assist him what she could, having acquainted him who she was, counselled him to accept of an Invitation to her Fathers Palace, there to remain till Fortune should smile upon him, or else to betake himself to feats of Arms, and thereby recover both his Honor and his Love. *Periander* having not much time

to poyse her words, yet seeing such weighty arguments as Love and Honor at the end, it could not but sink deep into him, and sway his judgment to the latter, to which he resolved, and acquainting her with his resolution they parted, she to her home, and he to his fortunes.

By this time *Sols* resplendent Rays had exhaled the Crystall drops of dew, that hang like liquid Pearls on the Grass tops, and rarified them into an Aereal substance, when as *Cleodora* arriving at the Palace, retired her self to her Chamber, where we leave her to her sweet contemplations, and return to *Periander* to acquaint you with his Adventures, who had not travelled far, musing upon his past happy condition, and present misfortune, but his thoughts were interrupted with a sudden voyce, which was not more sudden than astonishing, and the more astonishing, because uttered in such a manner, and that in these words. Oh! barbarous Villaines, can such Treachery, and Cowardize, and Cruelty harbor in the hearts of any, but those that have renounced humanity? *Periander* hearing this, puts Spurs to his Horse, and as if he had rode upon winged *Pegasus*, he in an instant came to the place, where he beheld at once a spectacle of pity and revenge, a young Knight beset with four armed men, threatning him with the cruellest of death, both in words and looks. His youth, beauty and valour would have moved any that had the least spark of true nobleness in them to revenge his quarrel, against those villaines who discovered the horrid impiety of their minds by their deformed aspects, but especially his condition, for though he had almost slain one, and dangerously wounded the rest, yet through loss of bloud began to faint, and ready to yield himself a prisoner unto death, less cruel then his enemies (as appeared by his pale looks, which had no other redness, than what they received from his own and

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enemies bloud.) Which sight did so animate *Periander's* courage, as that with a Lyon-like fury, he flew upon the first, and sheathed his sword in his bowels, but ere he could recover his weapon he was wounded in the shoulder by another, which *Periander* feeling, it so increased the flames of his fury within him, as that it flew in sparks from his Eys, & enraged he fell upon him, never ceasing till he had separated his murderous Soul from his body, & made both him and the other the Trophies of his Valour. *Periander* leaving them weltering in their gore, turned to *Athalus*, for so was the young Knight named, thinking to revive his dying Spirits, and to acquaint him with the death of his enemies. But *Athalus* that before was fainting and sowning (and even at the confines of death) with the presence of this strange Knight began to revive, as if he had received life from him, as well as owed his life to him, after millions of thanks returned, desired him to accompany him to his Castle, which was not far distant from them, so that *Periander* accepting of the invitation, they in a short time there arrived, which for its magnificence might more properly be termed a Palace, being invironed with a Wall of Stone, whose height enviously seemed to hinder them from beholding the Fabrick it did encompass. The Pillars on which the Gate was hung, were made of purest Marble, on the top of which were ingraven Gilded Griffons, whose Wings spread with the shutting, and closed with its opening, by the means of a secret Engine, as if they had been indued with life. When they were entred in, they came into a stately Court, paved with checquered Marble; through which they passed into a second, far surpassing the former, in which there stood a Tower, imbraced with wanton Ivy, spread with fragrant Eglantine, entrailed with Roses, and supported with Pillars resembling

Atlas. The Arched Roof was decked with Flowers, Arbors and Groves; underneath there were engraven the Nine Muſes, each holding a melodious Inſtrument in her hand, wherein the Artificer ſeemed to excell himſelf, for underneath the Pavement there was a ſecret bubling Spring, whoſe Streams were through Pipes conveyed to each Statue, ſo that at the turning of a Silver Cock, as if they had been inſpired with life from Heaven, like *Prometheus* Image, all the Inſtruments would ſound with ſuch melodious conſent and harmony, as charmed *Periander* into an extaſie of admiration, ſo that with what he ſaw and heard, he imagined himſelf in a Paradiſe, where the more he admired, the more he deſired to ſtay, to ſatisfie his Curioſity, and yet the longer he ſtayed, the more his admiration was augmented. But *Athalus* faintneſs would not permit any long delay, ſo that into the Caſtle they went, where the ſpacious Rooms were hung with Arras, Tapeſtry, and Cloth of Tiſſue, & adorned with lively Pictures.

After *Athalus* had taken ſome repoſe, and repaired the bloudy breaches the late battery had made, *Periander* entreated him to relate the occaſion of the quarrel, at whoſe requeſt *Athalus* thus began: Sir (ſaid he) the obligements I have received from you are of ſo high a nature, that I cannot but acknowledge them above requital, there being nothing of an equal worth with Life, which I muſt acknowledge, I have received from your Valour; and therefore I cannot but account your deſires as Commands, and my diſobedience to them as Rebellion againſt the Laws of Nature; therefore to ſatisfie them, know, that in the Lordſhip of *Parrhaſia*, where I dwell, there lives a young Nobleman, Son to the Lord of the place, called *Plivio*, in whoſe friendſhip, I was once as happy, as now unhappy in his hatred. Bred up we were together, and as our ſtature, ſo

our

our affection encreased. Youth is tender, and readily receives the impressions of education; but though it easily receives them, yet it difficultly parts with them, so it was with us; that affection which was ingraffed when we were young, grew and increased, untill our mature Age; insomuch that once we thought, the Stars should sooner have fell from Heaven, and sunk into the Ocean, there to have extinct their light, Stones ascend and supply their places, the Sun rise in the West, and the order wherein Nature hath placed all things be perverted, than our love dissolved; but as love conjoyned us, so love parted us; for hapning once to espy *Arritesia* and *Matilda*, the two beautiful daughters of *Pirotes*, walking, dallying and discoursing in the Fields, our affections were captivated with their Beauty, he with *Arritesia* the elder, I with *Matilda*; fain we would have concealed our passions, but Love will not be hid, its nature is such that it is *most revealed, when most concealed*, for sometimes we must be commending one, and then the other; one while *Arritesia* was judged most beautiful, and then *Maltida* would seem to carry it with the greater grace; one while we compared them both together, and then singling out a Feature, as if that had surpassed the rest in excellence, but then a second seemed to excel that, & a third exceeding them both. In fine, *Plivio* was so deeply entangled with *Arritesia*, as not being able to conquer it, he discovered it in frequent sighs, and heart-betraying looks; often would he extoll *Matilda*, but then when he spake of *Arritesia*, he would accent every sentence with a sigh; which I perceiving, thinking to please him, would answer all his commendations with complyance, and when he sighed, I could not but sigh too, he out of affection to her, and I out of cordial love to him, but still he misconstrued all, and there wherein I

thought I most pleased him, I most offended him, he interpreting all *I did to him, was done to her*, so that though his love to me was not presently converted to raging jealousie, yet it soon begot suspition, which is jealousie in its infancy, which I assoon perceived, by the constant watch his eyes kept. Home we returned to try what success Fortune would crown our loves withall; but as if the Stars had conspired at once to cross our affections and our happiness together, *Matilda* had placed her delight in *Plivio*, and *Arriteſia*, the object of *Plivios* delight, was pleased to esteem of me, far above my deserts, and above *Plivio*; so that this was the spring and source of all our future unhappiness; for *Plivios* jealousie by this was daily augmented, and begot hatred, and hatred made him put the worst construction upon each thing I said or did. He took my visits to *Matilda*, to be only pretences, thereby the more securely to rob him of *Arriteſia*, and the cold entertainment, and slights he received of her, to proceed from thence (which latter was truth) though I was both innocent and ignorant. All my vows and protestations wherewith I laboured to clear my self, did but the more confirm him in his opinion, so that as our love encreased, our love diminished. "Beauty is like the Sun, whose Beams darting upon a "fire, extinguishes it; so its rays piercing the soul, "enkindles the flames of love, and with their heat, "expels all other fires. For as the heat of his own affection to *Arriteſia* daily did augment, so it caused the flames of our former Friendship to languish. At length unfortunately it happened that we both met at once at *Pirotes* his house. As soon as ever we saw each other, anger and jealousie made our blood so boil within us, as our passions were ready to over-flow the banks of civility, and make us commit an Act of the highest rudeneſs,

neſs, to quarrel in our Miſtreſſes preſence, which I fearing, (and alſo to avoid a future quarrel,) parted from them; But *Plivio* who all this while viewed how *Arriteſia* had fixed her eyes upon me, as alſo how affectionately ſhe deſired my ſtay, not being able to contain himſelf, followed me, and as I was mounting my Horſe, made me this challenge; *Athalus* (ſaid he) now thy baſe unworthyneſs and unfaithfulneſs to thy friend is apparent, which hitherto thou haſt masked with hypocritical pretenſions to Friendſhip; Falſely with oaths making me believe that which thy actions contradict; therefore know, ſuch injurious affronts, I cannot but reſent, neither canſt thou make me any ſatisfaction, but by meeting me in the Field, which if thou haſt either worth or valour in thee thou wilt not refuſe,— So I told him, that for the accuſations wherewith he charged me they were as falſe as diſhonourable, and that I wore by my ſide wherewithall to give ſatisfaction to him, ſince nothing elſe could. And ſo accordingly we appointed the time, place and weapon; the place was where you found me beſet; Now which ſhewed the leaſt Worth, Valour, and Fidelity, I leave you to Judge.

By that time *Athalus* had finiſhed his ſtory, night had covered the Hemiſphere with her dusky Mantle, and all things look of an *Æthiopian* hue, when ſupper being ended, they all retired to their lodgings. *Periander* having ſpent ſome time with *Athalus*, his wounds being cured, he reſolved to depart, whom *Athalus* after many fruitleſs endeavours for his ſtay, accompanied ſome miles of his way. Having travelled ſome diſtance from the Caſtle, riding thorough a wood, on the ſudden they heard behind them a noyſe of Horſes trampling, and men diſcourſing, that newly ruſhed from under the Trees, like men that had laid in

thought I most pleased him, I most offended him, he interpreting all *I did to him, was done to her*, so that though his love to me was not presently converted to raging jealousie, yet it soon begot suspition, which is jealousie in its infancy, which I assoon perceived, by the constant watch his eyes kept. Home we returned to try what success Fortune would crown our loves withall; but as if the Stars had conspired at once to cross our affections and our happiness together, *Matilda* had placed her delight in *Plivio*, and *Arritesia*, the object of *Plivios* delight, was pleased to esteem of me, far above my deserts, and above *Plivio*; so that this was the spring and source of all our future unhappiness; for *Plivio's* jealousie by this was daily augmented, and begot hatred, and hatred made him put the worst construction upon each thing I said or did. He took my visits to *Matilda*, to be only pretences, thereby the more securely to rob him of *Arritesia*, and the cold entertainment, and slights he received of her, to proceed from thence (which latter was truth) though I was both innocent and ignorant. All my vows and protestations wherewith I laboured to clear my self, did but the more confirm him in his opinion, so that as our love encreased, our love diminished. "Beauty is like the Sun, whose Beams darting upon a "fire, extinguishes it; so its rays piercing the soul, "enkindles the flames of love, and with their heat, "expels all other fires. For as the heat of his own affection to *Arritesia* daily did augment, so it caused the flames of our former Friendship to languish. At length unfortunately it happened that we both met at once at *Pirotes* his house. As soon as ever we saw each other, anger and jealousie made our blood so boil within us, as our passions were ready to over-flow the banks of civility, and make us commit an Act of the highest rudeness,

nesse, to quarrel in our Mistresses presence, which I fearing, (and also to avoid a future quarrel,) parted from them; But *Plivio* who all this while viewed how *Arritesia* had fixed her eyes upon me, as also how affectionately she desired my stay, not being able to contain himself, followed me, and as I was mounting my Horse, made me this challenge; *Athalus* (said he) now thy base unworthyness and unfaithfulness to thy friend is apparent, which hitherto thou hast masked with hypocritical pretensions to Friendship; Falsely with oaths making me believe that which thy actions contradict; therefore know, such injurious affronts, I cannot but resent, neither canst thou make me any satisfaction, but by meeting me in the Field, which if thou hast either worth or valour in thee thou wilt not refuse,— So I told him, that for the accusations wherewith he charged me they were as false as dishonourable, and that I wore by my side wherewithall to give satisfaction to him, since nothing else could. And so accordingly we appointed the time, place and weapon; the place was where you found me beset; Now which shewed the least Worth, Valour, and Fidelity, I leave you to Judge.

By that time *Athalus* had finished his story, night had covered the Hemisphere with her dusky Mantle, and all things look of an *Æthiopian* hue, when supper being ended, they all retired to their lodgings. *Periander* having spent some time with *Athalus*, his wounds being cured, he resolved to depart, whom *Athalus* after many fruitless endeavours for his stay, accompanied some miles of his way. Having travelled some distance from the Castle, riding thorough a wood, on the sudden they heard behind them a noyse of Horses trampling, and men discoursing, that newly rushed from under the Trees, like men that had laid in

Ambuſh; and looking behind them, they ſaw a Troop of Horſemen armed with Lances and Spears, whom they took to be Huntſmen, as indeed they proved, but they were the prey they ſought after; for they were as ſoon taken as overtaken, and no ſooner overtaken but diſarmed, and bound. *Athalus* and *Periander* amazed at this unexpected accident, demanded what they meant? they anſwered that they came to revenge the bloud of their Friends whom they had murthered, and that nothing ſhould ſatisfy them but their lives; which they had no ſooner ſpoken, but one of them pierced *Athalus* body with a Spear, ſo that he fell down dead before them.

Periander ſeeing this, wounded in his ſoul with heart-breaking grief, craved of them the freedome to perform his laſt obſequies to his friend. I crave not my life (ſaid he) for that I ſcorn, now he is dead whom I prefer above it, I only beg this ſmall requeſt which humanity cannot deny. After many intreaties they granted. *Periander* perceiving his hands at liberty, ſuddenly ſnatched a Sword out of the Villains Scabbard that ſtood next, and therewithall preſently procured a Lance, and then fiercely charging amongſt them, killed two of them with one ſhock. The reſt amazed with this ſudden accident, thought there had been a mutiny, and were ready to oppoſe themſelves againſt their enemies, but who they were they knew not, until they were informed by *Perianders* blows, who had no ſooner made ſome underſtand who was their Antagoniſt but he put them paſt all underſtanding. At length the ſurvivers animated with *fury*, revenge, and ſhame, unanimouſly aſſaulted him with ſuch violence, that he not being able to ſtand before ſuch a torrent of fury, was re-taken. Valour it ſelf may be over-preſſed with the weight of multitude. Now they reſolve to execute

cute upon him the most savage cruelty, their inhumane minds (full of revenge) could devise. Some counselled one thing, others another, all agreeing that he should dye a horrid death, but all disagreeing in the manner of it: thus extremity of cruelty was for a while a stop to their cruelty. But as these barbarous *Senators* were thus sat in consultation, a Stag swiftly rushed through the Woods, which put them all into such a fright, that disburthening themselves of their Arms, they all fled, leaving their condemned Prisoner behind them, and happy was he that was swiftest.

Thus guilt makes all things seem to menace danger, and like a false Medium represents every thing as in an armed posture, ready to bid defiance to the *guilty*.

Periander seeing himself thus miraculously released, arms himself, and mounted, pursues his jaylers, and those whom he could overtake he sent to the infernal prison, to answer for this their horrid barbarity. But long he could not stay to satisfie himself with the slaughter of his bloud-thirsty enemies, but he returned to pay his last debt to his friend, and to see whether the wound was wholly mortal or not; but when he found the cruel Spaer had thrust his Soul out of his Body, how did he fall down and embrace him, and kiss his pale cheeks! how did he sigh, as if with those sighs he could breathe new life into him! and groan, as if with those groans he could awake him out of his endless sleep! At length he was so overcome with grief, that he fell down senseless upon his more senseless friend. But he continued not long ere his spirits returned to the performance of their natural function, and he thus bewailed his condition. Hard hearted fate, (said he) that wouldst suffer such vile miscreants to dislodge so brave a Soul! what a spark of Honour

hath

hath this ſtream of Bloud from his ſide extinguiſhed? thus doth Fortune make me a mark to ſhoot her invenom'd Arrows at, as if the ſeparation from *Florinda* was not enough to torment we (with endleſs and unſupportable torture) but I muſt be robbed of my dear friend *Athalus*. Ah *Athalus*! can I ſigh forth thy Death, and not my Soul expire with the cadence of that deadly word? better had it been for thee to have died before, couragiouſly fighting, when thy enemies carkaſſes would have been monuments of thy valour, than thus to be barbarouſly aſſaſinated by inhumane Villains, more ſavage than the Beaſts that inhabit this wilderneſs. Oh why did my Spirits return from that pleaſing trance, to make me thus ſenſible of my miſeries? Fortune I ſee will compel me to ſurvive the Funerals of my own happineſs.

As he was thus mourning and complaining, there came a youth tripping along like the wind, and following the Stag, which paſſed not long before; his habit and lovely ſhape made *Periander* almoſt think he was *Diana*, but that too much virility appeared in his countenance. His Hair hung in waving Curles upon his ſhoulders, which the wind, the better to diſplay his comelineſs, wantonly toſſed from his face. His looks were ſomething wild, yet withall there was ſuch a mixture of Civility, as diſcovered his birth and merits did deſerve a better habit; for he was girt with a skin, his arm bare, and a Bow and Arrows in his hand. He no ſooner eſpied that heap of Carkaſſes, but he left his ſport, and fled homewards with all ſpeed, affrighted with the ſpectacle. But as he was going he checkt himſelf for his fooliſh cowardiſe, to be afraid of he knew not what, ſo he reſolved to return, and returned to reſolve himſelf what they were, and coming back he met *Periander*, who was following this ſtrange

Youth,

eriander laments for Athalus page. 26. etc:

Youth, not willing to loſe ſuch a guide; but the Youth not knowing what he was, bent his Bow, and was ready to ſhoot at *Periander*; which he ſeeing, deſired him to forbear, and told him he was one in diſtreſs, and that he was dragged by Villains into this wood, whence he knew not how to return. The Youth told him that he was as unacquainted as himſelf in thoſe deſerts, and therefore could not direct him, but he would lead him to his Cave, where there dwelt an old Hermite that would and could aſſiſt him. So following his Convoy, in a ſhort time he arrived at the Hermits Cell, whoſe ſweet retiredneſs, and retired ſweetneſs would have perſuaded any to ſolitarineſs, and a contemplative life, but thoſe whoſe earthly Souls are involved in the Worlds cares, or drencht in Epicurean delights, for Nature had carved his Manſion out of a Rock, with ſuch curioſity, as would have puzled the greateſt Artiſts to have imitated. Underneath there crept a little Rivulet, which with its bubling ſtreams bedewed the Rock with Cryſtal drops, as though it wept for its impriſonment, and ſometimes with ſilent murmurs ſeemed to intreat for its inlargement. Round the Caves mouth there grew a ſhady Grove of ſpreading Oaks, whoſe buſhy tops protected it from the Suns parching beams.

Periander, whoſe ſobbing Breaſt was filled with ſorrow for the death of *Athalus*, little regarded thoſe pretty pleaſing delights, wherewith the place did entertain him, and with a ſweet, though ſilent Eloquence ſeemed to bid him welcome. But entring in, he ſaw the Hermit apparalled in a Gown of Grey, kneeling upon his Knees, with his Eyes and Hands lifted up; Gravity was written in his looks, Devotion in his Geſtures, and Age in both, for his ſnowy Hairs, and ſhaking Hands argued that the Summer of his Age was paſt.

Grave Father (ſaid *Periander*) my bleeding Wounds, ſighing

sighing Heart, and sorrowful Countenance are better able to apologize for my rude interruption of your serious Devotions, than my tongue, which if it speak at all, it can be no other than lamentations of my unhappy Fortune. And therefore read there what I would say, which cannot, I hope, but be satisfactory. The Hermit answered him, that he knew no errour he had commited that needed an Apology, except it were for making a groundless Apology, and that if he had committed any offence, it was only against himself, offence being grounded upon injury, and it was himself alone that he had injured, by deferring the healing of his wounds by his discourse. With that the tears descended in showres upon *Perianders* cheeks. Ah *Athalus*, that my Death could purchase thy Life, since I deserve not Life, that have so neglected thy Death! A thousand times I beg thee pardon, but alas, thou art not alive to give it; happy should I esteem my self in the midst of the greatest misery, were thou but alive *to sentence me to it.*

This sudden *sorrowful Rapture* of sorrow, filled the Hermit with as much Amazement, as *Periander* was with Grief; and as the suddenness of it bred Astonishment, so the sadnesse bred Pity; so that he wept, as if the heat of *Perianders* passion had thawed his frozen Age into Tears. At length his compassion for Perianders *passion was not converted, but* encreased to a desire of knowing the cause of his sorrow. Alas (said he) what can I do that am thus informed by the Ears one way, and by the Eyes another? you tell me Sacrifice must give place to Mercy, and yet you Sacrifice your self to Cruelty; for what greater Cruelty can there be than to be Unmerciful to those over whom Fortune hath exercised her greatest cruelty? do you not see how the Bloud trickles down in Streams, and your Armour

Armour seems to weep in tears of Bloud for your cruelty to your self, and your Wounds like so many mouths intreating for mercy ? And with that the Hermit was going to dress *Periander's* wounds, but he would not permit him, until he had gone and conveyed *Athalus's* body into the Cave, where after they had chafed his Limbs, the Hermit took down a little glass, within whose transparent wall there was inclosed a Spirit of such a reviving Vertue, as it was able to recal the *revolted* senses.

After they had *transfused* some few drops thereof into him, his *panting Breast* faintly began to beat, his *unclouded* eyes that had been Eclipsed with a veil of darkness, began weakly to struggle with the *over-dazeling* light. *Periander* seeing this, began to faint with joy, but he was quickly revived with *Athalus* his first saluting the light. Oh, said he, where am I ? with him, said *Periander*, who is hastening to dye with you, since it is worse than Death to Live, while you are dead : No said he, I am hastening to live with you, since it is the worst of deaths to dye while you are alive. But *Athalus* who had hardly so much life in him as to perceive he had life, and yet so much as to discern that he was inclosed within a dark place, which had only so much light in it, as to let them see they were in darkness, (for so the Hermit had made it, to keep out the intruding air, lest it should penetrate *Athalus* his wounds, and cause relapse,) and finding that it was not inroll'd in the Records of his memory, how he came there, he more and more grew to a perswasion that the former conceipt, that he was alive, was but a deceit, that he and *Periander* were but Ghosts, and remembring how that with his life he had lost *Matilda*, more precious to him than ten thousand lives, he began to faint again, as though he would

would dye to avoid Death, *and his ſences ſenſible of inſenſibility, grew weary of being ſenſible*, and as condemned, themſelves fled as voluntary exiles from their proper habitation. But the Hermit continuing his charitable office, recovered him from the confines of Death. But yet ſo ſtrongly was he confirmed in that apprehenſion, that he imagined the Cave either his Tomb, or elſe a dark entrance into that Region of darkneſs, the Hermit to be Charon, and the River to be the Stygian lake; the Gloominess of the firſt, the Gravity of the ſecond, and the whiſpering Conſpiracies of the laſt, ſeeming to combine together to deceive him.

And as the Fancy is not only capable to receive and apprehend thoſe ſpecies, which the external Senſes, as its Organs, convey into it from external Objects, but alſo to create Phantaſmes within it ſelf, which never had a being in Nature, ſo did *Athalus* his fancy repreſent to his eyes Legions of Ghoſts, doomed to their eternal habitations.

But though his thoughts were thus filled with ſhadows, yet were they not able to crowd *Matilda* thence, but remembring how that in loſing his life he loſt her, and in loſing her, he loſt the life of his life, and which only made Life precious, and Death miſerable; he fell to a paſſionate lamenting his condition, till he was convinced by *Periander*s perſuaſions, and a more liberal acceſs of light. And then the very joy of his ſudden redemption from that Hell *that tortured* his mind, was ſuch a reſtorative, that it was not long ere by the Hermits aſſiſtance, he had regained a great degree of ſtrength, ſo that looking about him, and obſerving the Hermits little ſolitary dwelling, he eſpied the Youth that attended upon him, and that directed *Periander* to the Cave. And taking notice

notice of his Starry Eyes, and beauteous promising countenance, he demanded of the Hermit, who he was; who to satisfie his curiosity, and to pass away the time, which otherwise through the Melancholy loneliness of the place might seem tedious, he told them this story.

This youth (said he) is *Pandion*, Son to *Agis* King of *Thessaly*, a Prince of such a melancholy constitution, both of body and mind, as that it was rare for the most curious wits in his Court, ever to wrest a smile from him, or once to discompose his countenance; always retiring himself within the Closet of his thoughts, and those thoughts consisting most of horrid matters. And as melancholy by reason of those sable fumes which ascend from that feculent humor, and with a gloomy darkness over-spread the mind is the cause of fear, so fear is the mother of superstition, as is apparent in him who never thinks himself secure, if the least mote of danger flotes in the air of his imagination; or while that fear, which his thoughts, ever musing upon affrightful matters, doth represent unto him, hath the least possibility of event. And therefore ever suspecting all men of evil, because he had not the least ray of goodness in himself, to enable him to discern it in others. And this timorousness begat such superstition, that each dream was an Oracle, and the Screech of a Night Raven, an Omen and presage of some future dismall event. This over-fond and contemptible fearfulness rendered him not only odious, but despicable to his people, which he daily more and more perceiving, slighting the former, resolved to countermine the latter, if not by honor, yet by terror; and since they would not love him, they should fear him, and their dread of him should counterpoise their hatred. In the one, as in all things else, shewing himself tyrannical, in

in the other, as in nothing else, truly Royal; there being nothing more averse to a generous and noble spirit, especially if refined by honor and advancement, than to be slighted; and this he absolutely determined to free himself from, by punishing all in whom there was the appearance of a crime, and where there was none, excellency became a fault, by being opposite to him, into whom to have distilled any Vertue, had been to have destroyed the very constitution and temperament of his nature.

And thus a more sensible servitude came insensibly upon that people, which *Hiarbas* King of *Caonia*, his Son-in-law, by the marriage with *Melana*, daughter to *Formosa*, a man both ambitious and politick, and a continued enemy to *Agis* having intelligence of, and by means of his Spies, diving into the temper and spirits of that people, who though they were lovers of loyalty and fidelity, yet haters of tyranny, and were not able to brook such a servil subjection, resolved now to improve his opportunity, and at once both to free himself of jealousies and fears, and subvert the whole Kingdom of *Thessaly*, by diverting the stream of the affections of the people, from the King, and of the King from the people, and converting it into another Chanel, where they might flow more safely for the working of his designs: And to that end, he had those in *Agis* Court, who by nothing better, than accusing the people to him, could insinuate themselves into his favour; and those in the Kingdom, who fomented divisions, by condemning the King to the people, and emblazoning and pourtraying his vices, and their slavery, the more to encrease their hatred and contempt towards him, and desire of liberty to themselves, by these means to make a gap for him, when things

things were come to maturity, both to invade and surprise *Theſſalia*.

Agis, though he had many enemies, yet he wanted not ſome friends, who acquainted him with theſe underminings. The leaſt whiſper of any danger, was alarm loud enough, to arouſe him out of any ſecurity, if it was poſſible for him, ever to have been guilty of that, a thing ſo diſagreeing to his temper. And therefore he intercepts *Hiarbas* deſigns, by ſending an Embaſſador to denounce War againſt him, and to tell him, that he would ſave him the labor of ſo long a March into his Kingdom, for he would viſit him ere long in his own. Though umbrages and light fantaſtick jealouſies created by cowardly timorous fancies, are too narrow a Baſis, to found a quarrel upon, yet a preventive War is both juſt and honorable, and no way diſſonant from all principles of Policy.

Accordingly he had ſcarce diſpatched his Embaſſador, ere he had raiſed his Forces, and was upon his March to proſecute his intent, according to the tenor of the Embaſſie; and to be brief, it was his Fortune to encampe neer *Dodona's* Grove, a place that had been long famous for uttering Oracles, whether ſome inchanting ſpirit, by the vertue of its infernal ſpells had inſpired it with a Prophetick fury, and converted the ſilent whiſpers of thoſe muttering leaves into a voice, and cauſed that voice to Eccho forth the deſtinies of ſucceeding Ages; Or rather, whether thoſe unſeen ſpirits had not veſted themſelves in thoſe ſhady boughs, which were ſo interlaced, as that night in day-time ſeemed there to keep its reſidence, and therefore a fit place for thoſe night-Owls to hatch their dark contrivements in the darkneſs and ſhadineſs of the place, both, preſerving them from the view of the great Eye of the world, the Sun, and darting a reverend aw-

ulneſs into men; Which of theſe, I ſay, is yet more admired at, then known to the world? *Agis*, whoſe perpetually diſturbed thoughts, could not be huſhed aſleep by the lullabies of peace, could *much leſs by the thundrings of war*, eſpecially whilſt the ratlings of that in the one ear, and the whiſtling winds of popular murmurings in the other, ſeemed to conſpire to raiſe a ſtorm of diſcontent within him, and therefore nothing could appeaſe their mutinous *bramlings*, untill he had inquired of the Oracle, whether his undertakings would be ſucceſsful or not, and to that end at Night, unſeen, unknown to all, he ſteals from his Guards, and haſts to the Grove, from which he receives this Anſwer,

If thou'lt preſerve thy tottering Kingdoms fall,
Thy Sons own bloud, then muſt Cement the wall.

This horrid Counſel, though it did both aſtoniſh and affright him, being uttered in ſuch a manner, at ſuch a time, in ſuch a place; yet notwithſtanding, that which did moſt perplex and peſter his mind, was, how to expound this intricate *enigma*. One while he thought it could be meant of none but his Son-in-law *Hiarbas*, in which he was partly confirmed, when he called to mind *Hiarbas* proceedings, whereby he already ſeemed to fulfill it; but then obſerving that term, *thy Sons own bloud*, by tranſpoſition, he conſtrued it, *thy own Sons bloud*; to which conſtruction be more inclined, though upon leſs grou[n]ds, and with leaſt ſecurity, as will after appear; and indeed upon this only ground, that it is the Cuſtom of Oracles, to wrap up truths, within a cloud of ambiguities.

As he was thus revolving in his thoughts how to wind himſelf out of this inextricable Labyrinth, he was in-

interrupted by a sudden whispering noise, just as if some vapour had ascended out of the Earths hollow pores, and whisked thorow the leaves. But ere he had gone some few steps further, his attentive ear might hear two earnest in discourse. My Lord, saith one, can it possible once enter into your thoughts, and not thence expell all reason, that you can withstand his mighty force? Certainly, if that hath once his free vote, it will soon tell you, that a people who have been so long unacquainted with War as yours, and have had their spirits debased, enfeebled, and unmasculined, by a long luxurious and effeminate peace, cannot but account its rude knocks and blows as harsh and unpleasing; whilst your enemies have not only been trained up in *Mars's* School, but have had their spirits heightned by Victory and Successes. What will your Army serve for else if you give him battel, but to whet their swords upon, and make them the sharper to cut down all opposition, that shall withstand his attaining your Kingdom? and the greatness of your force will serve him but to erect the Pyramids of his renown, so much the higher. And however, my Lord, you may flatter your self with thoughts, that you need ingage against none but his person, conceiving that his death will put a period to all your troubles, and be the onely means to invest you with the Soveraignty of *Thessalia*, as the Oracle fondly advises you; I tell you, if you inquire of Reason the only Oracle, placed in the Soul, for man to follow, it will inform you, that in stead of opening a Gap, to enter and possess his Kingdom, it will open the floud-gates for a torrent of ruine to rush upon you; but the best and onlyway to consummate all their misery and salve their State sores; for whilst he lives, all those dissentions, divisions, and distractions, which already have brought the Kingdom to a gasping condi-

on (so that they are fain to address themselves to you for redress) will be rather augmented than diminished. For as in the Body Natural, so in the Body Politick, ill vapors are not contented alone to distemper the head, but thence, as from a Limbeck distilling, disperse themselves into the whole body, and there beget faction, the mother of ruine, and that which above all things strikes at the vitals of a Commonwealth, by indeavouring to clip asunder that bond of Union, which knits Soveraigns, and Subjects together; and so if you view the present condition of his estate with an impartial Eye, you will find that that Kingdom, which, while all private concernments flowed in one stream of publike good, was able to bear down all opposition before it, is now cut into so many small rivulets of private interests, as that if it obstruct not their course by War, but let each stream flow in its own Chanel, the whole power of that Kingdom will soon be dryed up. Whereas were he dead, those who now out of contempt and hatred forsake the Father, would, if not out of loyalty and fidelity, yet out of pitty adhere to the Son; and all those factions which like mists obscure the lustre of that Government, will then all vanish, before the rays of that rising Sun: and if he be once seated in his Throne, you will find it a more than *Herculean* labor, to crowd him out from thence, or to wrest the Scepter out of his tender hands. Rather submit, and part with part, than be forced from all, which will inevitably be the event, if you follow your intended resolutions.

Were ever thy Eyes spectators (said the other) or thy Ears, of any dishonorable action of mine, that thou hast such mean thoughts of me, that my heart can stoop to a servile submission? either thou must imagin my worth very little, and folly great, that I will hearken

ken to thy perſwaſions, though containing never ſo little reaſon and honor in them; or thy folly muſt be great, to think, that after a twenty years illuſtrious Reign, in honor and applauſe, I ſhall now begin to degenerate; and what though blind Fortune hath hitherto crowned him with ſucceſs? all his victories ſhall attend as Captives at my triumphant Chariot, or elſe ſhall be as gems in, to adorn my Crown, and give it the greater luſtre. And if my Kingdom hath ſurfetted by a long continued peace, and contracted many malignant humors, what can there be better, than to let them bloud by War? where the ſharper the Lance, the leſs is the wound. Beſides, thinkſt thou my preſence nothing? if my men are ſo ſtupidly baſe, that neither honor, victory, the preſervation of their lives and fortunes, which will be all at ſtake, will not ſtimulate them to the performance of actions of a higher and more noble nature, than ordinary, yet (add to all this, which is equal to all) to ſee me in the midſt of the greateſt hazards, confronting and encountring the greateſt dangers, ſurely will engage them to act ſomething worthy the name of my Subjects, and to be owned by me. And if I dye, what then? better dye with honor, than live with ſhame; when if I dye, it will be ſuch a death as will give life to my *name*, and after death, I ſhall ſurvive by an immortal fame. But if I ſubmit, as you would have it, and live, it will be ſuch a life, as will be worſe than death, to be buried alive in the obſcure Grave of Infamy. Beſides, hath Fortune Garlands for no Brows but his? or is his Armor impenetrable, or his Sword Inchanted? if not, why is it impoſſible for me to conquer? Submit muſt I? that were the ready way to be trampled upon by all domineering Princes ſuperior in diſcipline of War, though inferior in all other reſpects. Tell not me of ſuch ignoble things, I

hate to hear the mention of any thing so unworthy, and infinitely beneath any, who are endued with the smallest portion of a Royal spirit. No, though all Heavens winged Heralds should proclaim my destruction, and accent each sentence with thunder, yet would I undauntedly prosecute my resolutions; when if I am forced at last to surrender, the world may rather commiserate me for want of Fortune, than condemn me for want of Valour.

Pardon, My Lord, said the other, if I used an expression too far below a person of your Royal dignity, and Heroick spirit. I endeavoured not to perswade you to any dishonrable reconcilement, out of mistrust to your Valour, which should I in any measure doubt of, I deserved to perish by it, and to give the proof of it by mine own destruction, as I doubt not but *Agis* will. With that, *Agis* that had so long sacrificed his ears to their discourse, and with such greedy attention devoured each sentence, being now fully informed, by hearing his own name mentioned, who was the subject of their discourse, resolved with all secresie and celerity, to return to his Army, and send a party to surprise them: but as he was rising to return, it was his unhappy Fortune to stumble, and fall upon two boughs, which as it were out of revenge for their blow, with a rushing noise betrayed him to his enemies; who having their discourse interrupted by such a sudden noise, between fear and amazement, arose, and no sooner risen, but as well as the Nights darkness would permit, they discerned *Agis* newly recovered from his fall; whom though they knew not, yet thinking he might be some Spie from their enemies party, or one at least, who upon examination could inform them, they apprehended him, and with speed conveyed him to *Megapolis*, the Metropolitan City of *Hiarbe's* dominions, which was

not

not far distant from thence; where they committed him to safe custody, untill the light should discover what the darkness concealed.

No sooner did the morning appear, and the light dispell the darkness, but this Royal prisoner was called forth to give an account to *Hiarbas* who and what he was. I should be guilty of too much profuseness both of words and time, if I should stand to declare, what variety and contrariety of passions domineer'd within them, when they saw, and in seeing knew each other. Hard it is to say, whether joy or admiration had precedency in *Hiarbas*, whilst grief, fear and shame contended for priority in *Agis*; This is certain, if any passion did exceed another, when they all exceeded the bounds of moderation, it was joy in *Hiarbas*, to think that in him he saw the *Exit*, and conclusion of all his troubles, and grief in *Agis* to think that this was but the entrance and *exordium* of his, and that now he did but enter upon the Stage to Act his Tragedial part, in comparison of which, all his former Reign had been only Comical. And indeed no wonder, if he who in the clearest Sun-shine of prosperity, when there was not the least shadow of a Cloud that might portend any danger, but onely the vapours in his own head, or any enemies to oppose, but the inhabitants of his own brain, could not stop the mouth of fear; I say, no wonder then, if now when a black prodigious Cloud was impendent over his head, ready to pour down, and with a deluge swallow up all, that fear should fill his imagination with millions of perplexities.

But as fear is a greater evil, than the evil it fears, so it was with him, for *Hiarbas* who sought not after the King but the Kingdom, nor the Soveraign but the Soveraignty, above the hopes and expectations of *Agis*, shewed all Princely respect, and honor; and enter-

tained him rather as a guest, than a Prisoner, but yet not altogether forgetting his temper, he sometimes intermixed su,ercilious cariages, to the end, that what by alluring perswasions mixed with threatnings, he might accomplish his ambitious ends; and indeed in a little time they took such an impression upon him, as procured from him a total resignation of the Crown and Dignity of *Thessalia*.

But to return to the Army, who when in the morning they found their King was missing, and that after the most curious inquiry of all persons, and diligent scrutiny into all places, no news could be heard of him, you would be amazed to hear, what a medly of diversifyed opinions there was about him, which to avoid the imputation of falshood, I shall forbear to recite. But for their confusions they were innumerable, being divided into as many factions, as interests, and interests as persons; some were for none to govern, some were for all to govern, as in a Democracy, some for themselves to govern, each regarding what he followed, but none what might follow thereof; and amongst those who were most serious about the publike good, some were for the young *Pandion*, and some for *Hiarbas*. In fine, they could agree upon no certain thing, but its certain they could agree upon nothing. This mad mixture of conceits brought it at length to a dangerous tumult, which had been more dangerous, had they not been so divided into parts, as none knew whom to oppose themselves against, which yet notwithstanding prevented not such a broil, as had encreased to a war, had not all these compositions of differences been composed by the sudden coming of *Hiarbas*, who what by the terror of a potent Army, which he then marched in the head of, together with a prevailing faction among the *Thessalians*, presently put an end

to

to all their discords, and caused them all to Center in an unanimous submission to his power, so that within some few days, he had the Crown set upon his head, by *Agis* himself, in the chief City of the Realm, whom for that day, he brought forth, and to the admiration of all the people declared unto them, by what happy Fortune he thus unhappily fell into his hands. But *Agis* not being able to survive the loss of his Kingdom, and having his heart broken with extremity of grief, he in a short time exchanged his Throne for a Grave, his Purple Robe, the Enlign of Royal power and Majesty, for a Winding sheet, his Courtiers, for the Wormes, and infernall shades: And thus as Fortune put an end to his happiness, so Death to his misery.

But *Hiarbus* though thus carried aloft upon the wings of a prosperous Fortune, yet he soared not so high, but that he was able to look down and see, upon what a tottering Basis his Government was founded; for though for the present the people were taken with it, as indeed what novelty is not pleasing to the palate of the vulgar? yet in a short time its staleness would cause them to distrelish it, especally if imbittered with the least grain of tyranny and insolence, which no Government can avoid that is acquired by force and violence. And as a Tower, whose parts may be sound and strong, yet, if held together only by force, is nothing but a ruinous mass, and subject to fall with the least assault; so the best Government, that hath no other support but the sword, and is not cemented by the peoples affection, is subject to dissolution, upon the least popular motion and disturbance, much more that, where there can be other right pretended, but what is carved out by the sword. And therefore that he might gild over his sudden intrusion, with some glittering pretences of

right,

right, by which he thought to dazle the dim eyes of the vulgar, he caused himself to be proclamed throughout all the *Thessalian* dominions, heir and successor to *Agis* deceased, by vertue of that resignation which he enforced from him in the time of his imprisonment. And that he might for ever remove away all grounds for *Pandions* hopes, when he came to age, to attain, or his own fears to lose the Kingdom, he sent him to a Forester to be educated as his own, that thus by causing him to move in so low a Sphere, he might prevent an Eclipse of his pretended right, which he justly feared would be totally obscured, should *Pandion* have interposed his.

And as for the Princess, *Pandions* onely sister, though I cannot but say, he hath dealt most honorably with her, having regard not onely to her high descent and extraction, but excellency and worth; for indeed, what is there that can deservedly merit the title of desert, that is not most transcendently in her? yet fearing lest in time, her matchless wit and beauty might match her, to some person of great eminency, who in marrying with her, would espouse her interest, he hath Cloystered her in a Nunnery, and made her vow perpetual Chastity.

And thus did this Politicke man improve his Fortunes, whilst poor *Pandion* born to a Crown is bred up in a servile obscure condition, having a Forest for a Kingdom, and wild beasts for his Subjects, with whom he is daily conversant, exercising a pretty kind of delightful tyranny over them, in chasing some, fettering others, and killing others, as his fancy pleases; and one day as he ran so far in the pursute of a Deer, that he knew not which way to return, but wandring to and fro, he happened to espy me, walking neer the mouth of my Cave, and with all speed came running to me. I

was

was no less astonished at the beauty of the youth, than amazed to see him in such an unfrequented place; for during thirty years that I spent in this solitary place, I never beheld the face of any here before him, whom after my mean manner, I have entertained, for some years, not being able to direct him to the Foresters habitation.

This story told with so much gravity and deliberation, so moved *Periander* to compassion, as that he resolved to accompany young *Pandion* into *Thessalia*, and there by all means endeavor his restauration, which however if he could not effect, yet, he would render himself renowned for his high Attempt, and therefore blessed his Fortune, which though hitherto had been adverse to him, yet now had presented him with such an happy occasion, and so fit a place for a Theatre, whereon to Act the Heroick Exploits which were already transacted within his thoughts. Neither was *Athalus* less desirous of acting a part in that honorable enterprise, so much of his spirits had not steamed forth, from those streams of bloud, as to enfeeble both his body and mind; but still he was as propense to embrace any action that required valour for its performance, as ever, but the weakness of his body would not permit him to undertake any thing proportionable to the greatness of his mind. For though the care and diligence of the Hermit had brought him from a despair of life, yet not out of danger of death, should he be too negligent of himself; so that with a seeming unwilling willingness he yielded to *Perianders*, and the Hermits perswasions, rather to return to his Castle, and when necessity should require, assist them with Forces from thence. And though it was the wound uncured in his body that was the pretence, it was chiefly the wound incurable in his heart, that made him withdraw.

which

which nothing could heal but a Sympathetick Plaister, applyed to the Dart that gave the wound, and that was *Matilda's* Beauty; and therefore to her must he return, if he will ever find ease, which accordingly he determined to do.

Having made these conclusions among themselves, they walked abroad to refresh themselves, and *Athalis*, who for several days had not tasted the fresh Air, the Hermit entertaining them with discourses, one while of the vanity of Sublunary delights, how that their greatest perfection is but imperfection, and in their best injoyment attended with annoy, and how flitting transitory and fading, and how unreasonable for a reasonable Soul, of such a *depurate*, immaterial, and supercelestial Nature, and therefore a fit soil for the most sublime thoughts and enravishing affections to spring up in, to delight it self in such course embracements. Then he would be lavish in the praises of a contemplative life, the happiness and sweet repose of solitude, how that freed from the worlds tumultuary distractions, and Corroding cares, the Soul doth mount aloft, upon the Wings of Contemplation, above the Star-glistring Heavens, and satiate her self with Angelical delights, that reside in a higher Sphere than Nature, and thence descending taste what excellency Heaven and Earth will present, which as a solemne repast, after such transporting and rapturous delights, fills and dilates the Soul with excess of joy and contentation. Can any humane Artifice (said he) please and delight the eye, as it doth the intellectual eye of the Soul, to see with what unwearied swiftness, the rowling Heavens, whirl the sparkling Globes of light? and with such violence, as if it meant to sling them out of the Universe, had not Nature there unmoveably rivered them; to see how the envious Moon, as it were re-

pining

pining at her brothers glories, ſtrives maliciouſly to obſcure and hide them, from the view of the admiring world, by interpoſing her opake body between it and the Suns refulgent Beams? and then how the Earth to requite that maligne interpoſition, wrappeth her in a miſty ſhade, and makes darkneſs triumph over her, and plunder her of all her reſplendent lightſomneſs, and render her inviſible, that gives viſibility in the mids of darkneſs to all ſublunary beings? To read the events of all things written in Golden Characters, by the hand of the All-ſeeing Deity? To ſee how the revolutions and alterations of perſons and actions depend upon their circumvolutions; what earthly Palace can compare with that where the worlds great Monarch keeps his Court? invironed with an Æthereal Wall, whoſe ten arched ſtories borders upon the Empyreal Palace; moated with a Cryſtalline Ocean, guarded with hoaſts of twinkling partizans, whoſe gilded ſhields and gliſtering Spears reflect back the Suns radiant glances; to ſee the flaming Courtiers clad in golden Treſſes, dance to the Muſick of the Spheres, roving and traverſing the tranſparent floor with ſuch confuſed order, as if they meaſured each pace by the ſweet Charmes of the Muſicks modulations, whoſe harmonious accents conſiſt of diſagreeing concords, ſo they are moſt conſtant and regular, when moſt irregularly inconſtant. Neither are there wanting Tiltings and Turnaments, and feats of Chivalry: for how often doth the Sun himſelf, mounted in his glory-beaming Chariot, ſhod with burning boſſes, run the Celeſtial Ring, with all his flaming attendants, purſuing after in their full career, through Heavens arched Galleries? The Air is his Kitchin, where his Cates are prepared, the Clouds the ſteam that aſcends from his boyling Caldron.

Thus

Thus they went, the Hermit beguiling the time with his grave discourses, till they came to the top of the Hill, which proudly elevating it self above the humble valleys, and levelling plains, bleſt their Eyes with the moſt delightſom proſpects the Country could afford; there might you have ſeen Art and Nature joyn in Conſort, and ſtrive to preſent a moſt beautiful Harmony to the eyes. There were the natural Theatres of lofty Hills, where the moſt refined guſts of air would dance to the warbles of the winged Choriſters chirping under the green Canopies of ſhady Groves. Vales treaſuring up ſilver Rivers, which gently gliding, would ſteal away beholders ſenſes; by which the Shepherds would ſit feeding their Flocks, whilſt the wanton Lambs would dance to the Muſick of their Oaten Pipes.

Not far diſtant, ſtood a pleaſant Town on the ſide of a Hill, compaſſed with green Meadows, water'd with the ſilver ſtreams of little bubling Rivers, that ſtrayed to and fro in wanton Meanders; the ſtreets ſo intermixed with ſhady Trees, ſeemed as if the Woods had left their melancholy retiredneſs, and grown ſociable, meant to inhabit the Town; or as if the Town had left its chearful ſociableneſſe, and grown to a kind of civil wildneſs, meant to inhabit the Woods, or rather as a marriage between both.

Hither did *Periander*, *Pandion* and *Athalus* repair to furniſh themſelves, and *Pandion* eſpecially with Armour, and all acouttrements fit for their intended undertakings, having firſt taken leave of the good old Hermit, and returned millions of thanks for his charitable kindneſs, telling him that they counted their preſent unhappineſs chiefly to conſiſt in this, that thereby they were put in an incapacity of giving due teſtimonies of

their

their gratitude to him, and that if their Fortunes might be raised equal to their desires, it should be that they might be able to return requital equal to his deserts. The Hermit answered, that as his deserts were small in themselves, so they would be less, should he be so mercenary as to shew kindness, in expectation of a requital; but however, if he had merited any thing, that they had sufficiently repaid him by their sweet conversation.

Thus after some ceremonies past between them, they left the Hermit, who at parting could no longer retain his gravity, nor refrain from weeping tears of joy and sorrow; of sorrow to part with them all, but especially *Pandion*, whom he had so long entertained as his Pupil, and instilled those excellent principles, the effects whereof shall be made apparent in the sequel of the story; but of joy, through the conceived hopes of his future prosperous Fortune.

These three noble Consorts having travelled for some few days together, came at length to a parting way, which might properly be so called, for it was the means of parting *Athalus* from the other two, whom we shall also part from for a time, and leaving him, associate our selves to *Pandion* and *Periander*; who amongst many other adventures they enconntred withall in their journey, this was one.

Travelling along one scorching day, the Sun darted his rayes with such vehement violence as that they were forced to betake themselves to a neer adjoyning shady Grove for protection, where the spreading boughs so embraced each other, as if they had combined together to exclude the Suns proud beams from entring there; where being invited by the pleasantness of the place, and their own wearisomness to refresh themselves, they lighted off their Horses, and having

ving pulled their bits out of their mouths, turned them to feed upon the Grass, which there grew in great plenty, whilst themselves being overcome with the murmurings of the sweet bubling streams, and the whilstlings of the quivering leaves were lulled asleep. But long they had not yielded to sleeps pleasing charms, when their ears were suddenly filled with a sudden shriek, which pierced and rent the air with such a dividing shrilness, as plainly appeared it came from a heart pierced, *rent and divided* with sorrow; and withall so small and clear, as they knew it came from some Female Breast; neither came it alone, but was presently followed by a train of doleful groans, which pursued it with hue and cry as a Thief for stealing her joyes from her. They no sooner heard it, but they arose and guided their steps by the mournful noise, till they came to a place where they saw a beautiful Lady lying along upon the ground, leaning upon her elbow; Nature had painted her Face with more than ordinary Beauty, so that Sorrow seemed to appear in the liveliest colour; her Face, Gestures, Sighs and Tears, and all made apparent, that sorrow had tuned her heart to so high a Key, that the strings were near cracking. Loath they were to interrupt her, and yet desirous to serve her. At length they heard her fetch a groan, and that seconded by a sigh, and both ushered in these words. Hard-hearted enemies! could your tyrant minds invent no other way, to vent your mercilesse cruelty, but by being thus cruelly merciful to leave me behind to weep his obsequies? what wrong did you ever receive from his guiltlesse hands? as nothing could satisfie your boundless rage, nor satiate your thirsty souls but his dearest bloud? and if it was I that did the wrong, why did you not sheath your Swords in this breast, that my Death might expiate his?

and

and why do you not come and steep your sulphrous souls in my diffused bloud, that so both they as well as their horrid actions, their monstrous of-springs, may be of a Crimson dye? O ye celestial powers, since 'twas your pleasure to joyn our Hands and unite our Hearts by *Hymens* sacred and inviolable bands, dislodge this Soul of mine, and take it up into that heavenly Chorus, whereof he is one, that so out of the reach of dull-browd sorrow, we may sing prolonged Anthems of Peace together, and being no longer intangled with this Worlds turmoyles, my Soul may be involved in that bottomless Abyss, and boundless Ocean of immortal happiness. Oh sweet Death, come and welcome, put a period to my Griefs, and rid me of this dying life; oh how the thoughts of thy approach revive me! frustrate then not my hopes and expectations, the way to kill me is to let me live. Oh then augment not my griefs by adding new, let me not ever languish here in perpetual anguish; but come, oh come, and if my enemies have extracted the quintessence of all cruelty, and swilled it up into their parboyl'd Souls, that so there is none left for thee, what then? it is mercy, not cruelty that I crave; for what greater mercy can there be than to unloose a soul intangled and hamper'd with griefs and sorrows? oh then unty this knot of dull mortality, that pineons my soul and makes her flutter here below, and let her fly to him who is my Life, my Heart, my Joyes, and all that my highest desires can attain unto. And if with killing him, thou hast spent thy Arrows, (for sure his great soul would not surrender up her mansion on too easie terms) here's Shafts within my Heart shot both from Love and adverse Fortune, enough to fill thy Quiver, and let that remain full still? Come then and draw thy Bow, and give that wound that shall

heal all other wounds. And therewithall she gave a sigh, as if Death had indeed made a divorce between her Soul and Body, and her tender heart had bid adieu to this lower world, and fled into the Empyreal Regions. But proceeding, *Charon* (said she) prepare thy Boat to waft me over the *Stygian Lake*; and if thou fearest it is too shoul to transport such a Cargo of Woes and Griefs as I am filled withall, here's tears enough that flow in uncontroled Streams from Griefs Fountains, to make it at its lowest Ebb, over-flow the Banks, and if that will not suffice, open my Veins, drain my Heart dry, rather than let me tarry behind; for what Joys can ever accrew to me, now *Theon*, in whom my Joys are plac't, hath bid farwell? And then she stopt, giving a groan, as if her Heart had been rest in sunder, and folding her fair Arms, as if she went about to imbrace death.

Pandion and *Periander* hearing this, no longer able to contain, discovered themselves to her, and craving pardon for their intrusion, begged to know the cause of her sorrow, telling her, they would spend their dearest bloud to purchase her desires. Oh then, said she, my desire is to be with my dear *Theon*, hand me to the *Elizian* Plains, where he resides, I desire not your death, but my own, for, alas, what comfort can I have to tarry here behind? Never more shall these pale lips of mine once dare to own a smile, nor this trembling heart to entertain a joy, since the Heavens have dispossest me of such a joy, whose presence made all my joys, I and sorrows too, to be joyful, and at whose absence all my joys like shadows vanish, but my sorrows increase. Nothing but grief and care, now he is gone, shall— And then being no longer able to speak, she wept a flood of tears, making her language to ebb. Heavens forbid, said *Periander*, that the earth should

contain

contain such a one, who durst imbrue his cursed hands in the bloud of so fair a Lady, and rob the world of such an unparalleld beauty. Accursed that hand that should act, yea that tongue that should speak, yea that breath that should whisper, yea that heart that should think of spilling such innocent bloud. Rather, Madam, be pleased, said he, to lay your commands upon us, and assure your self we will extend our utmost power to serve you. And if we have not valour enough, yet doubt not, but the heavens will succeed the cause of one in all excellencies so resembling themselves. Nay, said *Roxana*, it is not your valour I doubt of, but contrarywise, it is the heavens mercy that I despair of: for can I think that they who have so frown'd upon me, frown'd do I say? rather conspired to make me miserable, have any love or mercy reserved for me? for whence can such extremity of cruelty proceed but from extremity of hatred? do I not see how contrary to my hopes and desires they force me to live, and deny so poor a request as death? If a similitude and consentaneity in properties, will beget a sympathy in affections, it is rather from the infernal powers then, that I must hope for succor, whom in all miseries I do so resemble. But alas, what need I thus speak? it is neither your fortitude, were it a composition of the very extracted spirits of all the ancient Heroes valour, nor the Stars themselves, nor all *Pluto's* black Legions, should you all combine and unite your powers together, were able to reduce a Soul once fled from its Terrestrial habitation. And ah! my *Theon* is dead. And then she sighed and wept, the tears trickling down in such swift streams, as if they strove who should first leave the fair possession of her eyes, or rather, who should first kiss her Rosie cheeks. Ah *Theon*, said she, and then she rent her hair, and tare her

beautiful face, as though they could serve for nothing now *Theon* was gone.

Periander and *Pandion* were so moved to compassion at this passionate sight, that they could not refrain from holding her fair Arms, and by force compell her to be merciful to her self. Can you accuse the Heavens of cruelty, said *Periander*, and you thus cruel to your self? How can you expect that they should gratifie your desires, and you thus contradict its will; be not thus displeased with what Heaven is pleased, nor lavish of these Pearly drops. Surely, if no sublunary powers whatsoever can fetch your *Theon* from the shades below, much less can your tears. Perplex not then your pensive heart, but appease this stormy discontent, who knows what Heaven hath laid in store for you? It was not for nothing that our steps were directed to this place, therefore acquaint us with the story of your Fortune, and we do protest that we will dedicate our selves wholly to your service.

Ah, said *Roxana*, flatter me not with false deluding groundless hopes, do you think, said she, with a bitter smile, that the clashing of your Armor, should you descend to *Pluto's* Court, would tickle his ear with as much delight, as *Orpheus* Harp, and would have the like perswasive faculty, as his melodious Charmes? But however, I cannot but with all thankfulness acknowledge your Civility, in the tender of your service, which I can no otherwise repay, than in granting your will, by relating my condition, which truly is a poor requital, but the refusall would be worse.

Know then that my name is *Roxana*, daughter to *Melampus* King of *Boeotia*, I was once happy (O unhappy word that brings to mind my former happiness, to aggravate my present misery!) I say I was once happy in the love of *Theon*. What need I say any more

riander and Pandion perſwade Roxana page 52.

more of him? what Country doth not eccho with his renowned acts? where hath not Fame blazed his honor? who are there that would be liberal, courteous, magnanimous, and heroically excellent, that set not him as a president before them?

This *Theon* is Son to *Harpalus* King of *Thrace*; his Father being desirous to make him compleat in all things that were desirable, sent him when he was a youth to travel, both to inure him to hardships and difficulties, thereby to instill into him those Vertues both Moral and Political, which commonly thrive better then, than in the Serenity of times, amidst the delights wherewith all Princes Courts abound, and also that he might learn the Manners, Customs, Polities, and State-Interests of Forein Kingdoms, whereby he would be better instructed in the interest of his own, and be inabled when the power came into his own hands to manage the affairs of State with greater advantage. Vain it would be for me to enumerate the great adventures he atchieved in his travels, since they were so great, as that all the world not onely heard of, but admired and envyed, and therefore they may seem strange to you, but I cannot think, you are strangers to them.

Amongst other places it was his hap to come to my Fathers Court, where he had not been long, ere his incomparable Beauty, unconquerable Valour, and inimitable Excellencies so enravish't my affections, that *Theon* was the Saint at whose shrine I offered up my daily Oblations; *Theon* was my sole delight, and the delight of my Soul, when ever I was blest with his presence, methought I felt my heart chained to his eyes, and when he spake, his lips seemed to dance to the sweet accents that came from his mouth, with such pleasing grace, as methought each motion seemed a

Charm, and each word a Spirit, that inthralled my Soul, and led me Captive at the triumphing Chariot of his conquering Beauty; such Grace, such Majesty, such Perfection were united in him, as the most curious quick-sighed Symmetrians were not able to discern the least disproportion in him, much less mine, which was wholly dedicated to his Perfections. Neither was he wanting to repay me with mutual affections, but as my contentment and happiness was placed in him, so he ever thought himself unhappy without me; and so had affection blinded his judgement, as he was pleased to bestow large Encomiums on my Beauty, commending me rather like a fond Lover, than a Judicious Artist in Beauties Heraldry; which had it as far transcended his expressions, as his expressions did me, I should not have merited his affections. And that that was no small addition to my Felicity, my Father *Melampus* was exceedingly delighted in his sweet Society, and Witty pleasantness, and brave deportment, but most of all pleased with [illegible] affections we bare each other; insomuch that in a short time, by agreement of our Parents, the day of our happy conjunction in marriage was appointed. O that sweet disuniting union, that makes one Heart of two, and two Souls of one! that Golden Key that unlocks the treasures of Chast inclosed delights! so great was the Heavens only Tantaliz'd me withall, envying its full enjoyment. For thus it happened, *Theon* and I, walking together, one Evening into the Fields, we over-heard *Idomeneus* his Squire, and another quarrelling; what the cause of the contention was, we could not understand; this we perceived, that they were ready to leave their Verbal arguments, and betake themselves to sharper than any their Wit could invent, but their immoderate Passion had not so renounced the moderation of Reason, but

that

that they could consider, that neither the time nor place was seasonable; they made therefore a Challenge each to other, to meet next morning at such a set hour, which they both vowed to observe. *Theon* over-hearing this discourse, resolved not to interrupt them, but at the time appointed to be an unseen Spectator of this combat. I dissuaded him from both, fearing the event, but with such faint dubious perswasions, as they nothing prevailed, delighting in his presence, and yet taking pleasure in every thing that delighted him, though it deprived me of my desired happiness: for our hearts being one, our desires and delights must needs be one, so that I was forced to yield a dissenting consent.

But when night came, no sooner had *Morpheus* benummed all my senses, and steeped them in *Lethe*, but the drowsie Deity, that forges those wild phantasms on the Anvil of the Fancy, which we call Dreams, began to represent to my thoughts, *Theons* pale Ghost came to bid me adieu; the affrightfulness of the spectacle awaked me. I think it is but superfluous to use many arguments to perswade a belief in you, that my joy was not small when I saw it was but a Dream. But no sooner had sleep again prevailed over my drowsie senses, and Night had lull'd them in her Sable Arms, but an interposing Dream interrupted the silent peaceful delights of my quiet fancy, and cumbred me with new confused thoughts. Methought I saw, and yet methought I did not see, but 'twas because I would not see, my *Theon*, and *Idomeneus* dragged by the Knights of *Clausus* Castle, a place that hath long been an Asylum and refuge for the most profligate persons to Sanctuary themselves in, under pretence of a privilege granted to *Clausus* Ancestors, from my Fathers Predecessors, for a signal Act of Loyalty, to be exempted

from all penalties for any Act whatsoever, excepting high Treason. By vertue of which, *Clausus* the present possessor hath committed, and doth continue still to commit many outrages, imprisoning all Ladies, and Gentlemen, whose hard hap it is to come within their reach, so that there are many now of eminency, who are there condemned by this Tyrant to perpetual confinement. And not onely himself, but all Villaines whatsoever, that can pretend any relation to him (though often the kindred consists not in sameness of bloud, but bloudy actions) have the privilege of impunity for whatsoever wickedness they perpetrate. And by this means this Castle hath been as a Nest of Vermine, a Moth and Canker in the Bowels of my Fathers Kingdom, so that he hath been so tyred out with the daily complaints of his Subjects, for injuries and affronts received from them, that he resolved to raze the Castle to the ground, intending not to leave the least vestigium of it, to preserve the memory of such a wicked place. A freedom for Vice, is an unfit reward for Vertue. But he was prevented by a subtile politick trick of *Clausus*, which was this, *Clausus* receiving intelligence of my Fathers resolutions, and how the daily provocations from his party incensed him more and more, knowing himself to be a man of little less than Gigantick bigness of body, and to say truth, the greatness of spirit being proportionable, imagining himself invincible, he hath of late made this Challenge, that what Knight soever could overcome him in the Field, he would surrender up his Castle to him, and renounce his privilege.

This fair and honorable proposal, my Father condescended to, and for the encouragement of any Knight to undertake the Combat, he hath proclamed, that whosoever should Conquer *Clausus*, should not onely have

have the Castle for his reward, but should have the highest honors, his Kingdom was capable to bestow, conferred upon him. Hither me thoughts I saw *Theon* dishonorably dragged.

I was no sooner awaked, and freed from my restless rest, and my Dream had forsook me, but a Tyrant fear succeeded it, and usurped dominion over my amazed thoughts, so that spurred on with a distracted mind, I hastily arose, and rushed into his Chamber. But when I saw he was gone, and that his solitary Bed was deprived of its happiness, to inclose and embrace so sweet an inhabitant; how did my tormenting fears add wings to my steps? so that in a moment before I knew whether I was throughly recovered of my Dream, I came to the Castle, where I found to my misery, my Dream fulfilled, and those Villaines triumphing over his beautiful, though lifeless body.

And now, Sir Knight, since you have your request, let me have also mine, that you will not hazard your selves with that cruel Tyrant, but proceed in your journey, and leave me here to bewail my miserable condition, which is the onely satisfaction and content you can give to my unsatisfied discontented mind.

In all things, Madam, said *Periander*, consistent with my honor, I shall obey you, but where thats ingaged, pardon me, if I hearken rather to its dictates, than your commands; and, said he, it cannot but reflect with dishonor upon this noble person, who honors me with his company, and my self, should we refuse the Combat, when there is such high provocations, as the revenging your quarrel, the redeeming so many Captived Knights and Ladies, and the freeing the whole Kingdom from such a common pest. And what though I lose my life in it? life is but a tribute, that we must pay to Nature, and that the best and most valiant is

morta',

mortal, and subject to the breath of every unfortunate chance; but honor that is built upon high atchivements is immortal, and Fortune may as well think to trample the Stars under her feet, and with her frowns to Eclipse the Sun, as to depose him that is seated in the Throne of Honor, and he that will purchase that must not stand upon price.

Roxana hearing this, directed them to the Castle, whither they hasted with all speed, but by the way there grew a contest between them, who should have the honor of the Combat. *Periander* was willing to yield the prehemineence, in respect of the others high descent, neither did he doubt of his courage; the starry lovelines of his eys being perfect indices of the sprightfulnes of his mind; but together with the greatnes of his spirit, which was loath in point of Honor to submit to any, the fear lest *Pandon* should be worsted, doubting whether he was able to withstand so fierce an encounter in his first initiation in the School of *Mars*, made him the more desirous to undertake it himself.

But *Pandion* being equally ambitious of Honor with the other, and suspecting lest *Periander* doubted of his valour, grew into a little heat, which *Periander* perceiving, condescended to his desires, with this resolution, that if he saw him in any danger of being overcome (which he much feared, by reason of his youth) he would interpose, and they would both stand or fall together. *Pandion* gratefully accepted it, and so they passed on, till they came to the Castle, upon the Gate whereof hung Armor, all of Silver, upon the Breast-plate whereof there were engraven two Angels, holding a Wreath of Laurel, in the midst of which was this Impressa, *Valours Reward*. Upon the Gate was the Picture of *Mars*, holding a Banner

Banner in his hand, in which were written these Verses,

Who Honor and these Arms would win,
And Ladies free, inslav'd within,
Must foyl a valiant Knight i'th' field,
Or else himself a Captive yeeld.

Pandion having Read the Verses, drew out his Sword, and with the Pommel of it, gave such a blow upon the Armor, that it resounded through all the parts of the Castle, so that with speed came *Clausus*, and with a flaming countenance and fiery look, gave such a rude entertainment to *Pandion*, as if he had been one of the *Cyclops* come from Fire-breathing *Ætna*, to Forge Thunder-bolts, or rather as if he himself had been that flaming mountain, so did his rage-inflamed Soul belch forth streams of fire at his eyes, that made his face look like a prodigious Comet, that portended evident destruction to *Pandion*, his blows lighting like claps of Thunder, following the Lightning that flashed from the Torches of his Eyes, which yet served but to enkindle the flames of *Pandions* courage, so that at length such a storm of Rage and Fury grew betwixt them, as showers of bloud descended from them both. So that whoever had seen the Combat between *Apollo* and *Python*, *Theseus* and the fell *Minotaure*, *Hercules* and the *Nemean* Lion, would have said, that this had been a perfect resemblance and image of those, or rather they had been types and models of this rage, Hatred and disdain exasperating the one, Fury, emulation and disdaining to be disdained animating the other, so that if the one was prodigal of his bloudy gifts, the other was as generous to repay, and that with interest, even beyond the receivers desire, though short of his own

will;

will ; (doubtful it was whether the one was more liberal or the other more thankful ;) *Clauſus*, *Minotaure rus* like, aſſaulting *Pandion* with ſuch a voluptuous appetite of Bloud, as though nothing could ſatisfy him but to broach all *Pandions* veins, encountring him with ſuch a labyrinth of ſtrength, skill, fury and courage, that *Pandion* had no other thread to guide him out, but to cut the thread of *Clauſus*'s life, which he endeavoured to do with ſuch well-guided violence, as that though paſſion and diſcretion ſeldome concurr, yet did he keep his paſſion within the limits and compaſs of diſcretion, or rather ſteered his paſſion by diſcretions compaſs, thruſting and guarding with ſuch opportune activity, as that they both ſeemed but one Motion, and yet with ſuch active courage, as that he had ſoon reſolved the doubt *Periander* was in, which would be the Conqueror, had he not found *Clauſus* to be a man of invincible courage, and peerleſs excellency in matters of Arms; ſo that if Reaſon and ſudden aſtoniſhment ever moved together in one Sphere without diſturbance each of other, they did in *Periander*, whoſe moſt impartial and reaſonable mind found reaſon to be aſtoniſhed at the unexpected valour of ſuch a Youth as *Pandion*, who ſupplyed with his courage, wherein his ſtrength was defective, and ſince Nature had made him the leſſer of the two, he made skill attend and not contend with Nature, avoiding rather than guarding *Clauſus* blows; but when opportunity preſented, he would give his thruſts with ſuch well-governed force, as that he would both offend his enemy, and defend himſelf; fain he would by his frequent feignings have enticed *Clauſus* to diſadvantage, but he having more experience than *Pandion*, had as much skil to know how to defend himſelf from harm, as the other to profer, ſo that they ſpent ſome time in contending

Pandion slayes Clausus page 61.

tending how to do, whilſt that tyred them more than the very act of doing.

Clauſius, whoſe fearleſs mind, and matchleſs valour, and frequent ſucceſs, had raiſed him to a confidence above hope, finding himſelf thus matched by a Youth, inraged and aſhamed that he ſhould be ſo long in conquering one, over whom though his valour ſhould render him victorious, yet he ſhould not merit the title of a Victor, ſummon'd together all his active powers, and with united force, gave ſuch a blow on *Pandion*, that all the protection he could receive from his well-managed Sword, was to moderate the violence of the ſtroak, which yet nevertheleſs lighted on the ſide of his Head with ſuch a force, that it diſpoſſeſſed his memory of its bruiſed habitation, and drove him ſome few paces from the place where he ſtood, which *Clauſius* perceiving, reſolved not to neglect ſuch an opportunity, but purſued him with redoubled blows, and reunited power.

But *Pandion*, as if his veins had been filled with Spirits, as faſt as they were emptied of Bloud, muſtring all his ſtrength, skill and courage together, being to give a gallant Farewell, like the laſt blaze of a dying light, ran with ſuch a vehement courage upon *Clauſius*, that he not aware, but raſhly proſecuting victorious Fortune, the Sword run thorough his Heart, or rather he ran his Heart upon it, conquering himſelf juſt when he was triumphing on the conqueſt of his enemy; which when the Knights of the Caſtle perceived, not regarding the Laws of Arms, flew in to defend their Captain, or rather themſelves, knowing that on the thrid of his Life hung all their Privileges, which cut in two, muſt needs fall to the ground, which conſideration made them fall inconſiderately on *Pandion*; which *Periander* ſeeing, enraged with

contemt

contempt of their Dastardly baseness, to set upon a wounded man gasping for Life, and more to think that such cowards should be allotted him to be the Subjects of his valour, and most of all to think that his friend and he should receive their Deaths from the hands of such miscreants.

Being near over-prest with the multitude, he rushed upon them with such a torrent of violence, as drowned whomsoever he encountred withall, in a lake of their own bloud, though surrounded with them, he could not avoid receiving some blows, yet they served but to encrease his rage to the extremity, so that with a mad violence, or furious madness, all the powers of his Soul, and the Strength, Dexterity, and Activity of his Body transfer'd to the one arm, he dis-lived some and disarmed others; his valour being crushed between the two extremes, necessity of preserving his Friends and his own Life, and the difficulty of accomplishing it, made it so swell within his breast, with the madness of a terrible fury, that to the destruction and admiration of his enemies, he went beyond himself in his atchievements, killing where he hit, and hitting where he pleased, separating some not only their Souls from their Bodies, but their upper parts from their nether; others that were aiming where to lodge their blow, with the greatest advantage, he deprived of blow and sight and all: Whilst *Pandion*, not able to assist his friend, was forced to refresh his fainting body by resting himself upon the ground. But they were soon assisted by the Knights imprisoned withia the Castle, who knowing that their Jaylors were imprisoned by Death, and seeing *Pandion* bestrid by *Periander*, and he beset with their enemies, they unanimously assaulted them, all agreeing in the means of their preservation, their enemies destruction,

on, though all disagreeing in the end, some fighting to preserve their own honour, disdaining to be enslaved by such unworthy Villains; others for their Ladies; some out of Love to the Commonwealth, to quit it from such a nest of Pestilent Fellows; others out of hatred to their enemies; so that in fine there grew a desperate combat, as it must needs —— the Combatants growing desperate, the *Clausian* Knights resolving rather to lose their lives by whole-sale on the point of the Sword, than retail them out by the hand of Justice, which they knew would befall them should they surrender, grew fearless through fear, so that Courage in the Valiant grew desperate, and despair made the Coward courageous; that at length the conflict grew so cruel, that the very ground was overflown with a deluge of bloud, and the earth that was wont to bury mens bodies, mens bodies now buried the earth; so that it seemed like *Mars*'s sowing time, the seeds of cruelty being implanted in each Breast, and watered with Bloud; but like Deaths reaping time, such an Harvest of Bodies there lay in heaps, serving as Bridges to transport over Rivers of Bloud, that streamed in the pavement

Hard it was to determine which way the ballance of victory would poize, Fortune for a while carrying her self a Neuter; till at length *Periander* being a too partial Umpire, by the mediation of his valour decided the controversy, sending such throngs of Souls of the *Clausian* Knights, that were loth to answer for their unanswerable crimes before *Melampus* his Tribunal, to receive their eternal doom, that the small remainder yielded, craving mercy, which they found. Then *Periander* receiving the Keys of the Gate, gave the Captives that were the Keepers, to the Keepers that were the Captives, till *Pandion* whose right it

was to command, should otherwise order; who appointed Sentinels on the wall, and a watch for that night, intending the next morning to march in triumph to King *Melampus*'s Court.

But no sooner had each man took his Station, but their Ears were arrested with the crys of a Female voice, which as well as they could understand, demanded entrance; the Gates being opened, they all straight knew her to be *Roxana* their Kings Daughter, who seeing the event of the Combat, came with speed to the Castle to perform her last obsequies to *Theon*, and to return thanks to *Pandion* and *Periander* for their hazardous adventure. And being admitted into the Castle, she was received with all respect and joy, by all the Knights and Ladies there, but especially by *Pandion*, who blest her ears with the happy tidings that *Theon* was yet alive, pointing where his Chamber was, who would have said more, but the transporting joy, not only divorced all sorrow from her Heart, but her Body from the place; so that both his words and thoughts were prevented with her sudden flight, calling as she went, *Theon*, *Theon*, her Tongue not being able any more to express her unexpressible passion; but as soon as the eyes of *Theon*, nay his Heart, nay his Soul was ravished with the sight of *Roxana*, as if her beauty had been some divine quintessential extract, or some ray of that celestial fire, that inspired life into *Promethens* Image, he felt a vigour infused into all his fainting limbs, and the Darts of Beauty to triumph over the Darts of Death, and her words to blow up the dying sparks of Life into a flame, so that assembling all his powers together, he cast himself into her Arms, his Legs being unfaithful and feeble supporters of his Body. But, alas! as their arms were linked each in other, and their very

Souls

Souls intwin'd by a ſweet ſympathy, *Theons* Spirits that, like the dying blaze of a Taper, before gave ſuch a ſudden flaſh, choaked with the ſmoke of that affection that gave them life, ſuddenly fled from their battred dwelling.

Roxana amazed to ſee this ſad unexpected *adventure*, remained like one ſuddenly thrown from a high precipice, who hath his breath ſtopt ere he konw whence he fell, or whither he is falling, ſo was ſhe rackt between the extrems of joy and grief; all the powers of her Soul being overwhelmed with a ſudden confuſion. Two extrems over-flowing Tides of contrary paſſions meeting together in one Breaſt muſt needs ſink it in a Whirl-pool of amazement. But ſhe was recovered from that living trance, by the recovery of *Theon*, who did but by the ſhortneſs as it were counterfeit a Death, that he might be buried in that Lilly vale, beſet with ſwelling Mounts of driven Snow.

What wanton reaks, ſaid *Roxana*, doth Fortune play, bandying me from one extreme to another? no wonder that Vertue and Fortune rarely meet in one, ſince that moves always in a mediocrity, and this drunk with madneſs, reels to extremes. But her Farther ſpeech was interrupted by the coming of *Periander*, followed by a Gentleman that came from her Father, who having firſt performed his duty to her, and acquainted her of her Parents health, told her, how that the fame of the Caſtles winning, and of her being found had been blazed in her Fathers ears, who knowing, that the Eccho's that reſound in her Temple, are uſually reduplicated, and that her Tranſlations and Comments ſeldome agree with the Original truth, therefore had ſent him to make a more ſtrict inquiſition, that he might have certain intelligence, intend-

ing, if it was truth, to send some of his chief Nobles to honour that Hero that was their deliverer, not only according to, but beyond his ingagement. And that he sent some of his principal Doctors and Chirurgeons to cure the wounded.

She returned him many thanks for his pains, and for his acceptable news, and requested him to send for a Chirurgeon to *Theon*, whose wounds like gaping mouths seemed to beg for help. But the Chirurgeon being called, by means of a soveraign Balm that he had then with him, he presently stopt those bloudy leaks, and in a short time restored him to a great measure of health, and no less did the other Chirurgeons effect upon *Pandion*, and the rest of the wounded; so that after the burials of the dead, *Pandion* attending upon *Roxana*, and attended with all the Ladies, and most of the Knights, excepting some few that he left in the Castle to keep it in the Kings behalf, marched towards *Melampus*'s Court; but they were met by a glistring train of Nobles, Knights, and Gentlemen, some coming in obedience to the Kings Commands, others to meet their delivered Ladies, and all to bring *Roxana* and *Pandion* to the Court with great solemnity; having performed their dutiful salutation to the first, they in the Kings name returned many thanks to the latter for his great service to the Kingdom, acquainting him with what high acceptance his heroick Act was received by the King, and bestowing large Encomiums on his valour; who yet willing that *Periander*, that was so great a partner in the victory, might also share in the honour, endeavoured to transfer the chief praise of the Action upon him, extenuating his own part, but extolling his, to whom also they performed many Ceremonies; All which being past, they proceeded in their joyrny, beguiling the time with

with delightful pleasancy, till the end of their journy put an end to their discourse, where they were brought to the Palace of the King, being conducted into spacious Courts, adorned with such beauty, riches, and pompous magnificence, as transported *Pandion* (who never beheld such State) with an excess of astonishment, that he thought *Heaven* and *Earth* could not have afforded so much glory. Such was the glistring habit of the Nobles, as seemed to contend with the golden Pillars which should reflect the Suns rays with the greatest lustre, or rather with the Sun himself for brightness; such the rich Attire, resplendent Ornaments, and admirable Beauty of the Ladies, their Ornaments adorning their Beauty, and their Beauty beautifying their Ornaments, and both adding such particular graces to the solemnity, that held the Eyes and Heart of *Pandion* and *Periander* dazled between contentment and admiration.

Being convened into the Kings presence, he arose from his throne, and after he had embraced his Daughter with joy and affection, turned to *Pandion* and saluted him with as great Condescention as Majesty would permit, telling him that he esteemed himself beholding to Fortune, not so much for sending one who by his valour had rid his State from such a brood of Villains, as honouring his Court, by that occasion with the presence of a Person of so great worth as he approved himself to be; and requested him to acquaint him with his name, and what he was, that he might know on whom, as well as for what he should confer his intended Honour.

Pandion (who had resolved to conceal his name, knowing that to reveal it would be utterly destructive to his design, and therefore agreed with *Periander* to go under the name of *Danpion*, which is the same with

his own, the Letters being transposed in a different order) made this reply.

Great Sir, said he, the Honour you have already done me is sufficient to reward the worth of one that had the whole worlds excellency contracted together and united in him, much more the mean deserts of so mean a person as my self, whose meanness is such, that it may be sufficient excuse if I am silent, accounting my self unworthy to trouble the Ears and Thoughts of so great a Prince with any farther relation and knowledge of me than my name, which is *Danpion*. *Melampus* perceiving his reservedness, conceiving he had sufficient reasons, forbare any further importunities. And taking *Danpion* on his right hand, and *Periander* on his left, accompanied with multitudes of Knights and Ladies, he led them into the walks, where the lofty Trees were ranked in such delightful order, as that none durst retreat, and all seemed equally ambitious of being foremost, their plumy tops, waving with gentle puffs, fand the dancing air. On the one side were goodly Gardens, where the smooth Lillies were inclosed with fragrant hedges, underneath whose sweet protection dwelt air-perfuming Roses, whose Vermillion looks seemed to blush at their own perfections, and wrapped in lovely folds, as if the Angels themselves had taken delight each morn, to contend one with another, which should dress them with the most pleasant intricacies, each bed clad with such lovely rarified flowers, as if *Flora* her self had there been brought to bed of her most delightful of-springs, and all the borders so strewed with the springs inamel'd Tapestry, as if they had bordered upon the Empyreal Paradise, so that the whole seemed as if it had been Natures Treasury, wherein she kept her richest beauties. On the other side stood a stately Summer-house,

mounted

Melampus ye King with Danpion and Periander. page, 68.

mounted on twice twelve Marble Pillars, beleagured round with a little murmuring River, whose curling streams like liquid Silver reels to and fro in wanton mazes, part whereof endeavoured with its transparent garment to hide *Diana* from *Actæons* ambitious eyes, her naked Nymphs standing round, some in the Crystal water, some on the Lilly-paved brink, trampling on those humble Flowers for comparing with them for whiteness.

Much time they spent in pleasant discourse, and viewing these delights, and many more than my pen can describe, till at length the Sun began to display his golden locks to the inhabitants of the other Hemisphere, and the scarlet evening to fly over Heavens arched Roofs; when Supper being prepared, the King commanded to have it served into the Banquetting house, where they sat down, more curious to satisfy the appetite of their eyes, than desirous to feed upon the various Cates that there were marshalled in stately order; The Ladies darting amorous looks upon the two strange Knights, no less admiring them for their beauty and comely deportment, than for their valour, and *Pandion* especially, who though he had not such a Majestick, manly, and severe look as *Periander*, yet of a more pleasant countenance, and attractive grace, his starry eyes shining with a radiant splendor, like two Quivers filled with Darts of Love, reflected back their wanton glances with no less delight and admiration, and rowled to and fro in that Garden of Beauties, as if he, *Zeuxis* like, pickt out here and there a heavenly feature, to compose a Posie and mixture of all excellencies and perfections.

But all this joy and contentment did but beget sorrow and discontent in *Periander*, by bringing to mind despairing thoughts of *Florinda*, from whom one

ſmile were better to him than all thoſe eye-pleaſing delights, one accent from her lips, than all the raviſhing warblings of thoſe Angelical voyces, that there ſang to Lutes and Viols, and other charming Inſtruments: ſo that his dejected eyes ſeldome afforded any there a look, as though they ſcorned to look on any, ſince Fortune forbad them to look on her whom they preferred before all: but the internal eyes of his Soul continually gazed upon the picture of *Florinda*, that was lively painted in his Fancy by the Pencil of affection. But Supper being ended, after ſome Masks and Revels, and other pleaſures, the night being far ſpent, they all retired to their Lodgings.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF PANDION AND AMPHIGENIA.

SWift-footed Time feathered with flying houres, of it self posts away with such celerity, that we are no sooner entred upon the Stage to act our parts on the Theatre of this world, but ere we are aware the Scene is concluded, and Death pronounces an *Exit*; yet the mirth and jollity of those happy days seemed to add wings unto it; while unhappy *Periander*, and the more unhappy, because so in the mids of so much happiness, would not permit the least joy to intrude into his heart, but abandoned his thoughts wholly to mournful meditations which though in themselves unpleasing, yet sweet to him, because hovering in Loves Dominions, still

lighted on so sweet a Centre as *Florinda*. Oft would he walk alone, and account to himself his various misfortunes, and then account them all as Cyphers compar'd with his exilement from *Florinda*: but then joyning both together, with a multiplying addition, how far (would he say) doth it surmount my Souls Arithmetick, to number my innumerable griefs! Had ever any one such mountains of sorrows heaped upon him, and not overwhelmed? Cetainly, they are not set for steps to climbe to a Heaven of happiness, rather as Tombes, where all my hopes, desires and joys may be interred.

Thus as the *Torpedo*, when it feels it self insnared by the deceitful hook, vomits forth a bane-full humor into the briny Ocean, and not onely fills the places neer adjoyning to her with a Chilling Ice, but sends it up to the Anglers hand, wherewith in a moment it benumns and Charms his senses into a death-resembling sleep: so *Periander*s sorrow intangled with Loves Bait, not only fill'd his heart with the fumes of discontent, but infected all those Joys that seemed to Angle for it, with their delicious Baits; And one morning, by that time *Aurora* had spread her Vermilion Mantle, on Heavens Azure floor, and the Suns glittering Beams had gilded the mountain tops, *Periander* leapt out of his Bed, and went into the Walks, where the shadiness of the Trees, the coolness of the Air, which was fann'd to and fro with *Zephyrus* wings, and the sweet agreeable murmuring of the Fountaines, fomented in his Breast that humor which fed it self with the remembrance of *Florinda*.

What strange unruly passions are these (said he) that thus stand Centinel at the doors of my senses, and deny Rest entrance, and if any Joys are suters for the possession of my heart, they soon forbid the Banes, and

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thus domineering within the Kingdom of my troubled Breast, chase all contentment from me, so that methinks I could consume an Age in thinking, and make my Griefs keep Time with the Spheres harmonious motions, till time shall be no more; for as they do rise, but never set (for when they seem to set to us, they then rise to our Antipodes) so have my sorrows a beginning, but never ending, keeping a perpetual motion in my Breast; and when the morning begins, then doth my Heart greet the approaching light, with a hope-absconding Cloud of sighs, exhaled by the heat of Loves Passions, from the Ocean of Grief within my mind; and when the Evening begins to close the Day, then doth my Heart conclude it with showers of dewy Tears, and all proceeds from the remembrance of *Florinda*.

Ah sweet remembrance (said he) happy were I, wouldst thou make me forget all other happiness, or smother the thoughts of my present misery. But more sweet *Florinda*, since all abstracted sweetness is lodged in thee, how could I part with Thee, and not part with Life? or rather how could I part with Life, in parting with Thee, and yet live? What was I senseless, that I could hear the fatal Messenger pronounce that more fatal sentence, and the very Cadence of his speech not stab me to the heart? Sure the very sound would have struck me dead, but alas, misery had so filled my Heart, that there was no room for death. Oh envious Fortune, couldst thou find no other time to blast my happiness, but in the blooming of it? In what poysonous composition didst thou dip thy invenomed shaft, that feathered both with Life and Death, shot Death to my happiness, but Life to my misery? Come once more, bend thy Bow, and since thou dost delight in my destruction, draw thy Dart up to the head, and here's a Breast prepared for thee. As

As he was further proceeding in his speech, he was interrupted with a doleful noise, which being handed to his ears by Eccho's reverberations, seemed as if she had a fresh begun, with pining lamentations, to bewail her more pining *Narcissus*; but er'e he could consider what it was, or whence it came, his ears were arrested with a train of mournful tones, that followed their flying predecessor, and then a peircing drilling cry would seem to be a treble to a murmuring Groan; but drawing neer, hoping to find one to sympathize with him in his misery, he heard the voice formed into these words.

Oh heavens, were it not enough to take her hence, but you must take all mercy with her; alas, what need is there for mercy, where there is no misery? there is nothing but a boundless Sea of Happiness, and here nothing but a bottomless abysse of Wo. Oh command Death to unlock the doors of happiness, that I may enter in and exchange these Heart-infringing Groans, for the Heaven-bred Raptures of that Seraphick Quire that surround the Heavenly Throne, and these Soul-melting Tears, for those *Nectarian* streams of immortal pleasures. Come, Death, thou that art so prodigal of thy Darts, to shoot a Virgin in the *Aurora* of her days, whose fresh smiles would have melted the most flinty heart into mercy, come spare a shaft to me, whose age aswell as miseries inviteth. Oh! why art thou grown thus prepostorous to take the young, and leave the old? would not her Beauty move pity in thy heart? Methinks her blushing Cheeks might have made thee ashamed of thy cruelty. How couldst thou find in thy heart to thrust thy Sithe into her tender sides? Sure, no such thing as Love could be the cause, no, Love never resides in an obdurate Heart. And ah, the Grave is too hard a marriage Bed, and thy looks too gastly for her

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to delight in thy cold embracements. Come then to me, to whom thou ſhalt be wellcome, puff out this blaze of Life, and let my fledgd Soul take her Wing. Thinkeſt thou that a few Tears can ſupply with moyſture, what ſo many griefs and years have dryed up? No ſurely, long it cannot be, ere my ſublime Soul muſt bid farewell to all theſe tranſitory Griefs and Joys.

Having ſpoken this, he concluded with ſuch a groan, as if he had ended his ſpeech and Life together. But *Periander*, no longer able to conceal himſelf from, nor from himſelf him that was the author of theſe ſad lamentations, which he thought could ſuit with none as with him, accounting (as it is the property of all men) his own condition moſt lamentable, diſcovered to himſelf, and himſelf to an ancient man apparelled in a Gown of gray, reſembling a Pilgrims weed, lying along in a darkſom Cave, the darkſomneſs whereof made it reſemble a Vault or Grave, as his paleneſs made him reſemble a Ghoſt, ſo that he lay as if he had been entombed alive.

Periander at firſt ſtood ſtill, having his thoughts diſtracted between pity and amazement, and gazed upon him, but then returning to himſelf, he requeſted the Pilgrim (for ſo he ſeemed to be) to inform him of the cauſe of his mournful complaints, telling him, that he had a ſufficient ſhare of ſorrow, and therefore knew how to bear a part in that doleful Conſort, and that he had found by experience, that when he had a partner in grief, it eaſed him of half his miſery, two being able to ſupport that burthen, that one will ſink under. And that if it lay in his power, no way elſe to avail him, yet he could ſympathize with him. True (anſwered the Pilgrim) but you your ſelf ſay you have a ſufficient ſhare already, and therefore I need make no addition; and alas the ſtory of my fortunes would make an Ada-

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mantine heart relent, and move pity in a Soul that had for ever exiled all mercy from it. The relation (answered *Periander*) may add to my griefs, not to my misery, and detract from them, as much as their relating may give ease to you, which will be some though small, because one grief concealed, more grievous is, than ten imparted. Since you are thus desirous (replyed the Pilgrim) of a thing so undesirable, I shall consent.

Know then that my name is *Geryon*, by birth a Nobleman of this Realm, I had a Daughter (and then the tears stood in his eyes, as doubtful whether they should leave their Aged Mansions, or continue there) her name was *Helena*, her Parts and Beauty made her both desireable and desired, by many principal Noblemen in the Court. Many suters she had; among the rest, there came a young Gentleman, named *Pentheus*, a man (as I must needs say) of incomparable worth; though as I then thought, too undeserving for my Daughter, but now I both see and rue my pride (and then the tears gushed forth, but proceeding) the wealth and honor of the rest so eclipsed his merits, and dazled the eyes of my judgement, that I thought him fitter for her menial servant, than a servant in affection. But I disliked him not so much as my Daughter liked him, or rather I disliked him the more, because she liked him, not out of want, but excess of over-vehement affection to her. But my hate to him, could not quench her love to him, but rather encreased it, which for a while was interrupted upon this occasion. Often had I forbad him coming to my house, threatning little less than Death, charging my Daughter also upon penalty of my utter displeasure, not to entertain him in her Arms, or in her heart; but as the latter was impossible for her to effect, so the former was attend-

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d with little less difficulty, being as unwilling to do he one, as unable to do the other; so that they continued still their stollen meetings, which was not so private, but it came to my ear, so that perceiving, they little minded my threatnings, I minded little to threaten, but laid an Ambushment to entrap them one Evening, who passing along as they were toying and discoursing and using their wonted Dalliances, my servants started up and apprehended them; her they brought home, and him they carried into a Wood, that was some miles distant from thence, with intentions to kill him, but they were set upon by the Knights of *Clausus* Castle, and some killed, others wounded, and many carried prisoners to the Castle, among which he was one. Those few that remained and escaped, fled in hast to acquaint me with the event of the action, which did then exceedingly delight and content me, such was my wicked folly, that I never considered what would be the event of such a wicked event; the eyes of my affection and judgement being blinded with the dazling of that happiness I flattered my self withall, which I thought nothing then could impede, when such an obstacle and impediment was removed away; but ah, there was a greater obstruction, my wickedness, that I minded not to remove, which is that that now more afflicts me, than all the misery and misfortune that is inflicted upon me; such is the adversity that attends wicked prosperity, and succeeds prosperous successes in wickednesses, they do but harden the actor in his enormous courses, and by that means fit him for inevitable ruine, whilst he taken with the appearing sweetness of such transient happiness, regards not to repress those exorbitances, which in the end depress him with misery.

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Penthens being gone, nothing now remained, but to match my Daughter to the most deserving of her noble suters, amongst whom was one *Trebonius*, a young Nobleman, of great estate and power. As his affections were most vehemently bent towards my Daughter, so were mine towards him, esteeming him in my over-partial judgement as far to excell *Penthens*, in worth and excellency, as he did exceed him in riches, though that worth to my grief I found chiefly consisted in worthless wealth and honor. To him was I determinately resolved to marry my Daughter, and to that end used what arguments and perswasions I was able to prevail upon her affections; but as they were not in my power to command, so neither could she compell them to obey; which I perceiving, was forced to use my paternal authority, by which at length, with many arguments and threatnings, I got her consent, not because she was pleased in her choice, but because her choice was to please me, so that in fine marryed they were, to my great joy and contentment. But, alas, what constancy is there in humane estates? for when we are surrounded with the greatest prosperity, then many times are we also invironed with the greatest disasters; good nor evil never abiding in one posture, so it was with me. Little did I preconceive what a part Fortune, or rather misfortune had to act in this Tragi-comedy. But whatever I conceived, that monstruous birth, that Fortune was then conceiving, made me a monster of misery, which was Midwived by this occasion.

Of late two strange Knights by their valour, killed the Captain *Clansus*, took the Castle, and redeemed the prisoners, (all which I suppose, you cannot be ignorant of, for its not only the discourse, but the admiration both of Court and Kingdom) amongst which he was one, that was released from that Captivity, but, ah!

ah! to be insnared in a greater Captivity both of affection and misery. For no sooner was the Castle won, but with all speed possible, he ran, first to inform the King, of the Castles surprizal, and then with greater haste, spurred on by a despairing hope, to inform my Daughter, the Queen of his heart, of his own delivery. But the first object that saluted his eyes, was to behold *Helena* in *Trebonius* arms.

Here a most Rhetorical Orator might have a fair field to emblazon with Eloquence, the strange diversity of Passions, that abounded in their hearts at the first encountering. He whose mind before was distracted between despair, and hope, was now wholly distracted with despair. In his face, one might have read a combat between the Beams of Love and Beauty, and Cloud of grief and hatred, and all these stunned with a maze of amazement; whilst she no less answered his affection with reciprocal interchanges of Passion, at first she blushed, as ashamed of her unfaithfulness, and then looked pale with fear, lest I should perceive her blushing; but then she blushed again, lest her paleness should be discovered, so that there seemed a sweet contention between the Rose and the Lily, which should have the possession of her face.

At length *Penthew*, like one returned from a Trance, flung away with such a frowning mourning disdainful pale countenance, as if anger, grief, hatred, and death it self, had all begun to prey upon him, and all strove which should have the greatest share. Which poor *Helena* seeing, no longer able to contain, gave a sigh, as if that breath had been her last, after which the tears gushed out, which trickled down her Cheeks, like Pearls dissolved, just as the blushing Rose, watered with Heavenly dew, when the soft Air gently breaths upon it, those Crystall drops leave their perfumed dwel-

dwelling, and diſtill upon the ground; ſo did her tears blown with ſweet gales of gentle ſighs, leave the Cryſtalline manſions of her eyes, and deſcend upon the floor; which ſhe ſtrove againſt with ſo ſweet a violence, as added ſuch a grace to her ſorrow, that inſtead of reſtraining it ſhe conſtrained us to imitate her ſtormy eyes, ſo that there were ſcarce any preſent, who were not drawn into ſociety of their tears. But at length ſwinging out of her Husbands arms, with a hateful look in a lovely countenance, counting him the only object of her hatred, and cauſe of all her miſery, ſhe run to her chamber, and there made this complaint to her ſelf, which I her Husband ſtealing after her, over-heard.

Hard-hearted Father (ſaid ſhe, and well thou maiſt call me ſo) could a little eſtate bribe your affection ſo, as not to regard the miſerable eſtate of your poor Daughter? True it is I derived my being from you, a bleſſing which I can never requite, but alas, the bleſſing of a being cannot countervail the miſery of a miſerable being, which I have alſo derived from you: for better never come into this miſerable world, than come into ſuch a world of miſery, as I am now involved in, ſo that my Heart, Head, Eyes and Tongue are too barren of Sighs, Thoughts, Tears and Words, to expreſs my unexpreſſible grief; come all you fountains, fill my head with Springs of Tears, and all you Clouds diſſolve in ſhoures, and come and inhabit my eyes, that ſo theſe thirſty Eyes which before quaffed in ſuch draughts of Love, may now be puniſhed for their ſweet intemperance, and ſatiated with over-flowing ſtreams of briny tears, or rather that this ſinking ſoul of mine might be ſwallowed up in a deluge of ſurging griefs. Ah hateful *Trebonius*, from thee flows all my miſery, oh that my eyes had been maſked with

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an eternal night, when first they beheld thy loathed face, or that my marriage bed had been my grave, and instead of my *Epithalamum*, that they had warbled out my *Epicedium*; then might my touring soul, whilst they were chanting forth their dolefull tones here below, have bore a part among the Angelical Hierarchy, and there unskreen those awful secrets, which are only reserved for the eyes of purified souls, where no woes dare crave for entrance, but all joys injoyed in their full perfection. Ah my dear *Penthem*, little thinkst thou what a faithful lover thy poor *Helena* is to thee, and what a killing thought it is to me to think that my fooliſh, but neceſſitated levity, ſhould occaſion thee to harbour any hard thoughts of me, the very thought is able to put me beyond all thinking. Oh my ſweet guardian Angel (if any ſuch be allotted to my protection, which ſure if there were, all theſe miſeries would not befall me) I ſay, if any ſuch I have, prepare thy wings, haſte quickly, fly to my *Penthem*, and tell him that he is more dear to *Helena* than ever, and that a forced marriage hath only changed her State, not her, and though another to her endleſs grief enjoyed her Body, yet none her Heart, which ſhe hath kept intire for him, and that her chaſt unſtained ſoul, hath not embraced a thought or deſire, that hath thought of or deſired any other but him. But why do I fondly bemoan my ſelf to theſe ſenſeleſs walls, haſte I will to him, without whom to Live, were worſe than Death, and with whom to Dye, is better than Life. And therewithall ſhe ran out of the chamber, and ran down ſtayres, but her ſpeed was ſtopt by an affrightful meſſenger, that lookt like one ariſen from the dead, to bring news from thoſe dark Regions, and as one that regarded not, or indeed knew, neither what nor to whom he ſpake, in a mourn-

ſul tone, belched out by parcels the death of *Penthens*.

Helena, whoſe former griefs had carried her to ſuch an exceſſive raging, that they had tranſported her beyond her ſelf, ſo that at firſt ſhe minded not what the meſſenger ſpake, but *Trebonius* and I who ſtill followed her, he jealous of her, and I, what would be the iſſue, demanded of the man the manner of it; He like one newly awak'd from a terrible dream, who looks about to ſee whether his paſt thoughts were realities, or only the productions of his fancy, muſtering up his ſences, and collecting his thoughts, told us, that paſſing by, it was his fortune to come juſt as *Pentheus* was ſpeaking his laſt words, ſome of which, as well as his confuſed memory could retain, he ſaid were theſe, Oh *Helena*, how willingly would I reſign my life, might my remembrance but lye intombed in thy ſweet thoughts, where thy dayly meditations of me would be better than embalming ſpices; would Heaven grant me ſuch a favour, I ſhould then count the divorce between my ſoul and body, the ſweeteſt marriage to the greateſt happineſs. How ſoon would I build my Funeral Pile of woes and miſeries, and enkindle them with the flames of Love, and therein conſume my ſelf to Aſhes, might thoſe Aſhes be kept as a relique of one of Loves Martyrs, within the Urn of thy breaſt. Well may I call thy Heart, a glaſſy Urine, ſeeing I have found it both brittle and tranſparent. But ah! what woman is not ſo? ſhe muſt have degenerated from her Feminine nature, or have been ſome third ſex, had ſhe been endued with a faithful conſtancy; for Woman ſhe could not be, and Man ſhe was not; Oh what a thing were Woman, ſhould her viſage alter with her mind, and her external form ſhould receive conſtant figurations from that inconſtant mould!

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she would be twenty several women in a moment. Never was any *Chamelion* or *Proteus* more subject to various mutabilities. But why do I blame the whole Sex for the unfaithfulness of one, and why do I blame her for my own unworthiness? ah it was not her inconstancy to me, but my inconstancy to any thing of worth, that made her hate me. I that was the reason, I am not worthy of her; of her? no, not to live. Then once more I bid farewell to all my hopes, farewell all false deluding pleasures, painted woes, sugred lyes, and farewell *Helena*, the sum of all; thou hast already peirced my heart with a wound more deep though not so deadly as this; with that I ran in, but ere my trembling feet could convey me to him, his bloudy knife had made passage for his soul to fly from her claiy prison. My daughter who had by this time so far come to her senses, as sensibly to understand the sequel of the story; no sooner heard it, but overwhelmed with the raging agony of a furious passion, ran up stairs, whom still we carefully pursued; but ah! my tongue falters, and my heart fails to speak the rest, and then the tears began to glide down his Cheeks in such a liberal manner, that *Periander* could not forbear to incorporate his with them, but intreating him to proceed, he thus went on. Ah said he, the rest is so tragical, that it cannot be heard or related without a fractured heart; for we could not follow her so fast as she followed death, neither did we overtake her, ere she had overtaken it; for seeing her self pursued, and no other way to bereave her self of life, she leapt out of the window; which *Trebonius* seeing, as one already carried out of himself with horror, despair, and amazement, knowing himself to be the cause of all these bloudy Tragedies, to appease their Ghosts, which otherwise he thought might continually attend

him with affrighting repreſentations in this world, he would attend them in the other, and thereupon leapt after her; ſo that as if Fortune had ſtudied how to exerciſe her uttermoſt power in making me miſerable in one moment, I was deprived of Son and Daughter, Joy and Comforts all at once, ſo that hopeleſs of ever ſuperviving ſuch extremity of miſeries, I reſolved to ſpend the reſidue of my few days in preparing for death, which my age now begins to ſummon to. Scarce had he concluded his lamentable relation of a more lamentable ſtory, but a panting meſſenger came running with ſuch haſte, as if his ambitious legs unſenſible of their burthen, had contended which ſhould be eſteemed the ſwifteſt, or attain the period of their journy the ſooneſt. His meſſage was to require *Geryon* from the King with ſpeed to haſte to Court; who accordingly aroſe, and accompanied with *Periander*, preſently walked thither, where the firſt ſpecies that did greet his eyes was the King and his Daughter *Helena*, with their hands intermixed, coming to meet him; no ſooner had his eyes beheld her, but as if they had retained their viſive power only for ſuch a ſight, and now ſatiated with that, reſolved for ever to exclude all other objects that might exclude it, determined never to ſee more

His aged Heart rent with the violent extremities of over flowing exceſs of miſery, and now a too prodigal acceſs of comfort, not able to contain his vital ſpirits, he in a moment, juſt as he was going to ſalute and embrace her, malicious Death, as envying him ſo much happineſs, tript up his heels, and rob'd him of life and kiſs and all; which *Helena* ſeeing, ſhewing no leſs dutiful affection to him dead, than living, after many vain endeavours to recall his revolted ſpi-

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rits, caused his funerals to be solemnized with as much state, as his quality required and her ability could perform. Fortune who had hitherto filled the eyes and ears of all men, with nothing but dismal Tragedies, was now minded to play a wanton reak, and as fated with so much bloud, for its better digestion brought in this Comical adventure amongst them.

It happened that one evening as they newly concluded their Supper, a messenger came, and privately whispered in *Helena*'s ear, telling her that an ancient Gentleman without desired the favour of some converse with her. She granted it, bade the messenger to invite him in. He drawing neer, after humble obeysance made to the King, and the rest there present, directed his speech to the Lady *Helena* in this sort.

Madam, said he, it was my fortune to be present at the death of unhappy *Penthens* (but who can be unhappy, that ever was beloved by such a Lady as your self?) who bequeathed his last gasp into my mouth, which as well as I could understand, breathed out these words. Go tell dear *Helena*, said he, (and dear may I well call her, since she hath cost me my life) that here I dye, a mirror of Love and Faithfulness, and a true pattern of a faithful Lover. And moreover commanded me to beg of you, that if any sparks of love or mercy to him yet remained, and conjure you by the former testimonys of affection, and the sweet remembrance of your more sweet embracings, you would for your own sake, if not for his (for otherwise his unquiet Ghost would never rest appeased) entertain my Son as your servant, whilst *Trebonius* remains alive, and after as your husband, that so the resemblance that he bears of him, may be a continual Memento to you. And now, Madam, said he, I have performed the Will of the dead on my part, the residue of obedience only remains on yours,

of which I cannot but promise my self performance; for sure so much cruelty and unfaithfulness as to deny, cannot be disguised under so sweet a visard as Nature hath adorned your face withall. And then he stopt, earnestly waiting *Helena's* answer, who first making many sighs and tears a prologue to her discourse, made this Reply. Sir, said she, I call heaven to witness to my faithfulness and constancy, whose All-surveying Eye sees into the most abstruse retirements of the Soul, and knoweth all its most secret productions, to whom I dare appear. Surely, had I been faithless to such a one, had the whole worlds contracted powers, endeavoured to Barricado me against heavens vengeance, all their united force had been but as paper bulwarks. My spotless innocency is the only Brazen Wall, that can protect me from its Cannon shot, which I humbly importune heaven (and then she kneeled) that the very Clouds might discharge against this breast, if there be any other than truth and faithfulness in me toward my *Pentheus*. Madam (answered the other) such imprecations are unnecessary; he whose distrustful breast, dares lodge an unbelieving thought of what comes from so sweet a mouth, may *Cassandra's* curse in its full extent light on him, never to be believed by any, though he should swear by all thats sacred, no, not by himself, that so when he himself by an infernal instinct, should prophecy his own ruine, his base mistrust might not permit him to use means for anticipation.

It is my confidence of your perseverence, that makes me persevere in confidence, to urge his dying request, than the concession of which, there can be no greater manifestation of your love and constancy; but the refusal would not onely by actions contradict your words, but oppose that which Fate and Nature seem to conjoyn their powers, and combine together

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to accompliſh; the former, by removing away your husband *Trebonius*, the only Remora, and the latter by beſtowing ſuch a reſemblance of *Penthews* on my Son, as I am perſwaded, when you ſee him, you will not eaſily be convinced, that it is any other than he himſelf. What an unfaithful faithfulneſs were that (replyed ſhe) that were to commit the higheſt falſeneſs, veiled with a pretended fidelity. No (ſaid ſhe) let Fate and Nature conſpire how they will, all their combinations ſhall never make me love any other but *Penthews*. And whatever ſimilitude your Son may have of him, it cannot be a greater reſemblance, than his *Idea* indelebly engraven in my heart.

Then (ſaid he) ſince you will have none but him, here he is, and with that he pulled off a vizard, and diſcovered himſelf to be *Penthews* indeed. *Helena*, in whoſe mind grief had ſo fixed the death of *Penthews*, that hard it was by all Arguments for him to eradicate the belief of it thence, but ſhe ſtood rather as if ſhe had been affrighted with his Ghoſt, than delighted with his preſence, but *Penthews* continued ſtill his perſwaſions, telling her the truth, how that when he went away from her, he was ſo tranſported with the rage of a paſſionate madneſs, that he reſolved to kill himſelf, and therefore fled into the next Wood, where meeting with ſome men, he to hide his intentions, ran into a Cave, and when he thought that the Coaſt was cleer, and none to interrupt his bloudy deſign, he ran a knife into his breaſts, but his good fate more careful of him, than he of himſelf, fenced ſo well for him, as broke both his thruſt, and his weapon, by glancing it on a rib; the wound made him give a grone, ſo that ſome undiſcovered perſons, that ſtill remained in the Wood, came ſpeedily in, and carrying him to the next houſe, compelled him to be dreſſed, where having lain ſome

time, the strange news of her death and recovery came to his ears, and every circumstance of it, how she leapt out of the window, and her Husband *Trebonius* after her; how her fall brake his heart, but his, his neck, and how she had onely bruised her fair limbs, and the breath for a while expelled out of her body, but that loath so soon to be turned out of its sweet Tenement, resolved still to continue, and bless the world with the injoyment of so much excellency. This news (he said) was a greater Cordial and restorative to him, than all the *Galenists* and *Paracelsians* in the world were able to compose, and he that before was so desirous of death, was now as eager of life, and had rather he had a thousand lives to regain, that he might spend them all in the fruition of *Helena*'s sweet society; so that now willingly accepting, whatsoever might restore him, he was in a short time, by the diligence and care of the Chirurgeons, perfectly cured, and resolving to make a tryal of her constancy, and whether Fame had not been a lyar, he came in this disguise. This speech being confirmed by some Gentlemen, Companions of *Penthetus*, convinced *Helena*. Then no longer able to withstand the Invasion of their minds, they mutually embraced each other, so that by agreement and consent of all, the Nuptials were the next day to be celebrated.

After the joyful Nuptials of *Theon* and *Roxana*, *Penthetus* and *Helena* were solemnized, with great joy and admiration, *Periander* and *Danpion* took leave of the King, and the rest of the Court, to proceed in quest of their Fortune, and after many fruitless importunings from all there present, but especially the King, who seemed to be passionately desirous of their stay, telling them that as their worth was such, that no place in the world but would be proud of such Guests, so his estimation of them was such (though short of their merits)

that

that their presence should be more acceptable to none than to him, *Danpion* replied, Great Sir (said he) to be enthroned in your Royal thoughts, and estimation, is a reward that would transcend an Angels merits, much more my poor deserts, which if I have any thing mine, that can arrogate this title, it is but the reflection of yours. If I have any worth in me (answered the King) it consists in this, that I delight to see it in any, and to reward it, where I see it, which your departure disinables me to do. Royal Sir (said *Danpion*) the many glorious and happy days, we have already spent under the heaven of your Court, hath so involved us already in a Sea of obligations, that we desire no longer to live, then our obsequiousness should attend your commands, but to continue longer, were to plunge our selves yet deeper, and by that means enforce our selves, in despight of our greatest gratitude to dye ingrateful. King *Melampus* seeing his perswasions vain, with many ceremonies, dismist them.

Periander and *Danpion* having consumed many days, in a long and tedious journey into *Thessalia*, and passing thorow many Cities therein, to inform themselves the better how the affairs of State were managed, as *Trica*, and *Phthia*, and *Trachys*, and *Phyllus*, and over the high mountains *Ossa*, *Oeta*, and *Pindus*, where they met with many strange adventures, at length they came to *Tempe*, a place not undeservedly renowned for pleasure. It seemed as if the whole worlds delights had been there Epitomized, and contracted into a lesser volume, but more excellent Character. There were delicious fragrant Gardens, enamelled with odoriferous flowers, large and invious Woods, whose shady locks swept the Chambers of the Air, and seemed to dance to the harmonious retortings of the reverberating Echoe's; delightful Groves, within whose embracing

boughs

boughs dwell the winged Musicians of the Air, chanting forth their Love Sonnets in Care-charming accents; walks of love bestrewed with Roses and Lilies, bedewed with the sweet drops spouted from Crystall Fountaines; fresh purling rivulets, whose delightful streams tuned their agreeing murmurs to the soft whispers of the wagging leaves, frizled by *Zephyrus* wanton wings, the spreading boughs casting such pleasing shades on the smiling ground, like the shadowy strokes in a picture, made it more florid and delightsome; the trembling leaves moved by the fresh breathings of the healthful Air, dancing to the harmonious curlings of the Azure streams, with such peaceful pleasure, as would have forced a Stoick to have indulged his most obdurate mind to loves melting passions. And all this surrounded partly with lofty mountains, whose high towring tops seemed to scale the Clouds, as ambitious both to behold and embrace these rare delights, and partly with little hills of meaner ascent, whereon there blew the most pure refined gusts of clarified Air. Many Palaces here were, for the nobles and Knights of *Thessalia*, but in the centre of all stood the Kings, a most magnificent structure, the Walls of Porphiry, rough-cast with shining Carbuncles, and other precious stones, cast in devises, Scutcheons, and Emblems, inclosed with a Quadrangle-platform of Jasper, made level with battlements. At each corner, a sumptuous convent, wherein was a stately Temple dedicated to *Venus*, *Diana*, and *Pallas*, signifying the three chief feminine Excellencies, Chastity, Wisdom, and Beauty. Within, were Magazines of Arms, Wardrobes, rich edifices, for the Kings Attendants, besides many Groves of Cypress and Cedar, goodly Gardens and Fountains encompassed with Ballisters of Copper, and fair Arches, supported with Brazen Pillars.

Daupion and *Periander*, that they might the better view these glistering buildings, and the other ravishing delights, that the place did abound withall, went up a little hill, on whose brow, they beheld in the bottom, a pleasant Vale, with a more pleasant Garden. In the midst of which there was a Bath, surrounded with a Wall of Jet, and over head to defend it from the Suns peircing rays, an Arched Roof, supported by Statues, standing upon gilded Columnes, each Statue holding in her hand a silver Rod, on which hung Curtaines of white Damask, fringed with green Silk and Gold; one of which being drawn, *Pandion* espied a most lovely Lady, resting her soft Limbs in a Chair of Jet, made at the Basis of a Pillar, Combing her gloden Tresses, newly come out of the Bath, so that the Silver drops, as it were grown ponderous, with over-burdening grief, that there nature should compell them to leave the possession of so much perfection, fell in Tears from her Snow-white Limbs. Each part was enshrined in so much excellency, that *Pandion* felt his heart arrested with strange passions, so that he could not restrain his eyes from surveying her rapting features, and the more he gazed the more he desired to gaze, and the more admirable she seemed.

Her eyes like two Lucent Stars, shining with such a transporting influence, as *Pandion* grew an Astrologian, and his eyes Star-gazers, fixedly observing the motions of these two wandring Planets, whose every Beam darted a living death. Her arched brows, where sat a mild sweet Majesty, seemed like two bows of love, strung with his heart strings. Her eye-lids like Ivory covers to two Cabinets, filled with Diamonds, at their opening a thousand sparkling Gemms would shine with a radiant fulgor, and at their closing, as many would be eclipsed. Each cheek seemed a Rosie Paradise, inter-

termixed with Lilies. Her lips like ſhreds of Vermilion Sattin, incloſed two poliſht rows of Ivory teeth, from whence ſuch ſweet perfuming fumes ſteamed forth, as the very Air, when ſhe drew her breath, ſeemed to preſs with delight into her delicate mouth. Her noſe, chin and neck were of ſo pure a whiteneſs, as the Lilies lookt pale with grief to ſee themſelves ſo far excelled. Her breaſts were like two Ivory Caskes of Nectar, from whence leads a milky way to *Cupids* Palace. Her lovely hair, which the wanton wind ſportively toſſed to and fro, one while from her, that it might the more freely kiſs her Snowy skin, then twiſt it in intricate Curles, and then divide it, now take a Treſs, and fan her face, and then a golden thread, and dally with her eye, ſo that it ſeemed to weave a Net to entangle *Pandions* heart, whiles her Lily hand endeavoured to repreſs thoſe laſcivious exorbitancies with a ſilver Combe, ſo that *Pandion* was in doubt, which was the more happy, her hair to be methodized by ſo ſweet a hand, or her hand to handle ſuch excellent hair, ſo ſweet both by Art and Nature, as would make one wiſh for *Mars* his fortune, to be enſnared in a *Vulcans* Net, were it made of ſuch Heavenly Wire. Her leggs like two Columnes of Alabaſter, or *Atlaſſes*, which ſupported this little world of Excellency. *Pandion* whoſe ſight was reſiſted by nothing, but his avaritious eyes had full freedom to fill their Pearly Coffers with thoſe ſweet treaſures, had the flames of affection ſo augmented with admiration and delight, that loath to truſt the brittle treaſury of his eyes, he locked them in his heart. And having his Wit refined by love, and he inſpired with a Poetick fury, he to himſelf, leſt *Periander* ſhould hear, in mournful Aires, warbled forth this Song.

What strange untrained passions do controle,
And domineer within my troubled Soul?
What means this crowd of thoughts within my breast?
Hath some strange antick fury dispossest
Me of my Reason? Oh, 'tis Love I see,
That of my mind usurps the Soveraignty;
And hath depos'd my Will. Oh traitrous Eyes!
You are the inlets of my miseries;
You are th'incendiaries of this Civil War,
Within my breast, answer to Reasons Bar,
My heart's two Crystall Forts, how durst y' unclose
Your Ivory doors, to admit such throngs of Woes?
Ah tis her Conquering Beauty, that's the Key,
That hath unlockt my Heart, unveil'd my Eye,
That th' one cannot but look, the other love,
And both admire, what Deity above,
Mindless of us, poor lovers here, doth give,
To rapting Beauty such prerogative.
A skin where Rose and Lily do intwine
Themselves in lovely mixtures, and combine
To make a box, where sweets compacted lye;
Perfections quintessence is heav'n's Alchimy,
Divine Elixar, that turns all to Gold,
Her hands do touch, or her fair Eys behold,
This heav'nly extract, stampt with sweet, divine,
And heart-attracting features is a Coyn
Might pass among the Gods; what is't they prize,
But she excells? the lustre of her eyes
Exceeds the Stars; should she her fair hand lay,
On water, streight 'twould turn Ambrosia.
Not all the Goddesses can spin so rare,
So fine, so soft a thred as is her hair.
Oh, how my heart's intangled in each Curl!
Whilst my eyes envy the rude wind should hurl

Such

Such golden treasure, and have free access
To her, for whom I pine without redress.
In fine each part is fine, rare and divine,
A mine of worth, oh would her worth were mine.
Well then my Eyes, since thus you'd bribed be,
My heart too render to my enemy;
And suffer Cupid *in a golden showre*
Of beauty, to descend into the Tower,
And ravish there my Heart without controle,
This is your mulct, to quench my burning Soul,
You are amerc'd by Loves all-conquering power,
Tributes of tears to pay, each day and hour.

But having concluded, he look'd about to see if *Periander* perceived his Passions, but as he turned his head aside, he saw a Gentleman on horsback, a pretty distance off, beckning with his hand to come to him. They rid up to him, and as they approached neer, he met them with this salutation, Sir (said he) pardon my abrupt interruption of your pleasing meditations, and impute this seeming rudeness, not to my incivility, but my care and respect, for I perceive you are strangers in *Thessalia*, and as unacquainted with the place, so with the Laws and Customs. *Acteons* punishment is allotted to *Acteons* Crime, whosoever is seen to gaze into that Bath, though they cannot transform his shape, yet he shall speedily be apprehended by a kennel of bloud-hounds, that lye in wait to devour all passengers, that dare once glance their eye, to pry into these forbidden secrets.

They gave him humble thanks for his care, and requested him, further to inform them of that Custom, lest their ignorance hereafter might expose them to any danger, which now his civility had freed them from. Sirs (said he) that I may make some satisfaction,

for

for that Error, which in part I must acknowledge I am guilty of, be pleased to accept of entertainment at my house, which that I may ingage you not to refuse, I shall defer any further relation, till we are there.

Periander and *Danpion* received his courteous invitation with all gratefulness, and rode along with them, untill they came on the top of the hill, whence they beheld in a great Plain beset with many rankes of Trees, a fair house, bordering on a River, whither with speed they rode. The house was built of fair Free-stone, both strong and delightfully seated, that shewed a kind of thrifty prodigality, and that they had consideration both to profit and pleasure; where having entred in a while, and refreshed themselves, the Gentleman began this Relation.

This Country of *Thessalia*, as it hath been ever famous for pleasure and delight, being counted the Flower of the World, a Paradise upon Eearth, and a place where the Golden Age, that had forsaken all other places, hath nested it self; but also for a well-tempered Government, being a kind of Monarchical Aristocracy, which neither derogates from the Royal power and prerogative, nor yet detracts from the peoples just rights, liberties, and proprieties; Till of late *Agis* our deceased King, by his many tyrannical Impositions, and illegal Usurpations, rendred both himself and the Covernment odious and contemptible, so that in fine he was deprived of Crown and Kingdom by *Hiarbas* King of *Caonia*, who now reigns, and as he succeeded him in Regal power, so in Tyrannical Invasions upon the peoples Liberties, Ruling by the Sword of Conquest, not the Sword of Justice, so that of late, most of the Nobility, and great numbers of the Commonalty have adhered to young *Pandions* Interest,

Intereſt, Son to *Agis*, who is now up in Arms, and hath ſeiſed upon moſt of the principal Cities, Forts, and Garriſons, in the Kingdom, and grown ſo ſtrong, that *Hiarbas* perceiving it was not in his power to quell ſuch a mighty force, without great hazard of his Life and Kingdom, and loath to refer the deciſion of ſo great a controverſie, to ſuch an unconſtant unfaithful Umpire, as the Fortune of War, to accord all differences hath proffered his only Daughter *Amphigenia* to be joyned in marriage with *Pandion*, and no leſs than the whole Kingdom of *Caonia* as her Dowry for the preſent, and to ſucceed him in the Kingdom of *Theſſalia*, after his Death.

Theſe great propoſals one would think would be a Soveraign remedy to heal all differentes, the Lady *Amphigenia* being in all reſpects ſo incomparably excellent, that none but would eſteem themſelves gainers, to exchange a Kingdom for the poſſeſſion of her; Her eyes containing more precious Gems, than ever yet adorned a Princes Diadem; her fingers Scepters for the God of Love, ſuch as all Kingly Scepters muſt do homage to. If your eyes ever were bleſt with the ſight of her, I am ſure you would ſay, that none but would refuſe a Crown, to be Crowned with her Love, much leſs would any reject ſuch a Paragon, laden not only with all Heavenly perfections, but with Earthly Crowns and Scepters, having one Kingdom in preſent poſſeſſion, and another in reverſion, and all to purchaſe *Pandions* conſent to his own happineſs, which notwithſtanding he more blind than the Fortune that doth attend him ſees not, but proceeds in his warlike preparations, and reſolves to have all or none, whether it be evil Counſellours that inconſiderately ſtimulate him to theſe raſh proceedings, or what the reaſon is, ſome conjecture, few know, and

moſt

most admire. But however these two things are known to be the main obstructers of our peace, the one is, *Pandion* hath long been in love with a Nun, who by reason of her indispensable vow, cannot consent to his desires, so that he is resolved not to purchase a Kingdom with the loss of his Love, which he conceives he can obtain by force. The other is, the Lady *Amphigenia* hath such a perfect Antipathy against all men, (but her Father, which nature forbids, lest it should contradict it self,) that she abhorrs the sight of any, and will not endure to hear of marriage, though upon the most advantagious and honourable terms, and with the most excellent and absolutely compleat person the whole world could afford. And her Father *Hiarbas*, taking exceeding joy and delight in her, accounting her the only prop and staff of his age, hath granted her this request, that as she hath vowed, that if ever she become an Amorist, and place her affections upon any person, she will never joyn her self in marriage without her Fathers consent, so neither shall he injoyn her marriage with any without hers. And moreover hath obtained this, that none shall so much as make sute to her, or once behold her, without their mutual consent; And who should dare ignorantly or otherwise to cast an intruding look into that Bath and Garden whither she frequently resorts to sport her self with her Female companions, forfeit no less than their eyes for their sawcy presumption. And that was the reason that I beckned to you to come away with speed, not daring ingage my self to run so great a hazard as to go to inform you of your errour, which otherwise civility would have obliged me to, lest we should all be ensnared, and then my punishment had been equal, if not exceeding yours. Of late five of *Pandions* Knights were riding over that hill, and be-

ing exceedingly taken with the gallantry of the place, ſtood awhile to gaze, ignorant what would be the event, and it happened that at the ſame time King *Hiarbas*, and his Daughter *Amphigenia* were walking together in the Garden, and no ſooner eſpied them, but ſent ſeveral Knights after them, who overtook and apprehended them, and brought them to the King, to whom they acknowledged who they were, and humbly craved of him, that ſince their chief crime was ignorance, and their ſight as precious as their lives, they might dye like men, by the valiant hands of ſome of his hardy Knights, who durſt encounter them. Some of *Hiarbas* Knights being preſent, provoked with ſo bold a challenge, begged of the King to permit the combat, who after much perſuaſions granted it; but becauſe *Pandions* Knights were then unprovided of all accoutrements fit for the duels, and *Hiarbas* Knights ſcorning to take any diſhonourable advantage, the day was appointed, which will be about three days hence, the place in an open plain, equally diſtant from *Hiarbas* palace, and *Pandions* Caſtle.

Danion hearing this ſtory was ſtruck with ſuch a maze of diſtracting thoughts, that all the whole ſtrength of reaſon could hardly curb, deſpairing of ever obtaining his Kingdom, or her whom he prized above it, and amazed to hear that another had uſurped his name and power, all which he endeavoured to conceal, as well as his unbridled paſſions would permit. But both he and *Periander*, betraying by their looks the thoughts of their mind, that they were deſirous of ſome private conference, the Gentleman withdrew and left them to their deſired privacy, when after ſome diſcourſes that paſſed betwixt them, they concluded that the only way to accompliſh their ends, was for the one to inſinuate himſelf into the Kings favour, the other into

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the Impostors, that so they might be informed and inform each other of the most private determinations of them both, and by that means foment new divisions in either party, and interrupt any reconcilement betwixt them, and so in time destroy them both; and then *Danpion* engaged, that if ever he attained to the Crown, he would raise what forces he was able, and invade *Corinth* for the regaining of *Florinda*. And (said *Danpion*) the fates themselves could not have devised a more fit and happy opportunity than this that now presents it self, for when the combat is, we will stand at such a distance, where unseen of any, we may behold which party hath the advantage, and are most probable to prove victorious, and which declineth, and said he, if *Hiarbas* Knights are much worsted then will I come in and defend them, and if I chance to prove a victor, do you then immediately come and make a challenge to me, which I'le accept, and after a few skirmishes betwixt us, you may kill my Horse, and with some other accidents, that our wits refined in the heat of courage, will be then pregnant to invent, you may disarm me and give me my Life. And the same part shall you act if *Pandions* Knights are overcome, by which means we may both be accepted of, the one by *Hiarbas*, the other by *Pandion*. *Periander* much approved of his witty politick advise, and willingly embraced what *Danpion* had propounded.

The day being come, whereon *Mars* was to be the bloudy arbitrator between the two discording parties, *Danpion* and *Periander* having fitly armed themselves for their intended enterprize, rode to the place appointed, where they found the Tents were pitched, and two Scaffolds erected on either side the lists, covered with crimson velvet, and Chairs of cloth of Gold

within, the one for *Hiarbas*, the other for *Pandion*, each holding a golden Rod in his hand, and attended according to agreement, with two hundred armed Knights.

Then came Lord *Petronius*, clothed in a robe of Gold, that by consent of both was chosen Lord High Constable for that day, and entred the Lists, before whom came sixty Gentlemen and Squires, bearing two Royal swords before him, the one sheathed, as Lieutenant to *Hiarbas*, signifying that the power of his sword was invested with soveraign authority; and the other naked, as *Pandions* Lieutenant, betokening that as he was unjustly stripped from his power by the sword, so he would defend his just right, naked, from any false deluding glosses, with the sword.

After them followed two Heralds clothed with the Apparel of their Office, and carrying two Coates of Arms, the one belonging to *Hiarbas*, being his Coat, quartered with the Arms of the two Kingdoms of *Thessaly* and *Caonia*, and the othet *Pandions* Arms, quartered only with the Arms of *Thessalia*. After them many young Pages, in Vermilion Sattin, richly embroidered with Gold.

The Lord Constable having surrounded the Camp, and viewed it every where, he caused the Kings Heralds to make this proclamation, in the name of King *Hiarbas*, that if Fortune should incline to his adverse party, and his Knights should be conquered, he pronounced freedom for any hardy Knight (excepting those appointed to guard his person) that out of loyalty to their King, and to defend his just Authority, and to merit honor, would hazard his person against the Conquerors, to encounter them, at the holding of the Kings golden Rod, and if he overcame, he should be rewarded, according to his high merits. The same,

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mutatis mutandis, was also proclamed by *Pandions* Herald.

Then entred the Combatants into the Lists, where after the sounding of the Trumpets, and other warlike noises, that were the terrible preludes to a more terrible and ill-agreeing Musick, of breaking of Lances, clashing of Armour, neighing of horses, and resounding of blows that presently followed. The *Hiarbian* Knights, as scorning that their valour should be tryed by condemned Rebels, who were rather desperate than courageous, gave them so fierce a rancounter, as if they meant at once to swallow them up with an over-flowing tyde of valour. But this torrent of fury was soon stopped by a more violent Cataract of rage from the *Pandionians*, who fought for their lives, but the other onely for their honors, so that the shivered Lances flew in pieces, some one way, and some another, as if they had fled to avoid the madness of their guiders. But the place was soon supplyed by the mercilesse swords, wherewith they so minced each other, steeping their flesh in one anothers blood, as if each had been an infernal Cook sent from Hell, to dress a Breakfast for *Pluto*. So that terror it self grew more terrible, by being dressed in a terrible garb. The glittering of swords, the shining of gilded Armor, that at first made terror it self delightful, being now totally defiled and defaced with blood, dust, wounds, and fractured bones, incloséd with mangled flesh, and that again defended with broken Armor.

In fine fortune had long been dubious and indifferent, whom to bestow the victory on, till at length *Zethus* and *Alcanor* the two principal *Hiarbian* Knights, being too confident of their valour, that had rendred them triumphant, over so many victorious Champions, too frequently ingaged themselves, in the midst of

their enemies, and never retreated without some notable markes of their Antagonists resolute fury, untill at last their lives streamed out with their blood; which the other three perceiving, as if with them, they had lost their valour and all sense of honor, seeing themselves exceeded both in number and resolution, they retyred, endeavoring to save their lives, though with the irreparable loss of their honor. King *Hiarbas* observing this, waved his golden rod, whereupon came several Knights, rushing into the Lists, contending which should be foremost; but *Danpion* watching his opportunity came in soonest, so that by the determination of the Lord High Constable, he had the precedence, and the Combat was allotted him, with these conditions, That he was to fight with them successively, and not at once; and that if he conquered he should not be ingaged to incounter with any more than one fresh Knight, that would undertake to defend *Pandions* interest. Then entering the Lists, apparell'd in sky-coloured Armour, where the firmament seemed to be over-cast with Clouds, excepting in some few places, where the tenuity of the Air would not so forcibly resist his rays, and there the Sun was painted to peep through, and steal a view of the Earth, so to the life, that the reflection of the Sun Beams from that counterfeit Sun delineated in *Pandions* Armor, made the dazled beholders believe, they saw a *Parelium*.

On the Cloud there was engraven this Impresa, *Hope appears*. In his shield he had a Cancer. His horse was of a coal black, but his furniture all of silver Swans, whose glittering made it look like Stars at midnight. The Trumpets being sounded, *Scodius* came forth, but in such a bloudy posture, and so deformed with wounds, that *Danpion* could hardly distinguish, whether he was

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a man or a monster, but ere they had exchanged many blows, *Danpion* perceiving himself much to overpower him, disdaining to conquer a conquered man, referred the victory to his horse, who enraged with some blows he received, fell into his Career, and over-turned both *Scodius* and his horse, and with his hinder food strake the wind out of his body; the Chirurgions having conveyed him away into his Tent.

The second, which was *Gentius*, appeared in the Lists, but he having lost his right eye, *Danpion* had the better aim at his blind side, so that having a dexterous and steady hand to direct his horse, and his horse as nimble to observe the motions of his hand, he ere *Gentius* was aware, cut off his right hand; so that he lost both weapon, hand and all, and had also lost his life, had he not begged it of *Danpions* hand.

The third that came was *Massurius*, who encountred *Danpion*, with another manner of violence than his predecessors, his confidence and resolution being chiefly augmented by the prophecy of a blind Astrologer, who some few days before had told him, that he should dye by an intemperate satisfying of an immoderate thirst, and therefore fearless of *Danpions* sword, he boldly and fiercely charged him, confiding in that prediction: but his own rashness soon unriddled the meaning, for *Danpion* gave such a wound overthwart his mouth, from whence such an inundation of blood streamed down his throat, that having two mouthes, that sluce-like exonerated themselves into that narrow gullet, soon satisfied his unsatiable blood-thirstiness, by putting him in a capacity never to thirst more.

Then came *Hypenor*, who assaulted *Danpion* with such an impetuous storm of rage, as if he thought all valour had centred in him, which preserved by the impene-

penetrable superficies of his Steely Armor, would protect him from the destructive influence of that traversing Planet, whose terrible (though beautiful) aspect, had struck such a kind of delightful terrifying amazement into the spectators, and amazing terror into his enemys; but he soon found that *Danpions* sword had made large Pores in his Armor, through which he had too frequent recourse to, and intimacy with his body; but the rivers of blood did but augment the surging Sea of rage, so that elevated with a transporting magnaminity, he gave such a blow, as cleft *Danpions* shield, Armor, Breast, and all, and had reacht his heart, had not the suddenness of the stroak made his horse startle back. *Danpion* seeking to revenge his injury, conjuring all his spirits into his sinewy arm, resolving to give a plenary requital, lets flye at him, with all his might and courage, but *Hypenor* awarding his blow, it light upon his horse, which stunned with the strength and fury of it, stumbled and fell upon his rider, so that whereas before, his horse bore him, he now bears his horse, which *Danpion* perceiving alighted, and in a Martial scorn stamped with his victorious foot upon his bruised paunch, with such a madness, that the blood issued out of *Hypernors* mouth, but compleating his victory, he buryed his dagger in his bowels.

The fift and last was *Machaon*, but he approving himself, rather a Forlorn than a Reserve, seeing so many puissant Champions conquered before him, and perceiving himself to faint through want of blood, but more through want of valour, he came with unbended brows, and a flattering look to *Danpion*, extending his arm, intending to deliver up his Weapon. But *Danpion* thinking he had contemned his youth, more enraged with those glozing looks, than he could be with the most grim threatning and stern visage, the counte-

nance

nance of a *Hercules* could have framed, give *Machaon* so fierce a blow on his head, that down he fell, shaking his heels, as if he spurned at heaven, because it allowed him no more protection, or as if he strove to ride in the Air, since his horse proved such an unfaithful supporter.

Scarce had *Pandion* given the signal, by shaking his golden rod, but *Periander* appeared in the Lists, his horse was of a Chestnut colour, on his Bases and Caparison was embroidred two gilded Eagles, which spreading their Wings, with every motion, made the horse seem as if he flew. On his Armour was painted a waving Sea, which cast such a reflection, as the water doth, when the Sun in the Meridian views it. On his shield, for his Impresa, he had the Fish called *Cantharus*. The word was, *Living constant, though living in unconstancy.*

They no sooner saw each other, but they charged with such a dissembled fury, as if at the first shock they meant no less than to send each other to the dark infernal Regions, when as they meant nothing less, for if they hit, they missed of their intents, but if they missed, they hit of their will. And yet with such guileful Art, casting a mist of rage before the spectators eys, each assaulting, and retorting with such stormy Cuffes, and counterbuffes, as when they mist, it was imputed to the Defenders skill, not the Offenders will. The Lances being broken, they drew out their swords, and with a counterfeited gallant bravery, encountred each other, but *Dimpion* feigning a faintness, which his horse Caparisoned with bloud, and his Armor of the same dye, not a little confirmed, tumbled off his horse upon the ground, and with the fall, brake his sword, which *Periander* perceiving, pretending to use the favour of occasion, alighted, and would have redoubled his blows, but the

Lord

Lord Constable commanded the contrary, affirming, that it was neither according to the Law of Arms, and true Chivalry, much less to principles of Honor, to kill a disarmed man, and one that had disabled himself with the Conquest of so many. *Periander* told them, that they fought not for their own honors, but for the interest of their Princes, and he was assured, private quirks must ever veil to publike concernments, and therefore craved the Combate might be concluded. The Constable Replyed, that his will must veil to his commands, and they had already put a period to it.

Periander in fine, with a seeming unpersuableness, was forced to consent. All being dismist, the two Champions *Danpion* and *Periander*, that had defended the differing quarrels with such puissant bravery, were received with all honor and applause, into the several Campes, especially *Danpion*, who had shewed incredible Gallantry in all the Combats, so far exceeding the expectations of any from such a youth, that it was to admiration of all, so that there was none that did not bear a part in the Consort of his praises, some commending him for his graceful deportment on his horse, how fast, steady and streight he sate, how he made him perform all his necessary motions, with such time-ordered skill, as that his hand and the horse seemed to move both together, as if the horse and rider had both willed together, and the same, or rather both had the same will. Others for his dextrous management of his Lance, how the advancing it from his thigh, the couching it in his rest, and the letting it sink downwards, seemed so to be done, as if they could hardly discern whether they were done at all, whilst their appearing not to be done, made the doing more delectable and graceful. Some extolled him for his force and

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Cleodora and Periander pag: 1. 6. etc.

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courage, others for his beauty, which as it rendered him more delightful, so his valour more admirable, that one that seemed more fit for the soft Camps of *Venus*, should be a Scholar of so high a Classis, in the School of *Mars*.

In fine, their disagreeings in the matter of his praise, made the more agreeable Musick in the harmony of his applause. Neither was the King a less admirer of him, but vehemently desired his abode with him, telling, that his great worth had made him ambitious of having such a Phœnix to adorn his Court. *Dorpion* replyed, that his Court already abounded with persons of such incomparable worth, that he should be no other ornament to it than as a spot in the face of the Sun, or as blackness is the foyl of beauty, and he presumed that it was the lustre of their merits, that had dazled him, and obtruded an erroneous estimation of him, which otherwise his over-peircing judgement would not entertain. And since your Majesty is pleased (said he) to term me a Phœnix, although its not my happiness to merit it by any thing else, yet it shall by this, that my fortunes, life and honor, shall be ready to be sacrificed, when the rays of your commands shall enkindle, and I should account such an immolation, as the greatest felicity the heavens could bestow, it being the onely way to consecrate me to an eternity of honor, among posterity; Acts of Loyalty to ones Prince, being as embalming spices, to the names of faithful subjects. Oh that it were my fortune to expire in such a nest of spices, inflamed by your Royal Mandates. Let this command (answered the King) to remain with me, be for an exploration of your obedience, which you so highly profess. Let me be stigmatized with an eternal brand of infamy (said *Pandion*) if ever I let a command drop from your mouth in vain.

Thus

Thus with these, and some other expressions, was *Pandions* abode there concluded, and he was led among them to the Palace.

And thus did *Danpion* play this first Act of that real enterlude, whose Scenes as they had been hitherto generally mournful, Fortune dressing her self in Tragick attire, so they continued; for during the space of several Months, that he remained in the Court, he never could have opportunity, either to reveal himself to *Amphigenia*, the Mistris of his heart, the main reason of his continuance there, nor to meet with his friend *Periander*, at the place appointed, and agreed betwixt them. Some few groundless hopes he flattered himself withall, was his only support, which daily encreased, as his favour with the King increased, which was also every day more and more, so that in conclusion, within a short time, his graceful deportments, unconquerable valour, acute wit, and all beyond his years, and that which added grace to all, his delicate beauty, were all as so many letters of admission into the Kings heart; so that nothing of moment was done in Court or Kingdom, without *Danpions* consent and advice. All Offices and favors were distributed and dispensed by him; no affairs of consequence in the State, but he had an influence upon and inspection into. A great soleciſm in Policy for so great a Politician as *Hiarbas* was to commit, for by these favors, did he weave a webb to intangle himself to his utter ruine. Princes had need beware, whom they imbrace in the bosoms of their affections, much more whom they entertain in their Cabinet Counsels. For as the eye being the most tender part of the body, will therefore least endure any injurious usage, and we are most careful to preserve it; being the directrix of the whole body: so a Princes understanding being the eye of a

King-

Kingdom, which ought to be of a Lynceous Sagacity and acuteneſs in the diſcerning of Counſels and Counſellors, and be able to peirce not only into the wiſdom of their advice, but integrity of their very thoughts and purpoſes, therefore moſt perillous to have it corrupted by the poyſonings of unfaithful Counſel, which like falſe Mediums repreſent the ſtate of things, in another poſture than as they are in themſelves, and by that means their Government is under-min'd, their honor eclipſed, and a gap made for all innovations. This *Hiarbas* conſidered not, his judgement being blinded by his affection, but let all things be ſwayed by *Danpion*, who notwithſtanding was little ſatisfied with all, whilſt he was barred all means of obtaining her, whom he preferred before all. And one Evening as he walked out, to feed his love-ſtarved heart, with the ſweet repaſt of his fancy, he heard a voice deliver it ſelf in ſuch raviſhing Airs, as might have compared with the Spheres dancing harmony, and drawing neer, the more to enrich and refine his thoughts, with thoſe heart-pleaſing ſtrains, with the diſtance interrupted, he ſaw a Lady playing on a Lute, with accents ſo ſweet and ſoft, as if each note had been a cloze of Angels Muſick; the Air with ſuch ſweet vibrations danced after her fingers, as if the wind of it ſelf had breathed Muſical Tones, and drawing near, he heard her ſing this Song.

The

The Song.

Phœbus *lend me thy fulgent rays*
To pencill out my joy,
Free from annoy,
None elſe can to the life expreſs,
My heart-tranſporting happineſs:
Gild with thy Beams my happy days,
Expell each interpoſing Cloud
That ſeeks to maſk thy face, and ſhrowd
Thy golden locks, and dim my joy,
Free from annoy.

On lively pieces, Artiſts caſt
A pleaſing darkning ſhade
On what th'ave made:
Umbriferous ſtroakes of black deſpair,
My infant joys, ſoon would impair,
And them compell t'expire their laſt,
Should Fortune ſeek, out of her hate,
In ſtriving to delineat
My bliſs, to caſt deſpairs dark ſhade,
On what ſhe'as made.

You rowling Spheres, lend me your tones,
To warble out my joy,
Free from annoy:
A Lutes ſweet note-producing womb
Is far more fit to be a tombe
To interr the joys of mournful ones:
For her beſt ſtraines are ſweet and ſad,
And makes the hearer ſad and glad,
According diſcords; but my joy
Hath no annoy.

You

You Quire above, lend me your Layes,
To twist a heavenly verse,
Joys to rehearse:
My wit's too barren to expres
My words-transcending happiness,
Unless you it refine and raise;
Draw wits Elixar from the Nine
Patrons of Poesie, so that mine
Heightned with that, may in a verse
My joys rehearse.

Sure Love's no Vertue, for it moves
Its heart-inflaming beames
Still in extremes:
If deep despair, racking annoy,
But if sure hope, ther's rapting joy;
He loveth not, that meanly loves;
Rather 'tis Vertues quintessence,
The spirits of their exellence,
Thesaurix'd in its Hive of beams,
Still in extremes.

Lovers have Poles to which they tend,
But if in love th' excell,
No parallel:
Or if they have, these Parallels kiss,
And Poles do meet, which makes the bliss,
In Lovers hearts, which hath no end.
Then hence all cumbrous grief be gone,
Here's room for nought but joy alone,
Our hearts do meet, our Loves excell
All parallel.

Having

Having ended her Song, there arose a Knight that had lain undiscovered on the ground, and taking the Lady by the hand, thus proffered to salute her, Come my divided Soul (said he) my sweetest half, let me fix on thy Rosie Lips, the seal of my constant affection; and let our kisses be as the endorsements of that delight, which by mutual vows and stipulations written in our hearts, with a Pen pluckt out of *Cupids* Wing, we have obliged our selves to bless each other.

Danpion calling to mind, he had heard that voice, and therefore presumed he might not be unacquainted with the person, drawing neer to see who it should be, he preceived it to be his friend *Periander*, whereat not a little rejoyced, he demanded of him, if that was not the Lady *Florinda*, which honored him with her affections, for (said he) my dubious thoughts collect so much, from that Song which her Syren voice lately warbled out. *Periander* acknowledged, she was.

Then *Danpion* turning to *Florinda*, thus accosted her, Madam, said he, accept of this rude salute as an oblation to your Beauty, where the glory of all perfection is enshrined, and which makes me esteem *Periander's* felicity above expression, and such that were he not *Periander*, I could freely indulge my thoughts to envy him, but my heart is wholly devoted to his happiness, and mine's involved in his.

After mutual gratulations that past between them, *Danpion* requested *Florinda* to honor him with the relation of the manner of her escape, from *Acastus* King of *Corinth*, and how she fortuned to meet with *Periander*, which she consented unto, and thus declared.

The

The fates (said she) who expose not their decrees to vulgar view, though for a time they seemed to thwart my desires, and bury my hopes in the grave of despair, yet they intending in conclusion, (as the event manifests) to crown me with my long-wished-for joy, to bring about their resolutions, thus ordered it.

It happened that *Novellus* the Kings *Nuncius* that brought me that sad citation to the Court, no sooner saw me, but he fell into his Masters distemper, and grew fondly amorous, and carried me to the Palace, but put me in the custody of *Octavia*, a Lady, as great an admirer of him, as he was of me, and told the King, that the present state of my body required purification, ere I was fit for his Royal embraces; which *Octavia* no less watchful than *Argus*, nor jealous than *Juno*, readily confirmed, of all which I was ignorant, but amazed at my imprisonment, and what should be the reason of my invitation to the Court, untill at length privately inquiring of *Abra*, *Octavias* Woman, she fully informed me of my condition; I perceiving by *Novellus* faint sighs, and mind-disclosing countenance, his passionate affection, resolved to make a vertue of necessity, and by his means to make a way for escape, and therefore cast frequent favourable glances at him, and sometimes let fall ambiguous expressions, to encourage him in his affection, and the more to provoke *Octavia's* jealousie, who not able to suppress those ardent flames that run thorough all her veins, presently suggested to the Queen the whole matter, who no sooner heard it, but her heart was arrested with the Tyrant pangs of Jealousie, in as great a measure as *Octavia*; so that between them both they thus plotted my destruction, either to convey me privatly put of the Kingdom, or to send me to Death

cold confines, with a poysonous drop, secretly infused into my cup, and then by commixing some dangerous drug with my Physick, bereave me of my life, and them of their jealous fears. But my courteous stars, whose benign rays were as so many Bucklers to protect me from the insolence of these two Furies, would not permit this horrid contrivement to take effect; For one morning when *Octavia* had resolved to attempt her intended murther, *Novellus* as he was wont came to visit me; but *Octavia* knowing how contrary to her bloudy design *Novellus* presence was, refused him admittance into my chamber, pretending my indisposition of body rendred me unfit for any society for the present. *Novellus* the more desirous of entrance prest so rudely, that with the struggling *Octavia* spilt the venemous draught which she had prepared for me; which my Dog presently licked up, and fell into a languishing distemper, that in few days killed him. I perceiving this, not daring to trust my self with one so barbarously perfidious, resolved to go to the King, and impetrate a releasment from my imprisonment, or if it was denyed me, to effect my freedom by a plot which I then contrived. Accordingly choosing a convenient opportunity when the King was solitary, and none to interrupt or observe me, I went into his presence, and fell on my knees, and thus addrest my self to him.

Royal Sir, (said I) summoned by your Majesties Command, I thought it my duty to attend your pleasure, but some in the court, I presume unknown to your Highness, have not only restrained me from the performance of my duty, but from all liberty; so that my humble sute to your Highness now is, to supplicate a freedom from such restraint, and I cannot but hope, your Majesty will not remain inexorable, if you retain your wonted clemency. Before

Before I could have ended my speech, the King arose, and with a smiling countenance took me by the hand, and made me arise; Come said he, my hearts sweet Jaylor, let me ingraft thee on my heart with these embraces, and let us mingle our united souls with mutual kisses, this is my pleasure and the pleasure I command.

Oh Sir, said I, will you thus contaminate your unstained honour with so foul a blur; you whom the world hath honoured for a Prince, that could govern your most exorbitant passions as well as your kingdoms, and by that means fabricked a kingdom of honour in each noble breast, who pay you the constant tribute of assiduous Prayers, for your long life, and whose perpetually admiring thoughts are your subjects, will you now expose your glorious name to the blasts of vulgar opprobry for the obtaining of a little bestial pleasure? By that time I had said this, there came in one of the Nobles, who seeing the King to frown upon him, for this interruption of his privacy, suddenly retired, and left us to our selves. The Kings lascivious flames were not all extinguished with what I said, but he continued his endeavors to obtain his lustful desires, but in a more gentle manner than before, using nothing but inticements and perswasions, untill in the conclusion I seemingly consented to meet him the next day in the private walks, where none were admitted without special license, whither the King was wont to resort for his private meditations; but with this proviso, that the Queen should be conveyed the next morning some distance from the palace, lest her jealous vigilancy should deprive us of our happiness. The King was as ready to consent to that as my self, so that with a countenance bewraying much affection,

and how ill I brooked so long protraction, I parted from him, and hasted to *Abra*, whom I made the constant depository of all my secrets, and bid her go to the Queen, and with a great deal of pretended zeal to her honour, inform her of the plighted vows between the King and me, and of every circumstance of out agreement, and advise her to attire her self in my habit, and *Abra* in the Queens, and so they might discover and prevent our libidinous machinations. *Abra* the next morning, according to my request, carries some of my vestments to the Queen, and as I had counselled her, informs the Queen, and persuades her to dress her self in those garments of mine, which to that end she pretended she had secretly conveyed out of my chamber, and brings the Queens robes along with her, as I had requested.

The Queen stung with this report, greedy of revenge, impatient of delay, thus disguised hasts to the walks, which I being acquainted withall by the means of *Abra*, put on the Queens Robes, and in as majestick a posture as I could frame, seated my self in the Queen's bedchamber: But long it was not ere my ignorant deliverers came, and supposing me to be the Queen, submissively delivered this message.

Madam (said they) the Kings Majesty attends your presence below, intending to bless himself with your company abroad this morning, to alienate those griefs from his breast, which your absence hath revived. Many perswasions you may conceive were superfluous to me, who desired nothing more than this happy means of releasment. Therefore thus attended, I rode abroad in the Kings coach, some miles from the Palace, untill I perceived a place where I thought an opportunity to escape presented it self: Then I desired the coachman to set me down, for I told him the

time

time and place seemed to invite to contemplation, and so commanding him to wait untill I came, I walked out; but when I thought my self out of his sight, I ran to a Town adjacent, whence the next day I went to range the wide universe in search of my dear *Periander*, and hearing of his abode in *Thessalia*, hither I fled on the wings of Love, and by the means of some Ladies in the court, who have shewed extraordinary favour to me, I got to be an attendant to the Princess *Amphigenia*, who is so male affected to the Male sex, that she will not admit any to have a view of her, nor retain any of her Ladies of Honour, whom she finds in the least degree amorously affected; so that now I am chained with as great a bondage as before, though not so dangerous and dishonourable. And as for my happy meeting with the Crown of my joyes *Periander*, it was this evening, that walking out to take the fresh air, I heard a Lute, so admirably played on, that methought I felt my very soul tuned in consort with the strings; so that nothing would satisfie me till I had resolved my self who was the Author of those melodious strains, but ere I had taken many steps, I plainly perceived it to be *Periander*, the sweet Saint, to whom I had gone so far in Pilgrimage,

Florinda having finisht her relation, *Danpion* and *Periander* informed each other of the state of affairs in both Factions, how they much debilitated the strength of both parties, the one by perswading the King, and the other the counterfeit *Pandion*, to turn out many, and frown on most of those Lords and commanders, who were most faithful to their trust, and placing such of mercenary spirits, who must be cudgel'd to loyalty with a silver wand, and others, that had revolted through disaffection, and the secret insinuations of private persons set on work by them for that purpose; and

farther, how that many great persons on either side, that might prove potent and irremoveable obstructions to their germinating design, that through disesteem they had caused to turn from the one side, they had also disobliged them on the other, by reposing little or no confidence at all in them, that so they might remain as Neuters, and finding Incivility from both parties, they might be affected to neither, and in fine when their contrivements were come to maturity, *Pandion* discovering himself as he intended, these might be the persons that might defend his interest. And for men of service and action, that still adhered to their ingagements, and that by their magnanimous exploits had fixed themselves in favor past all remove, they endeavoured that as little countenance might be shewed, and reward conferr'd as possible, thereby to suffocate these Martial sparks, in those brave loyal spirits, which every blast of infamy blown at their Masters honour, was ready to increase to a flame of revenge, to consume the detractors to Ashes. Then they agreed on the time and place where they would meet, to acquaint each other with their Plots and Counsells, that so what the one had advised to or disswaded from, by the others assistance might take effect, and both be confirmed and fixed in their Masters favour.

And lastly they concluded, that *Florinda* should yet continue to wait on the Princess, who having so great an influence on her Father, by the mediation of *Florinda*, many things might be done, which *Danpion* would be unwilling to appear in. After mutual testimonies of great affection, they parted to their particular habitations.

Danpion

Daupion that had consumed many days in fruitless endeavours to get but a minutes conference with *Amphigenia*, could not during all that time that he remained in *Hiarbas* Court, by all the subtilties his Wit could invent, once bless his eyes with the sight of her, but he daily pined in the midst of excess; to that his custom was to withdraw himself frequently from all society, to converse with his thoughts, accounting himself never more accompanied, than when secluded from all company, entertaining himself with soliloquies and passionate discourses; one while lamenting his hopeless condition, then extolling the beauties of *Amphigenia*; sometimes charging himself with extreme folly, and baseness of spirit, that he was not able to bridle his passion. Hath propitious heavens (would he say) profusely showred down their choisest favours on me, and shall my ingrateful soul repine, because it is their pleasure to detain *Amphigenia* from me? It may be the Powers Divine sent her hither, to triumph over the rest of Natures works, and to shew in her Snowy skin, how pure a grain they were able to sift and search our, out of the course Elements; and in her heart-captivating eyes, what Jewels they yet retain, farr exceeding any that ever yet adorned our Mother Earth. It may be they esteem her, as she justly merits, too fair a transcript of divine excellencies, to be blurred by humane embraces, and intend to fix another *Virgo* in the heavens, having stellified her on earth, with so many heavenly beauties and graces, as she is already grown a Constellation. Shall I then oppose the powers sublime, that are able to dissect me to invisible, to indivisible Atomes, when with their bounty they have so liberally bribed me? Am I not above expectation securely riveted in the Kings bosom? Am I not placed next the Throne in power? Do not all the inferior

Orbs receive motion from me, as their second moveable? and all powers dye or vegetate according as they receive warmth from the Sun-shine of my favour? What can be more satisfactory to a lofty spirit than Supremacy, and shall I lament because the Stars of *Amphigenia's* eyes refuse to shew their lustre at the high noon of my prosperity? *Amphigenia* did I say? Can I name that name and not adore it? Could I in a Poetick rapture admire her transcendent beauty, and not be thought an Idolizer, I would translate my very Soul into a verse, that might express the most pure Elixar of my Love, which if I thought she would vouchsafe the reading, I would dissolve my heart into a tear, which black with constant griefs might serve for Ink to characterize my mind. With these and the like speeches would he bewail his despairing and desperate affection. All his hope was in *Florinda*, whom he had prevailed with to be his Intercessor to *Amphigenia*, to speak in his commendation, and to dive into her thoughts, what she could, and to try whether it were possible to root out that humor in her, so antipathetical to the Male-sect, and infect her with amorous inclinations, and lastly to advise him how he might procure a view of her. To all which he received little satisfaction, the last excepted; For *Florinda* had discovered a secret vault under ground that conducted to *Amphigenia's* Chamber, this she informed *Danpion* off, who as *Florinda* had advised him, on an Evening took a Lute, and stole to *Amphigenia's* Chamber, and there behind the hangings thorough a crevice unseen, he might discern all over the room; on whose Arched top, some rare *Apelles* had deciphered many excellent Hieroglyphicks, devises and Impressa's. There was *Thisbe* newly returned from the Cave, where she had hid her self from the Lioness, and beholding her lover *Pyramus* fallen on his sword,

she

ſhe ſtood as if ſhe was ſtatuized, the Painter having pourtrayed in her countenance, the paſſions of grief, grown inſenſibly profound, and confounding admiration, ſo to the life, that the beholder might ſee a contention between them both, and yet a predominancy of neither. Nor far diſtant was *Narciſſus*, kneeling over a Fountain, beholding his face in the Cryſtall ſtreams, augmenting them with his tears, and with a ſweet lovely pining countenance lamenting, that ſuch a thin tranſparent Wall ſhould part him from his imaginary love, whilſt the feigned ſpecies ſo lively reflected back his ſweetly languiſhing looks, that one could not tell, which moſt deſired the others embraces, which moſt lamented and pined for their unhappy ſeparation. There ſtood the fair *Phrygian* Shepherd giving the golden Ball to *Venus*, who receiving it with a pretty inſulting ſmile, looks on *Juno* and *Pallas*, whilſt ſcorn revenge and envy diſplay themſelves in *Juno's* countenance, but a modeſt bluſh veils *Pallas's* beauty. There was *Jupiter* courting *Io*, with a look diſcovering both a venereous affection, and a fear to be diſcovered by jealous *Juno*, who was painted to come out of the Clouds with ſuch flaſhes of rage from her eyes, as if ſhe had been a thunderbolt; and here the Painter uſed ſuch Art, that if you looked on the one ſide, it was as here is repreſented; but if on the other, you might ſee *Io* meramorphoſed into a Cow, therein imitating *Jupiter* himſelf, who (as Poets feign) was fain to tranſform his Concubine into a Heifer, thinking thereby to hide his ſalacity under a Cows Hide, from his wives jealouſie. Hard by this ſat *Hercules* in womans attire, ſpinning at Queen *Omphales* commandment, with a furious countenance, and a Beard like the Tow on his Diſtaff; who would have moved a Stoicks ſpleen to laughter, whilſt the Queen ſits in State, and with a

Ma-

Majestick smile beholds him. By these in Landskips was double-topt *Parnassus*, *Atlas*-like supporting the Clouds, on his side sat the Nine Muses, and *Apollo* the President of that Virgin Quire; from his top straggling rivulets streamed down. Near that was *Mercury* like a Shepherds Boy, toying with *Hebe* under a spreading Oak. In one part *Ganymede*, carryed by an Eagle up to the Clouds, and wanton *Jupiter*, looking down from heaven, with a greedy delight on his fair Boy, and blaming his winged Embassador for his loytering. In another, was *Phaeton*, thrown among the Clouds, and *Titans* raging Palfreys, having broke their reigns, galloping through the flaming sky, the Chariot tumbling, and Heaven and Earth of a blaze, as if the Elements had exchanged their places; the hungry Fire forsaking its lofty dwelling, and comming to feed on the earth, the Clouds dispossest of their Airy mansion by the smoak, and the Earth and Water ascending, only refined and minced into lesser Atomes, and in the midst of all this Combustion *Phaeton* falls into *Padus*; His sisters bewailing his misfortune, weeping, as if those flames had exhaled all their moysture, or as if with the moysture of their tears they endeavoured to quench those flames, are turned into Trees, but so retaining their natural forms, as it was difficult to say, whether the drops fell from dewy boughs, or tears from their eyes. Under a Canopy represented like a Cloud, held up by four winged Angels, whose golden plumes spread served for Curtaines, was a rich Bed, covered with a couaterpane of Tissue. The Table was spread with Carpets, of Violet Damask, bordered with Gold. *Amphigenia* was set in an Ebony Chair, covered with purple Velvet, attired in Carnation Sattin, embroidred with Roses of Gold, her hair which hung in heart-intangling Curles, was powdered with seed of Pearl,

her

her face seemed a compendium of all those excellencies, a treasury of all those riches that Beauty and Majesty can bestow to make humanity adorable. *Danpion* that thorough the crevice could perceive this miracle of nature, as if every beam shot from her eye had darted into him an Enthusiasm, ravished with a kind of divine affation he sings this Song.

You Angels that reside above,
Refine my wit to express my Love,
And sing her praise.
In Nectars spirits let me steep
My brain, for Hyppocrene's too course,
T' would stain my wit, which wants a source,
And flowing fount of fancies deep,
To sing her praise.
Inhabit then my steril brains,
Inspire me with Seraphick strains,
To sing her piet,
Whose each part is a Mine of heavenly treasures,
Excelling all Elizum's *feigned pleasures.*

Each eye's a hive of radiant beams,
Whose heav'nly rays that thenceforth streams,
My soul intrance.
There Venus *Doves do build their nests;*
Thence Cupid *shoots his fiery Darts,*
Would melt and peirce the steeliest hearts,
And souls with rapting love divests,
As in a trance.
There wanton Love in ambush lys,
To snatch my soul out of my eys,
And it intrance.
Ravisht with her perfections, here I lye,
Wrapt in a Soul-transporting extasie.

Thou

Then must I lye here in a swound?
And is there none can cure my wound?
The darts themselves
That gave the wound, the wound can cure;
Love with thy wings come gently fan
My burning Soul, ther's none else can
Heal me of my Love Calenture,
The darts themselves
Except anointed with Love balm,
My raging soul can't cure nor calm.
The Darts themselves
Thou tipt with love and beauty soon would ease
My burning heart, and raging soul appease.

Pure threds of purest gold's her hair,
Which amorous hearts soon do insnare,
All pearls transcending;
The Down that's under Angels Wings
Is not so soft, Titans bright fair
Rich dazling tresses can't compare
With that curl'd up in curious rings,
All Pearls transcending.
You heav'ns, come shew your power and art,
Transform into a Gem my heart,
All Pearls transcending,
That having lustre from her eyes, and there
Fixed, may make rings for the Gods to wear.

Ah is there none the way can find
My captiv'd fetter'd heart t' unbind,
Bound in her hair?
The more this bow-knot I unloose,
Ah me! the faster it doth knit,
And striving more, I tangle it,
And wind it in an endless noose,
In her fair hair,

A bow knot, well I may it call,
Since from Loves bow is all my thrall,
Strung with her hair.
Soon would my heart be eas'd of all my trouble,
Would she but tye this single Love-knot double.

Her lips are beauties nests that swell
Pregnant with sweets, where graces dwell
Wrapt in Vermilion.
Th' Arabian Aromatick gales,
When they the blushing Roses kiss,
Breath not such sweet perfumes, as is
Her breath, which her pure lips exhales,
Wrapt in Vermilion.
Each word an Eagle soaring high
With wit, that from those lips doth flye
Wrapt in Vermilion.
When she speaks, Angels listen, and the Spheres
Stand still, neglect their Musick, wish th' had ears.

No wonder all means prove so vain
To make her heart love entertain,
For Love is slain,
And plunder'd too of every sweet,
In her hard marble heart he lies,
Intomb'd, his shafts are in her eyes,
Her purest white's his winding sheet,
Poor Love is slain.
Her lips with his blood sprinkled are,
His wings are now become her hair,
Ah! Love is slain.
His bow is turned into her arched brow,
And thus poor Love is slain, but none knows how.

My Lute, let's sing his obsequies,
You Clouds with tears supply my eyes,
For Love is dead.
No marvail then that all things war,
Love tunes the whole worlds harmony;
Whose diapazon still doth lye,
In sweet consent, where is no jar,
Ah! Love is dead.
Oh no, the wanton sawcy Boy
Would with his mother sport and toy,
Love is not dead.
For which she hath exil'd him, and he's fled
Into my heart, and feigns that he is dead.

Amphigenia that had attended to this Song with delight and astonishment, admiring whence the Musick came, for by reason of the thickness of the hangings, and largeness of the room, the Lutes sweet Airs were not so cleerly conveyed to her ear: But directing her steps by the sobbing voice, she came to the hangings, behind which *Danpion* sat; where calling for *Florinda*, demanded of her, if she knew whence those strains should come. Who replyed, that it must be some Angel that was turned inamorate, and fled to her Chamber, mistaking it for Loves Paradise, for sure no mortal dares or can attempt (said she) so neer an approach, when restrained by your Fathers special prohibition.

Danpion hearing *Amphigenia* make such strict inquiry, hasted thence, lest he should be discovered; but now the flames of Love burned with more vehemency than before; so that the torment had been insupportable, had it not been fanned and cooled with hope, which began to breath upon him with some gentle gusts. For having such a passage, where undiscovered

to

to any, he might have resort to her Chamber, he resolved to personate some Intelligence, till he might have free admittance to her presence, which in time he thought he might be able to effect, by reason of *Florinda's* intimacy with her, who by her insinuations, would confirm in *Amphigenia's* apprehensions what he should do, not to be delusions, but realities. Accordingly the next night after, when he thought the time of night might invite fair *Amphigenia* to refresh her self with sweet slumber, he took his Lute (as before) and softly stole to her Chamber. But as he went, his mind was filled with distracting thoughts, How well (did he say) doth this blind passage resemble those blinder paths I thus tread to my happiness! These dark windings, and craggy turnings, that this Vault abounds in, methinks lightsomly represents the inexsuperable difficulties, and inextricable intricacies, I am forced to pass thorough, and must be involved in, ere I can arrive at any glimmerings of hope. But my comfort is, that, as this conducts to an *Elyzium*, such a one, as the Gods would exchange theirs for, such a one as the Antick Poets inspired with a prophetick as well as Poetick fury did but typifie in their fictions; so the various windings of my unhappy love, when my Cloudy fortune shall unmask her dusky face, will all at length be unwound, and come to a bottom, where they'l centre in an *Elyzium* of happiness.

Being come to the end of the Cave, he perceived *Amphigenia* fast asleep, her Wax Taper burning by her. As she lay his eyes carved such ravishing sweets, as transported with the violence of so many Darts, he thought he had attained the Zenith of his felicity. The Pillow blest with a kiss from her Cheeks, as pregnant with delight, swelled on either side. Her eyes Canopyed in sleeps dark veil, shewed lifes triumph in the

Map

Map of death. Her hand contended with the Lawn for whiteneſs, and being partly covered with it looked like a Lilly through pureſt Cryſtall. A lock that had ſtollen from its ſweet priſon, folded in cloudy curls lay dallying with her breath, ſometimes ſtriving to get a kiſs, and then repulſed flew back, ſometimes obtaining its deſired bliſs, and then as rapt with joy, retreats in wanton caperings. Her body that lay arayed, or rather diſarayed in a thin Smock, wrought with blew ſilk and ſilver, obſcured not her skin, but rather made it appear the lovelier, if lovelier it could be. Her breaſts at liberty diſplayed, were of ſo pure a whiteneſs, as if ones eye through the tranſparent skin, had viewed the milky treaſures they incloſed. Her Violet veins that ſtreamed in branched Rivers, ſeemed like Azure paths in a milky heaven. This conſluence of delights, put *Danpion* beſides himſelf for a while, but recollecting his thoughts, he took his Lute, and tuning it in Conſort with his Soul, in a Love rapture ſang this Song.

Were I immur'd in fleſh and blood,
And might enjoy ſo ſweet a good,
I'de not exchange my bliſsful ſtate,
With any earthly Potentate.
Ah now I ſee that beauties Darts,
Can penetrate the Angels hearts.

I ſee thoſe lucid Stars that ſhine
In Heav'ns bright Orb, neer the divine
Empyreal throne, though they tranſcend
Earths beauties all, yet love can rend
The heav'ns, and peirce the Azure ſky,
And rapt them with loves extaſie.

Who'd think the winged Boy could climb
Through all the starry Spheres sublime,
His quiver fill'd with beauties rays,
And though so blind, yet see such ways,
In heaven to steal, and durst enthrall
The very powers Angelical?

Sweet Amphigen' *thy beauty rings*
Through Heavens Court, each Angel sings
Thy praise, and poor I, to behold
What fame had echo'd there, and told,
Came thence; but now flames from thine eye.
Hath singe'd my wings, I cannot rise.

And more, this Love, a power divine,
T' inlarge his wings, hath pinion'd mine:
My pain here ends not; for unseen
Poor I must bear his arrows keen;
Unpitty'd, whilst she humane sense
Prefers before Intelligence.

Sure fitter tis, for such a gem
Heav'ns King to wear in's Diadem,
Than mortal man t'injoy alone.
What fitter may b' ingrafted on
An Angels stem, or in heav'n fixt
A Star, than with such dirt commixt?

Poor fleshy puddles will but stain
This Gem, which none can scour e again,
Time will but mask thy face with rust,
And then convert thee into dust;
Whereas an Angel can translate
Thee to a high immortal state.

But sweetest, take thy rest, and sleep,
Whilst here I le sit, and gaze and weep,
And strive to spend my self in groans,
And lull thee with my mournful tones;
My power extend I le, what I can,
Fair one, to be thy Guardian.

The fates decrees are, there must none
Injoy thee, but great Danpion,
And happy he must glut his sense,
And satiate with thy excellence,
Whilst I will seek all what I can,
To be to both a Guardian.

Scarce had *Danpion* sung the first part of the first Stanza, ere *Amphigenia* awaked, and attentively listning to the Musick, her watchful senses, by that time the last was concluded, were bribed by the Musicks Charming Airs, to re-enter *Morpheus* drowsie Cell, which *Danpion* perceiving returned, and left her to her sweet repose.

No sooner were the shadows of the misty Night dispersed, by the Rosie mornings purple beams, but the sleepy Deity dismissed sweet *Amphigena's* senses, out of his drowzy prison, when calling to mind, what her ears had been entertained withall, in the beginning of the Night, she began to doubt, whether it was not a vision; but long she had not revolved these things in her ambiguous thoughts, ere *Florinda* came into her Chamber, and after salutations that passed betwixt them, *Amphigenia* acquainted her with the whole relation of what she heard, demanding what her judgement was concerning it, telling her, she was perswaded it was a deluſion, for (said she) it consists

not

not with Angelical purity to admit of muddy passions, we may as well think a dunghill can stain the Sun beams, because they view it, as that an Angel should be enamored with humane beauty. Will they whom Nature hath refined to such a pureness, that they seem to be termed spirits, in that they are the very spirits and quintessential extracts of heavenly excellencies, will they, I say, delight in such earthly dross as we are, who are at best but well-complexioned dust, cemented with a little moysture? our Souls, though their inferiours, could not be blurred with fond contaminating passions, were they not immersed in flesh and blood. 'Tis true, what you say, Madam, replyed *Florinda*, but yet the loud fame of your transcendent beauty, which Ecchoes from one Kingdom to another, might resound thorough heavens hollow Arches, and the spiritual inhabitants might draw the Azure Curtain of the sky, and gaze upon their Makers workmanship; and some one of that winged crew, more ravished than the rest, with his Creators power and wisdom, in framing such a composition, out of such course principles, might descend to bless himself with a cleerer view of you, which he saw, but imperfectly at so great a distance. I should be miserable vain (said *Amphigenia*) should I heed thy words; and were it not that my constant experience of thee confirms in me the reality of thy affection, I should think thy hatred to me, made thee use those adulatory expressions to make me conceited of my self, and thereby to render me ridiculous. Madam, answered *Florinda*, you are above the power of adulation, no tongue can be liberal enough, much less too profuse in your praises.

Pray forbear (said *Amphigenia*) unless you will incur my irreconcileable displeasure. But (said she) what did he mean, when he said *Danpion* should enjoy me,

and glut his sense with me, as he termed it, must he deflour me? You put too hard a construction on it, said *Florinda*, *Danpion* is a person of too much honor, to commit an act so vile and dishonorable, and I am confident would kill him that should dare to suggest so base a thought to him. I rather think that heavenly Intelligencer had turned over the pages of your fate, and read your destiny, which it seems is, that notwithstanding your strange aversness to all men, yet *Danpion* is designed to be made happy with your affection, and in conclusion, with the fruition of you, who is one, that though he cannot challenge to himself so great deservings, as to merit you, set so adorned with Beauty and Vertue, inriched with all things, that may make a man incomparably compleat (Nature intending to shew in him, what humanity is capable of) as methinks he seems the man that heaven hath endued with these excellencies, on purpose to make him a fit consort for you.

After these and many other the like speeches that passed betwixt them, they heard a noise of Drums and Trumpets, and other Martial sounds, as if there were a sudden preparation for War; but ere they could consider what should be the cause, a Lady that attended upon the Princess *Amphigenia* in her Chamber, came running panting and in an affrighted posture told her that *Pandion* was coming with all speed with an Army to besiege the Palace, but the King her Father, having intelligence of it was newly marched out with his guard, and as many as could be in Arms on the sudden, intending to give him battel; and hath left *Danpion* to Rule and Govern the Palace in his absence.

This news did for the present startle *Amphigenia*, untill the consideration of the justness of her Fathers cause,

clause, the valour of his person, and the continual success that ever attended him, as if he had made a League with Fortune, banished all affrighting Passions, and reduced her to her self; and then she began to entertain a thought which never before enter'd into her mind, and that was to see this *Danpion* whom the pencill of fame had painted with so many excellencies, and in whom her Father reposed so much confidence; and concealing her desires, she sought all opportunities, when undiscovered she might have a view of this darling of Nature. And perceiving her endeavours to be vain, she secretly acquaintnd *Florinda* with her intents; who inwardly rejoycing at these beginnings of *Amphigenia's* conversion from such a heresie in Nature, endeavoured to augment those desires in her; and told her that he used to resort to the Walks frequently to meditate, and that in the Cypress Grove neer the Fountain undiscovered she might see him if she took the benefit of opportunity when he went abroad, which was either in an Evening, or early in the Morning.

Florinda having given this advice to *Amphigenia*, presently posts with all haste to *Danpion's* Chamber, thorough a private passage, where he and she had agreed to have their continual entercourses; and informs him of her desires, and adviseth him to appear in as gallant habit, and as richly accoutred as may be, that so if possible to slide into her affections, & steal upon her complying mind. *Danpion*, who had never been yet acquainted with any mediocritie, grew as boundless in his joy as before he was in his grief and despair, and observing *Florinda's* counsel, furnished with all rich habiliments, went down into the Walks just as *Titans* smoking Steed: were posting to bath themselves in the Western Waves, where accordingly, as she had told

him, she perceived *Amphigenia* standing in the Grove of Cypress, and peeping thorough the leaves, with a look that betrayed rather a Feminine curiosity, than any affection or delight. But *Danpion* standing on so high a precipice of happiness, slippery with affection, could not restrain his over-fond desires from hurrying him down into such an error, as had like to have broke the neck of his design: For his reason being overwhelmed with such an accumulation of encouragements, as that considering nothing but opportunity, he steals into the Grove where *Amphigenia* was looking and expecting when he would return from the other end of the Walk, and thought to have powred out such a flood of eloquence, as should have drowned her former harsh thoughts of his Sex, and wholly conquered her affections; but just as he was entring into his Rhetorical Oration, *Amphigenia* looked back, and seeing him so near gave a shriek that ecchoed thorough the Grove, and ran as fast as her fair Leggs could carry her, whilst *Danpion* more sensible of love than fear, and through this sudden amazement in a manner sensible of neither, stands still in a transporting admiration; but he was soon recalled out of that astonishment by the beauties she discovered to his twice wounded eye; for the sawcy wind too immodestly sporting with her cloths, discloséd that which otherwise she would have concealed: so that ere he was gone, *Florinda* was come to her rescue, with some other Ladies that followed her, which when he perceived, he secretly conveyed himself away, and thence to his Chamber, where we leave him to bewail his own indiscretion, and the unkindness of his hard fortune that succeeded him no better.

Amphigenia, who before with *Danpions* majestick deportment, beautiful and yet Martial countenance, there

Amphigenia and Danpion page. 134.

there

there being a lovely mixture of *Venus*'s sweetness, and *Mars*'s sternness, began to entertain such thoughts of him, as though they deserved not the title of affection, yet might properly be termed a good esteem or liking of him, grew now to such a mortal distast of him, that she began to conclude with her self, that her pretended Angel was some Impostor that *Danpion* had hired to delude her; then she began to doubt of *Florinda*'s fidelity; at length she resolved to send her Father notice of his ignoble carriage toward her, and considering with her self, that though she was the Kings Daughter, yet he was the Kings Minion, and that they had need be well advised, that go about to traduce a Princes Favorite, therefore she writ her Letter, in these insinuating terms.

Amphigenia, to her Father King *Hiarbas*.

SInce my Infancy, I have ever perceiv'd in your Majesty, such an innate propensity to your peoples good, that you could never take any felicity in all the Trophies, and Triumphs that Fame and Fortune conspiring with your Valour, have erected for your eternal renown, if the least infelicity befell your Subjects: so that I cannot but conceive that the present Civil broyls and dissentions that disturb your Kingdomes, cause no small disquiet in the Kingdom of your Royal thoughts; which consideration had imposed upon me an eternal silence, rather than I would have caused any additionary distractions in your Princely mind, had not I thought it my duty timely to informs you, lest you should nourish such infection in your bosom, as for want of mature anticipation may bring ruine

and dishonor upon your Majesties person, Government and Posterity. Now, Sir, to forbear any abstruseness, and prolixity, and that I may not detain you too long from your serious thoughts, the occasion of my writing is this. My Lord Danpion, whom your Majesty hath left here to Rule as your Vicegerent, notwithstanding those many favors you have heaped upon him, enough to have rewarded the highest merits, much more to have bribed the most unfaithful person to Loyalty, hath abused the confidence and Royal trust you have reposed in him, having not only disobeyed your strict commands, that none should invade my privacy in the Walks and Groves, your Majesty out of your Royal goodness, hath set apart for my retiredness, but seeks to ruine my honor, and fraudulently to possess me, and in me your Kingdom, I being the immediate Heir. Sir, did the injury redound onely to my self, I should bury it in eternal oblivion, rather than perturb your breast with the relation of it, accounting that a dear purchased felicity, that is acquired by your thoughts least disturbance: but if my overforward zeal clouds not my judgement, these actions speak ambitious thoughts, and such thoughts as dare a flight too neer the beams of Soveraignty. But I leave that to your Majesties all-wise consideration, and my self to your Royal Care, not doubting but if he attempts to soar above his Sphere, the Waxen wings of his ambition will melt before the rays of Majesty, and plunge him into a Sea of misery and contempt, but much less doubting of your Princely and paternal affection and protection towards her, who hath the honor to be

Your Daughter

Anphigenia.

This

This Letter she gave unto one of her principal Pages, commanding that with all diligence, care, and celerity, it should be presented to her Fathers hands. But now to acquaint you with the raging fury, that even distracted *Danpion*, when *Florinda* told him of *Amphigenia*'s hatred, and what she had done to incense her Father against him; I had need to dip my pen in *Nessus* blood, or infuse *Alecto*'s poyson into my Ink, for never did any one so neerly resemble raving *Hercules*, when he had put on *Deianira*'s invenomed Shirt, as he, when he considered, not only that now he was unhappy, but fallen from so high a pitch of happiness, and that through his rash folly, and that not onely he had incensed the Mistress of his heart, but the Master of his life, and by one inconsiderate action at once cut off all hopes of ever attaining that happiness he promised himself, both in his Throne, and in his Bed.

But this tempest lasted not long, for though he had not *Socrates* his composure of spirit, under all fortunes to remain the same; yet he had such a power over his Passions, as they seldom raged beyond suppression, or could claim such a predominancy, but he would make them submit to his Reason, as now appeared. For consulting with his thoughts, how he should prevent this storm, that threatned his ruine, he concluded there was no way but it must inevitably fall upon him, unless *Florinda* would prove his friend, but yet seem his enemy; which she consenting to, they both together agreed upon a plot, which we shall after declare.

The King, when he had received the Letter, and read the Contents, Heavens! how did he lift up his hand and admire, as though he was viewing some prodigious Comet in the Air. What an Age is this (said he)

he) what dares not man attempt? Faithless *Danpion*! is this the requital for my unparallel'd goodness to thee? is this thy gratitude? how am I abused through fond credulity? is it not enough that I have a publike adversary, that daily incroaches upon my honor, and seeks to usurp my Royal Power and Dignity, but I must have a private Pioner to undermine them all? but no matter, Ile make him know, that Kings have thunderbolts to hurl at those that dare to mount the Chariot of Majesty, and take the reigns of Soveraignty into their presumptuous hands, And since he dare to Atouze my anger, he shall soon find its Lion-like roarings shall awake him, out of his dream of imaginary dignity, and then hee'l wish his ambitious thoughts had flown at lower distance.

Thus the King stormed for a while, but recovering himself, he began to consider, that it was not safe to continue his Daughter and family under the command and inspection of *Danpion*, that sought so basely both to blow up her honor, and his power; and that it was less safe, to call him before the Tribunal of publike Justice, his affairs being now in such a distracted posture, ready to be beleagured with a potent Army; and therefore he had more need endeavour union amongst his men, and by that means, to fortifie himself against his common enemy, than to diminish his strength, by augmenting and fomenting more divisions, which he feared would follow, if he should on the sudden totally degrade him, and confer his honor on another.

And therefore to avoid this *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, he resolves to couch his resolutions underneath his secret thoughts, and send for *Danpion* from the Palace, and put him upon something that could not be effected without the loss of his honor or life, or both. And this

this way he counted the more secure, remembring, that such Court Minions, that like Stars of the greatest magnitude, move in so high a Sphere, are seldom eclipsed and obscured by the interposition of a new Favorite, but rather by the bright lustre of the rays of Majesty.

To prosecute his intents, he sends for *Danpian*, who in obedience to his summons, marches from the Palace, and as he thought from all his honors, hopes and preferments, but being of an unconquerable spirit, bears it with as much magnanimity as he was able, and comes to the Kings Camp; but above and beyond all his hopes and expectations, the King looks upon him with a smooth brow, and tells him, he had found him to be a man of an impavid spirit, and greedy of renown, and therefore he had sent for him, to perform a piece of service, the very attempt whereof would redound to his great honor, but the execution of it, would not only crown him with immortal fame, but be highly advantageous to the Kingdom; *Danpian* see such an unexpected event, began in his thoughts to insult over this result of Fortune, and thus replyed, Great Sir (said he) I were unworthy of either life, or honor, should I refuse, at your commands, to part with either, since to your exceeding munificence I owe more than both: neither can all I were able to do, could I accomplish more than *Hercules*, return such retributions as might compensate those transcendent favours, your Royal goodness hath been pleased to confer upon me. Therefore were it to scale the heavens and fetch *Atlas* thence, to conquer the Rebels your enemies, though your valour needs it not, yet were it your commands, I would do it, or dye in the attempt.

Then (said *Hiarbas*) I am informed that *Pandion* hath

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an inchanted Standard, whose Magical force, so ingages all the Subterranean powers, *Pluto's* black Legions on his side, that he is invincible, untill some valiant Knight, by his single fortitude, takes it from him, and I know none in my Army or Kingdom, whose great undanted courage would provoke them to undertake such an enterprise, except your self. If that be all (said *Danpion*) my sword shall soon cut the Charm in sunder, and send the infernal spirits themselves down to their dark mansions. Whereupon he went and furnished himself with Horse and Armour, and all things requisite for his encounter.

Pandion being come with his Army in ken of his enemies, draws them up into a Battalia, intending to fight, which *Hiarbas* having notice of before, by his Scouts, he draws his men also up into a form, and after a brave Oration, to incourage them to fight, he himself in person marches before them into the field. Where, as if the very sight of their enemies had been a Loadstone to their courage, their Martial spirits were so provoked, as that it was difficult for their Commanders to restrain them from making an untimely onset.

The signal for the battail being given, there began such a terrible conflict, as that within a short time, thousands lay dead in the place, both sides maintaining their assaults with such impetuous rage, as if the Gyants had been come, to heap mountains of Carcasses, to assail heaven, and besiege the Gods; nothing but fury reigned in every breast, some that were thrust thorough with Lances, would yet run themselves farther on to reach their enemies, and requite that morral wound; others, that were just expiring through want of bloud, would yet strive to bequeath another death as their last Legacy to their ene-

Sabillus and Bonosus p: 141.

enemies; the earth grew of a sanguine complexion, being covered with bloud, as if every soldier had been deaths Herald, and had come to emblazon *Mars's* Arms, with a Sword Argent, on a Field Gules. There was *Panomphæus* a Commander under *Hiarbas*, that fought a single combat with *Sabillus*, who after he had his Breast ript open by an unfortunate blow, yet held his sides together with one hand, as if he had been buttoning an upper Garment, whilst he encountred *Sabillus* with the other, till *Bonosus* came, and thrust his hand into his body, as if he would have pull'd his Soul out of her dwelling by violence, and tare away his Vitals.

Sabillus enraged that he had thus snatch'd his victory out of his hands, lifted his Arm, intending to have cleft *Bonosus's* head, but the sword by an accident flying out of his hand, only cut off his Nose; which unexpected blow so stunned *Bonosus*, as in an amazedness, looking on one side, and the other, to see which way the blow came, as if he would not take the advice of his eyes, now he had lost the Moderator that used to interpose betwixt them, and in a fury ran forward, and (as the Proverb hath it) followed his Nose, and ere he himself, or *Sabillus* were aware, thrust him thorough the throat. Here lay shivered Lances, and broken swords, and there dead Horses, and Carcasses of men mangled, as if they had been newly anatomized.

In one place lay Heads deposed from their soveraignties, yawning and staring as if they looked for their Bodies; In another heaps of mutilated Arms, Hands, and Legs, as if Death had there kept its Shambles. Long did the fight continue dubious, Fortune equally sharing the Laurels, untill at length it began something to incline to *Hiarbas*; which *Mem-*

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non a valiant Warrier and great Commander under *Pandion* espying, rage and contempt so burned in his bosome, that his eyes flamed, as if they had contained the whole Element of fire, and he thundered forth a roring voice, as if his Lungs had sucked in the middle Region of the Air, and with his breath he could blow away a World, upbraiding the Soldiers for their base pusillanimity, to give ground to such a dastardly crew as he conceived his enemies to be, and running into the mids of *Hiarbas* men, with such a boisterous madness, as if with his single valour he could send an Army to *Tartarus*, and by his strength could unhinge the Poles, and stop the *primum mobile*'s career, he slaughtered all that stood within the reach of his weapon, decollating some, making them shorter by the head, and dissecting others, some he thrust thorough with his Sword, pointing out plainly what death they should dye, and cleft others skulls, and thus he unmercifully triumphed over his enemies, till at length Death put an end to his victory, by a flight of Arrows that, feathered with destruction, lighted upon him. And thus was he slain by this winged Army, which otherwise would have slain an Army had he lived, and at his Death haled hundreds of souls out of their claiy prisons, and compelled them to attend him in the other world.

His followers provoked by his example, to make good what he by his valour had gotten, had engaged themselves so far in the mids of their adversaries, that at length they were surrounded on all sides by *Hiarbas* his policy, who had caused his men before to retreat some paces backward for that end. *Danpion* who had all this while been butcherring of his enemies in the rear, intending to cut his way thorough them to come to the Standard-bearer, perceiving so great a breach,

breach, and Chasm (as it were) in his enemies party, improves the benefit of opportunity, and rides up to the Standard-bearer, kills him, and in the sight of all his enemies carries away the Standard, which *Phædon* a Commander of Horse under *Pandion* espying, pursued with full speed with all the men under his command. Others that knew not of this accident, seeing their Standard flying, and so great a party fled after, thought the day was lost, and time to secure themselves, and thereupon flung down their weapons, and hasted after the rest, with such confusion, as put them into no less disorder than themselves. With that a party of the *Hiarbian* Horse, to compleat their victory, pursued them, and put them so to the rout, that they left few to complain of their harsh usage, and some rescued *Daupion*, who being overtaken, having indeavoured to keep his prey in despight of his adversaries, that invironed him, had almost resigned it up, had he not been relieved by this fortunate chance. In the mean time those few that were incloſed by the *Hiarbians*, were sacrificed to appease the revengful fury of their enemies.

The victory being thus obtained, and *Daupion* contrary to *Hiarbas* hopes and expectations won the Standard, by this valiant act got so much renown, that he was more admired than before; the general applause of the Army so cried him up, that *Hiarbas* grew more jealous of him than ever, and resolved if that which his Daughter had writ was true, to cast him out of favour wholly, and put him in an utter incapacity to accomplish any of his high projects. But though these were his secret intentions, yet he carried himself with as much external serenity towards him as before, and arriving with great triumph at the palace, after he had abode there some time, he secretly inquires of

of his Daughter, whether any one else could affirm, what she had writ, to be truth.

She told him every circumstance of it, and how that *Florinda* was come to her rescue, before he had fled from her, and that she presumed, that she was able to inform him more distinctly of his intentions, than her self, to whom she was and ever should be an utter stranger.

With that a Lady was presently dispatched as a messenger to *Florinda*, to acquaint her that the King desired a few minutes conference with her in *Amphigenias* Gardens, where he stayed expecting her coming. *Florinda* obeys the summons, and accompanies the messenger to the King, who after some private converse with her, is exceeding inquisitive to know of her whether she could give him any particular information about *Danpions* design; whether she ever had dived into his thoughts, and could tell whether he had any aim at the Soveraignty or not, and many other questions to the same effect, he demanded of her. *Florinda* gives him little or no satisfaction to all his Queries, but endeavours to confirm his suspition, what she could, and inveighs against *Danpion* with more bitterness than *Amphigenia*, and at length suggested to the King this Counsel, that since they had no reasons to convince any man of *Danpions* treachery and disloyalty, but what was grounded chiefly on suspition; if his Majesty would deign to honour their advice with his acceptance, she would inform him a way, how he might ransack his very intrals, and discover all his intentions, and read the very inside of his heart. The way she said was this, that the King would please to counterfeit himself suddenly seized upon with a malignant distemper, and

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for a time retire himself in his Chamber, and admit none of his greatest favourites to wait upon him, nor visit him, but only the princess his Daughter, and her self, that so there might be no grounds of suspicion for *Danpion*; and in conclusion to feign himself dead. And then (she said) she questioned not but that she had such an influence upon him, by reason of more than ordinary affection that *Danpion* bare to her, as in his presence to make him confess to her, if he had any thoughts tending to *Amphigenia*'s dishonour, or of disloyalty to the King.

This advice was accepted of, both by *Hiarbas* and *Amphigenia*, and accordingly put in execution; So that suddenly the ears of all were filled with the sad news that the King was fallen dangerously sick. The Courtiers swarm like Bees at the King Chamber door, to perform their Allegiance to him, but none admitted, amongst whom *Danpion* was a constant visitant, but as constantly as the rest repulsed.

In fine, *Danpion* was secretly informed that the King was dead, and that care must be taken for establishing his successor before his Death should be divulged, lest the knowledge of it should cause any broils and tumults in the Kingdom, which it might be apt to occasion, there being such swarms of discontented persons, and those that affected novelties and alterations, though for the worse. And if he received not this information for truth, his eyes should convince him, if he would come to his chamber, for *Amphigenia* (they told him) durst not disoblige such a potent person as himself, who might hazard to interrupt her succession.

These things being privately buzzed, and whispered into *Danpions* ears, by some that were *Florindas*

engines, he accordingly repairs to the Kings chamber, where he finds him ſtretched out on a bed of State, and covered with a Pall of black Velvet, the body lying in a poſture lively repreſenting Death, and none but *Florinda* in the room. *Danpion* having contrived all this before hand, and by the aſſiſtance and fidelity of *Florinda*, thus far effected it, was not now to ſeek in the latter part of his plot, but thus begins to conſer with *Florinda*. Since Heavens (ſaid he, feignedly weeping) have thus deprived us of our King, and me of my Royal Maſter, accounting us unworthy of him, and him more worthy to inhabit among the celeſtial dwellers, than ſuch as we are, it is both our wiſdom and duty, firſt to proclame his Daughter *Amphigenia*, leſt an *interregnum* ſhould occaſion any inſurrections among this people, prone to rebellion and diſorder; And then to honour his Memorial, with the celebration of his Funerals in as great State as may be, both to teſtify to the World our Loyal affections to our deceaſed King, and alſo that our Forein and Inteſtine wars have not ſo exhauſted the publick treaſury, but that we are able to ſupport and maintain the honour of our King and Country. Tell not me (my deareſt) ſaid *Florinda*, of State affairs, they belong not to our Sex, but if I have found any place in thy Heart, let me conjure thee by the many vehement proteſtations of affection, to diſcloſe a ſecret to me, the faithful revealing of which, I ſhall eſteem as a far greater confirmation of thy loves reality, than ten thouſand aſſeverations. Prethee be free and ingenuous in thy expreſſion, and leave not my thoughts a prey to their own anxiety, to doubt will more torment me than all thy tongue can utter, Firſt let me dye (ſaid *Danpion*) before I let a word drop from thy mouth in vain. Then (ſaid *Florinda*) what was the meaning of your attempting

ing to invade *Amphigenia*'s chastity in the Grove? Invade *Amphigenia*'s chastity (said *Dorpion*) may I sink to the Center of the Earth, if ever such a thought possest my mind; what Devil breathed this abominable report of me? should I rip up my breast, and dissect my heart, thou shouldst find nothing but Constancy and Loyalty there, which when it is otherwise, may the powers above tear it out of my body, for a preventive pattern to future Ages. What occasioned your being there? (said *Florinda*) were not my eyes spectators of her affrightful flight? did I not see how a pallid whiteness had usurped the possession of her beauteous face, and expelled the Rosie redness thence? did I not see, how every part of her fair body was shook with a timorous Palsey, just as the Aspen leaves tremble, when the gentle Air softly breaths upon them? did I not see you in the Grove stand benummed with astonishment or pannick fear, I know not which, as if you had been Planet-strucken, or some unseen *Nemesis* had statuized you, on purpose to discover that dishonorable intention of yours, which you would have concealed? Prethee then disclose the cause of this that I have said, unbosom thy thoughts to me, how can I think thou dost include me in thy heart, when thou dost exclude me out of thy most retired resolves? If I should deny what you say (said *Dorpion*) it were just the earth should open me a living grave, and intomb me alive in her dark Cavernes. But (said he) the cause of *Amphigenia*'s flight, may soon be conjectured by any that ever heard of her Antipathy towards all of our Sex, for she had no sooner glanced her eye upon me, but as if I had been some *Damon*, or horrid apparition, she fled, as though my very looks had infused a swiftness into her. But I'le appeal to her, if I either said or did any thing, that *Diana* would blush to own. And

it was my fond curiosity, that prompted me to take a view of that Paradise, which since, I understand is reserved only for *Amphigenia*'s privacy. So that my ignorance put me upon that uncivil intrusion which otherwise the torture of a thousand deaths should not have compelled me to. But I hope my future fidelity shall crave my remission at *Amphigenia*'s hands, and confirm my innocence.

No sooner had *Danpion* ended his speech, but the King started up out of the Bed, at which *Danpion* flew back, pretendingly amazed, at this suddain resurrection. Nay (said the King) let not our seeming restitution to life, surprise thee with a causeless fear. Our ears have been auditors of thy expressions. This was but a contrivance to search the truth of that which my suspitious thoughts suggested to me. We have found thee truly Loyal, and thou shalt find our Royal goodness extended to recompence thy all-deserving worth. Thou art now faster rivetted in our bosom, than before. *Danpion* hearing this, fell down on his knees, and humbly begged pardon for his offence, which was no sooner craved than granted.

And thus was he more confirmed in the Kings favour than before. And now he resolves to acquaint *Periander* with his success, and advise with him, how he might proceed in his design of obtaining the Kingdom, which he had daily more and more hopes of, by reason the breach between *Hiarbas* and *Pandion* was still augmented, but their strength diminished. And one Evening, when as the Sun drawing neer his occident, extended the shadow of the mountains, *Danpion* under pretence of riding out to take the fresh Air, secretly steals to the Cave, that little Senate-house, where *Periander* and he had agreed to meet and consult about their designs; and having waited there some

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time, *Periander* came. After a great many testimonies of affection and mutual congratulations, *Dorpion* relates the whole story of his unfortunate love, and how he had almost lost the Kings favour, and by what means he regained it, and what posture *Hiarbas* present affairs were in, and many other discourses to the like purpose.

Periander, attending to his discourse, found such intricateness in his condition, as he could not tell how to devise a way to lead him out of that mazing Labyrinth, but he said, as for his Regal power, he questioned not, but time the parent of all things, will ere long produce that that should fulfill his desires: for (he said) *Pandion* was so weakened with the loss of the last battel, that he was ready to shift for himself by a dishonorable flight, had he not been perswaded to the contrary by him, which he did, to keep on foot the divisions in the Kingdom, which otherwise would centre in an happy union for *Hiarbas*. But that could never be, whilst *Pandion* remained, and would but own his own cause; a Star of so great a magnitude, moving with so vigorous an influence, and with gilded pretences, casting so great a lustre on his undertakings, must needs exhale the affections of the people, which the further they are drawn from the King, the dissentions must needs be wider, like lines drawn from the Centre, which the further they tend, the wider they extend. *Dorpion* returning him many thanks for his constancy and fidelity to him, demanded of him why he was not in the battel, *Periander* replyed, that the occasion of it was this, *Pandion* (said he) as you may remember the Gentleman told us, that first informed us of our danger, when we were gazing into *Amphigenia's* Gardens, is deeply inamoured with a Nun, so that he is grown wholly negligent of his weighty affairs, all his dis-

courſe is of her, her exquiſite beauty is his daily theme, and he that before was continually inſtructing his men in Martial Diſcipline, now exerciſes himſelf in nothing but Love Sonnets, and Madrigals, and ſuch like toys, forſakes his mirthful inclination, and all Society, and frequents ſolitary loneneſs, and drooping ſadneſs; but this accuſtomed ſequeſtration of himſelf from the company of thoſe Nobles that have joyned with him, hath ſo diſpleaſed them, that (I think) had they not ſo allyed their intereſts to his, that their wellfare is wholly involved in his, by reaſon many of them revolted (as you know) from *Hiarbas*, they would all forſake him, and expoſe him to the malice of his enemies. But ſhe to avoid the conſtant trouble of his endleſs importunacy, and fearing leſt in time he ſhould by force unty her Virgin Zone, hath ſecretly fled out of the Nunnery, and none can inform whither: ſo that when I ſhould have done him ſervice in the field, mine employment was (for his jealouſie would not let him confide in any one elſe) to ranſack the Kingdom for her; which I did with as much curioſity, as *Diogenes*, when with a Torch at Noon he went to look for an honeſt man, and returned with his ſucceſs, ſo that *Pandion* is now worſe than ever; which doth almoſt convince me that there is ſome truth in that ſaying, that the Soul is not where it animates and informs, but where it loves, for as if her Angel-form by a ſympathetical attraction had ſnatched away his, he raves like one deprived of his intellectuals, regards not his intereſt, neglects his men, and would forſake all, to purſue her, were he not terrifyed by thoſe of the Nobility and Gentry, that ſide with him; So that were your party in as diſtracted a condition as ours, we would with a few men ſoon diſſipate the force of both, and make our ſelves Maſters of all.

As they were thus discoursing and plotting, they espyed on a Hill several Horsemen, that rid as if they pursued them, and both suspecting that they were suspected, and fearing lest they should be overtaken and discovered, they mounted their Horses, and fled with all speed into an adjacent Wood, whither still they were followed, so that they could hardly escape their pursuers, till the nights darkness concealed them; when wandring and roving to and fro, not knowing where they were, they saw at a great distance, a moving light, rowl up and down, much like an *Ignis Fatuus*, as they conceited; at first they were startled with this sudden fiery appearance, but at length they resolved to ride up to it, and see whether their fancies were not deluded, hoping it might be the Torch of some Traveller, that could direct them in the way. But as soon as they came pretty neer, and were able to discern it, to be no such Meteor as they before conceived, they heard a hoarse yelling shriek, that eccho'd through the Woods, and the light falling, as if it sank into the Earths bowels, presently vanished; but suddenly two other lights succeeded it, so that *Danpion* and *Periander* retaining their wonted courage, were now more earnest than before, to satisfie themselves what it should be; but their desires were soon fulfilled, for, before they were come up to them, they saw a young Wench rubbing of an old Beldame, and pulling her by the Nose, striving to fetch life in her; who it seems (as they were afterward told) swounded away, by the sight she received with the noise of *Danpions* and *Perianders* Horses. As soon as the Wench heard the neighing of the Horses, no less affrighted, than her old Grandam, she ran into the house, and clasped the door, and left her lying upon the ground like a Witch in an Extasie; whiles *Danpion* & *Periander* glad that their Apparition,

course is of her, her exquisite beauty is his daily theme, and he that before was continually instructing his men in Martial Discipline, now exercises himself in nothing but Love Sonnets, and Madrigals, and such like toys, forsakes his mirthful inclination, and all Society, and frequents solitary loneness, and drooping sadness; but this accustomed sequestration of himself from the company of those Nobles that have joyned with him, hath so displeased them, that (I think) had they not so allyed their interests to his, that their wellfare is wholly involved in his, by reason many of them revolted (as you know) from *Hiarbas*, they would all forsake him, and expose him to the malice of his enemies. But she to avoid the constant trouble of his endless importunacy, and fearing left in time he should by force unt her Virgin Zone, hath secretly fled out of the Nunnery and none can inform whither: so that when I shoul have done him service in the field, mine employmer was (so his jealousie would not let him confide in an one else) to ransack the Kingdom for her; which I di with as much curiosity, as *Diogenes*, when with a Torc at Noon he went to look for an honest man, and return ed with his success, so that *Pandion* is now worse th ever; which doth almost convince me that there some truth in that saying, that the Soul is not where animates and informs, but where it loves, for as if h Angel-form by a sympathetical attraction had snatch away his, he raves like one deprived of his intellect als, regards not his interest, neglects his men, a would forsake all, to pursue her, were he not terrify by those of the Nobility and Gentry, that side wi him; So that were your party in as distracted a condi tion as ours, we would with a few men soon dissipate the force of both, and make our selves Masters of all.

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vaniſhed into this, hoping they might now meet with a Guide, rode up to the houſe; but ere they were there, they were encountred by an ill-favoured crooked-backt, ruffainly Ruſtick, that with a Foreſt-Bill on his neck, came out of the houſe, ſwearing by *Pans* cloven-hoof, that whether they were men or devils he cared not, he would teach them for baſe daſtardly Cowards as they were, to fright a poor old woman. But he no ſooner ſaw them, but he flung down his Bill, and in all dutious reverence on his knees intreated them to be merciſull, and ſaid they were poor folks, and had nothing fit for ſuch Gentles as they were. We deſire not any thing (ſaid *Periander*) we are Servants that have loſt our way in theſe Woods, and deſire to be conducted to ſome place where we may lodge to night, and to morrow travel hence about our occaſions. Truly (ſaid the man) I am very ingrant of the way hereabouts, and can give you no ſattifaction where you may lye to night, unleſs in this houſe, and *Battus* the Foreſter that dwells here, is gone abroad, and will not be at home theſe nine dayes, and none but he knows theſe places. *Danpion* and *Periander* hearing this, ſmiling at the fellows ruſticity, alighted off their Horſes, and went into the houſe, where there was none but the Wench that had been ſo officious to the old woman; and ſhe ſat in the Chimney-corner, ſnivling and drivling in ſuch a poſture, as would have made one loath all lamentation; and ſhe was ſure (ſhe ſaid) ſhe ſhould not have ſuch another loving Grandam, and what would her Grandſir ſay, when he comes home, and many other the like expreſſions.

But as ſoon as they came in, ſhe aroſe from her ſeat, and making a loathſomly ſqueamiſh Countenance, and wiping her Eyes with the fag-end of a Diſh-clout, and wrying her Body and her Neck, as if ſhe was in a Con-

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vulsion-fit, made many fine Daps, and ran out of the house to her Grandmother; who before she could get to her, had made a shift to raise her self on her withered legs, and came grunting, and crawling to the door, like a carcass newly risen from a Tomb; for her Eyes looked like two Worm-holes, and her Face like snips of tannd Leather stitcht together, and the wrincles like the dirty seams. The old Tooth-drawer *Time*, had rob'd her of all her Teeth, excepting one, that out of compassion he left to adorn, and Pallisado her Chops, and withal, to fence in her upper Lip, which otherwise would have flapped too near her Chin, and hid the comlinesse of her neather. Her Cheeks hollow, like her heart, contained Dens of dirt, where Deformity lay battening it self, and looked like the Earth in Dog-dayes drought, when the Sun hath suckt out all its moisture. Her bearded Chia and worm-eaten Nose, as if inamoured with each others Beauty, were near kissing; but Nature wisely considering, that if they met too close, they might hinder the passage of her words, had caused the But-end of her Nose to turn up like a Huntes-horn. Her Body was a bundle of Bones sowed together, like a Sceleton, that few but would have taken her for a Fury; for she was not like one defaced, but gnawn with Age.

But though her other Parts were thus decrepit, yet her old Palsied Tongue was lively, that that is the *Ultimum moriens*, and last decaying Member in a woman; for all the way as she came limping, and supported by her Daughter, (for so any one would swear she was, by their likenes) that never left shaking and scolding at her for minding her no more, and letting her lye on the cold ground; she thought (she said) to let her have the Shepherd *Moschus*, and have given her something that she had kept in a clout for her, should have done

her

her good, but since she had no more care, she knew what she knew well enough.

Daphins hearing this sad sentence, making a whining countenance, wherein she pourtraied sorrow in such a ridiculous posture would have made even sorrow it self mirthful, drawing her mouth on one side, as if she would have whispered something into her own ear, and gaping as if she would catch the hony tears that dropt from her eyes, fell down at her Grandams feet, and was entring into an ill compiled excuse, but she was prevented; for the old hag, wanting her for her crutch, and being on the suddain deprived of her prop, by this humble reverence, fell with her crown upon *Daphins* back, who rising on the suddain to assist her, tumbled her Grandam with her heels over her head, in the manner of a Christmas gambole, and threw her bum with such a force upon the door sill, that even beat the wind out of her body (I mean backwards) and made her haunches like a couple of wrinkled bladders that had been smoked seven years in a chimney corner, rebound with the violence of the fall, insomuch that they had been beaten flat and disfigured had they not been well stiffned with age. And now poor *Daphins* case was worse than before, so that *Anus* was so enraged, that she would not let her help her out of that uncomly posture she lay in, her heels higher than her head, and the threshold a pillow for her posteriors, but bid her varlet that she was get her further, for she could not abide the sight of her (nor I think few else) and thus undecently she lay untill *Bion* that had been walking the horses all this while came, and by main strength lustily flung her on his back, made on purpose Camel like, to carry that deformed burthen, or bundle of deformity, and came and set her on a block by the fire side, who casting

Bion and Anus page, 154.

casting a hags look upon *Danpion* and *Periander*, demanded of them who they were; Uh! (said she grunting) if you come for my Daughter 'ene take her, would I had never seen her ugly eyne for me. Uh! Uh! (quoth she) did you not see what a vile toss she gave me? it was a wonder shee had not bor't my crupper. But — Uh! Uh! Ile warrant her — Uh! I'le fit her.

Danpion and *Periander*, that with abundance of mirth beheld this pittiful fray, had much adoe to contain themselves from bursting out with a loud laughter, but considering it would more provoke the old woman, returned her the same answer they did to *Bion*, and requested a lodging there for that night, and told her, that if they could have a guide to conduct them out of this Forest, they would be gone the next day. Welcom (said the old woman); Minx (quoth she to her Daughter) get you up stairs, and fit the best bed for these strangers, and put in the fine sheet you are to lye with *Moschus* in when you are married, and if you be warm, get you in and air it. Good Mother (said *Danpion*) rather let's lye without a Sheet, or by the fire side, for we love not to have our sheets aired; therefore (quoth the old woman) you shall have but one sheet; there is not much difference (said *Danpion*) pray, rather than have that aired, let us take our repose here by the fire side, for we have been Souldiers, and are now Servants, and therefore are not unacquainted with hardships; nay by *Priapus* ratters (quoth she) you shall not lye here unless you lye in a bed, to goe away and disgrace our house as though we had not a bed for as good as you.

After some such wise discourse as this, the night being far spent, they all betook themselves to their lodgings; the old woman she lay below, *Bion* upon four

three-footed ſtools by the fire ſide, *Daphins* in a trundle bed under *Danpion* and *Periander*. But in the night, as though hard-hearted fortune had a mind totally to ruine poor *Daphins*, there hapned this ſad miſchance, not to acquaint you how *Daphins* poring upon her woful miſery had forgot to take away the Hot ſtone, wherewith inſtead of a warming-pan, ſhe uſed to heat her Grandams bed; ſo that the old woman unawares clapping her buttocks on it, ſhrivelled them up like a leathern pouch; but in the night *Daphins* (it ſeems) was arreſted with a laxative humor, ſo that ſhe was forced to ariſe and disburthen her ſelf into a great cloſe-ſtool-pan, that always ſtood under her Grandmothers bed, and was pretty ſpatious, that ſo it might contain the excrementitious evacuations of the whole family. *Daphins* having purged what ſhe could with conveniency, loath that the old woman ſhould diſcover her loathſome beſtiality, ſets the pan on the teſter of the bed, intending to purifie it the next day, which for many moneths before, and by its complexion one might think years, had eſcaped a ſcowring. But ſhe had not been long gone, and warm in her bed, ere *Daphins* evil genius maliciouſly awaked her Grandam, who whether ſhe had taken cold when ſhe lay on the ground, or through a loving ſympathy with her daughter I can't tell, but ſhe was afflicted with the ſame running diſtemper, and making a ſhift to crawl out of her bed to look for the cloſe-ſtool, it was too cunningly hid for her to find, ſo that ſhe raging that her Daughter had again ſerved her ſo vilely, takes a crutch, and pounces at the chamber floor for *Daphins* to come and aſſiſt her, but the Cat unhappily lying over the bed, ſuddenly awaked, and affrighted with the noiſe, intending to have leapt away, jumps ful upon the cloſe-ſtool, and over-turns it, and tumbles it, and

all

all that it contained, upon the poor old womans noddle.

Daphins who had not slept all this while, through fear that *Anus* should awake at this sad summons, arises, and tremblingly comes down at her call, to see what is the matter; But as soon as she saw *Anus* with the pan on her head, and the crutch in her hand, striking at her with might and main, for scold she could not, being querkned with the filthy ordure, she thought her Grandsire *Battus* had been come home drunk as he had wont, with his Helmit on his head, and had been fencing with his quarter staff, so that she was fain to awake *Bion* to hold him, lest he should wrong her Grandam; but she was soon saved that labour, for stealing to *Bions* tressels, thinking unseen and out of any danger of a blow to arouse him, *Anus* notwithstanding perceiving her cunning, thought to have reacht her such a blow, as should sufficiently recompenced all her abuses, but it unluckily, as fortune would have it, alighted on *Bions* panch neer to his midriff, with such a force, that he was even compelled to disgorge those superfluities of the pan, that at its overthrow, had extravagantly fled into his mouth, being wide open, as if he was devouring of sleep by mouthfuls, and that he had been all this while strugling to digest. *Bion* enraged with this blow, between sleep and wake, arises, and gets up one of his four tripodes, and threatens apparent destruction to all that came neer him. And as if *Apollo*-like he had from that tripos given forth an Oracle, he strikes such a blow on old *Anus* one tooth, that grew like an Unicorns horn out of her nether gum, that not only deprived her under chop, and her upper lip of that ornament, but laid her flat on her back, and made her kick up her heels, and Hieroglyphically represent her husbands fortune, and doubtless had quite spoiled her face, had it not been

well

well defended and fortified by the close-stool-pan. But not to detain the honourable guests *Danpion* and *Periander* any longer from their sleep, by the rude rumbling and brawlings of this unseemly crew, this bloudy fray was soon ended by their mutual intercession, all being of a loving nature, and willing to be reconciled, every one framing a wise Apology, and *Daphnis* having first cleansed her Grandam, and the Pan, being before much of a complexion, as well as she could, they again betook themselves to their rest.

Scarce had the early Lark, the winged Herald of the morning, with its pretty warbling notes, summoned the bright watchmen of the night to prepare for a retreat, and *Aurora* had opened the vermilion Oriental gate to make room for *Titans* radiant beams, to slide through the gloomy air, when *Danpion* and *Periander* weary of their uneasy pallet, arose and left *Daphnis* fast asleep, champing as if she was chewing the cud, and her mouth slabbering her fingers, as if she had dreamt of her good housewifry, and was going to spin, the other hand pulling a reddish yellow lock out of her head, *reddish*, I may properly term it, *since it was much of the colour of a Reddish*; and this she twisted to and fro, as if it had been the tow, and well she might mistake her head for the distaff, since it was much of the same Pyramidal form; and the other two they left snoring, as if their over greedy swallowing of sleep had neer choked them, and walked out to refresh themselves with the sweet air, being almost poysoned with the sunk that ascended from the last nights Combat, and to see what pickle their Horses were in; *Bion* the Groom lying snorting in the Chimny, as if he were looking to swine, and had not time to mind Horses. But as it hapned, they were grazing

zing about the house, so that having catcht them they rode up and down to see if there were any other house or hamlet neer adjoyning, where they might be better accommodated, until they could meet with a guide, but finding no place else thereabouts, and unwilling to ride too far, they returned to the house, where by this time the three goodly inhabitants were all arisen from their couches, and had prepared a sumptuous breakfast for the strangers, so that now they could have a full view of *Daphnis*, whose beauty the sable night had masked, whom they took the better notice of, because she was all the cook they had. And indeed she was an exquisite piece, and so you'd say if you had seen her; and so *Anus* her mother, *Moschus* her suter, and *Bion* her well-wisher said, and I should think the verdict of such curious persons might be something regarded; but you'l object, that their judgements were byassed with interest and affection; so may be yourn is for ought I know. But then to convince you further I'le describe her.

To begin with the crown of her Head, kind Nature the better to discover the pure whiteness of the skin, that covered her thick Scull, had lovingly unthatched her crown, and peel'd away all the unnecessary hair thereabouts, and left her a dainty soft ridge of moss, that fringed her head round like a garland, so that if you had seen her, you would have certainly thought she had a night cap on, thrumnd with furs. This hair was something short, lest it should hide her comly spatious Ears; spatious they were, that so they might hear the biggest sounds distinctly, which was the reason that she often gave why she had the sense of hearing so admirable, and could distinguish of sounds so acutely, for she would stand without doors, and if the Dog threw down the tonges in the kitchen, or the Sow over-

overset the Milk pan in the Dairy, she would tell you exactly what it was fell down, and never go into the house at all to know, and therefore she would often wisely admire, how it was possible for little ears to hear great sounds, for (said she) how should great sounds, get in at little ears? but I think that Objection might be answered by your Naturalists, that make it their business to pry into Natures abstruse and abscondite secrets, and therefore to their wisdoms I leave the discussion of it, and proceed in my description.

Her head was triangular, that being (as *Moschus* would often say) the best and most commodious shape; for, said he (for you must note he was book learned) a head of a rotund figure cannot possibly be so commodious to lodge the three Organs of the Soul, the common sense, phantasie, and the memory, nor contain so much wit as a three square noddle; for a Globical head (quoth he learnedly) confusedly jumbles all the three together, which is the reason that many are so troubled with the Vertigo in their brain, it is because they are round heads; their conceits endlesly running in a circle of fancy, having neither rational beginning nor ending. But now a tripple corner'd noddle hath three convenient cavities, where the three things aforesaid may lye distinctly and severally undisturbed, like Hares on their Forms, or Foxes in their holes, untill they are started and unkennel'd by the barkings of Reason. And further (said he) I'me sure, its plain, it cannot contain so much wit, for a Globe cannot fill a triangle, much less can that that is contained in it fill it. For (quoth he) this is an undeniable rule, that body that can contain both the thing containing and the thing contained, can much more contain the thing contained, that can be contained in thing containing.

But prethee, *Moschus*, be not thus tedious in thy prolix comments upon thy *Daphinisses* strange perfections, but let me proceed.

Her purple forehead (that colour betokening Majesty) was streaked with lovely wrinkles, which black with atomes of dirt, that as it were in love with her beauty, had transplanted themselves from their native habitations, to dwell in those amiable furrows, so that they looked like shadowy strokes, that Nature made, the better to set off the lustre of her beauty; or rather like curious folds, where Nature wrapped her perfections, lest they should dazzle spectators Eyes.

Eye-brows she had none, lest she should frown, and fright her poor Lovers; her Eyes were dainty Matches, at which *Cupid* enkindled the Torches of Affection, and set them on fire for her Lovers hearts. Matches did I say? They were not Matches, for the one was as big again as the other.

Her right Eye being of a Hazel brown, stood peeping out of its Den, like a Mouse catched in a Trap; for so her Lovers thought, that that be sure was ensnared in Loves Trap, and enticed with the Bait of Affection: but her left Eye, being of a goggle size, to revenge her sisters quarrel, stood staring out, ready to fly in their faces, for having such base thoughts of the right. And indeed Dame Nature had herein shewed abundance of wisdom, for she had placed a third part of her left Eye out of her head, lest her right eye modestly hiding it self, should creep into her head; and placed her right eye farr into her head, lest her left Eye should start quite out of her head.

Her vertuous Nose, was like the letter Y, *Pythagoras* Hieroglyphick of vertue; whence a rare quintessential distillation continually dropped, which lest it should be lost, her nether lip stood pouting out, to

catch it. Her Cheeks were of a Peaſe-porridge-tawny, the Sun being in love with her rare beauty, as the Moon was with *Endymion*, had often all to be—kiſst her (what had I like to have ſaid, but if I had, I think you would have believed me, if you had ſeen her complexion) I ſay, he often ſmacked her countenance, and left the print of his lips behind. Indeed a dainty crop of hair ſhe had upon her upper lip, which ſome ſaid, was made for an eye-brow, becauſe ſhe being ſingular in her other parts, was therein to have been a miracle, and had her eyes placed under her noſe, that ſhe might the better ſee the way to her mouth. But *Moſchus* (whoſe judgement I chiefly follow) replyed, That the comely latitude of her mouth, made it an eaſie mark for her fingers, and then, had they been placed there, a conſtant Flux of Rheum from her noſe had interrupted their ſight.

But as for that curious hay-mow on her lip, for ſo I may properly term it, by reaſon of pretty mops and mews ſhe uſed to make, would provoke any one to ſpue out a laughter, and becauſe once in twenty five hours ſhe uſed to mow it, but if that term will not pleaſe, then that thorn-hedge on her lip, was but to fence round the dike, her mouth, to keep her noſe from treſpaſſing on her chin. But *Moſchus* ſaid, they were the prickles that grew about the Roſes of her lips. Her teeth as if afraid they ſhould eat one another, were ranked in their open order, to give the freer paſſage to her words. Rankt do I ſay? I that they were, like the dregs of putrefaction, or the corrupted funk, that ſteams from the purging Carkaſs of a gut-fed Cannibal. Her neck warpt awry, that made her head ſtand on one ſide, as if ſhe had a mind to a kiſs. But as for her other parts, I leave the deſcription of them, to thoſe that are better acquainted, as *Moſchus*, *Bion*, &c. fearing,

fearing, leſt in going about to convince my Reader of an uncharitable error, I my ſelf commit an error exceeding the limits both of excuſe and charity, in blurring ſo much innocent paper, with the pourtraying ſuch foul deformities, which yet may have thus much uſe to foil *Amphigenia*'s words-tranſcending perfections.

But you may object, there is another crime, I am guilty of by this long relation, and that is detaining *Damion* and *Periander* too long from their Breakfaſt, which *Daphins* had prepared.

To that I anſwer negatively thus, *viz.* It is no ſuch matter, for when they ſaw this bundle of Kitchin-ſtuff, *Daphins*, they had as much mind to break their necks, as their faſts, and to eat the Kitchin as the ſtuff that the Wench had dreſſed for them, for ſhe had filled the ſtuff ſo with dirt and filth, that an Oſtriches ſtomack, that can digeſt Iron, would have nauſeated it, ſo that they left it to be maunched by the company, who indeed moſt vallantly behaved themſelves. *Bion* with teeth-like half Pikes, moſt courageiouſly ſlaughtering all that came neer him, and *Daphins* with no leſs fury chopping it as ſmall as Herbes for the pot; and having thus quartered and buryed the enemies, that durſt aſſault and ſcale her chops, ſhe now begins to fall haſtily to the hot haſty pudding that ſtood next her, which it ſeems was ſo hot, that ſhe having greedily hoiſed in by whole ſale, a woodden ladle full, it ſo parcht her gummes, that ſhe was fain to tumble it to and fro in her mouth, like one that was mumbling a twitty titmouſe, not daring to let it go, or ſwallow it. *Anus* ſeeing her mump, and her chops wamble up and down, thinking ſhe had mockt her, hurles the diſh of porridge, that ſhe had in her hand at *Daphins*, but it unfortunately hit *Bion*, who enraged with this affront,

snatches up the nasty pudding and swashes it all about *Daphins* and her Grandam. *Daphins* mad with this, slaps two pound of butter, that she had churned that morning, upon *Bions* face, so that it clammed so to his eye-lids, that it almost blinded him, the rest hanging dripping upon his whiskers. With that *Bion* starts up in a rage, and sets her head in the frumity pot, and so intangles her heels in the hangers, that, poor Wench, e're she could recover her self, she was just ready to give up the ghost, had not her tender-hearted Grandam come and relieved her, and clensed her with the dish-clout, as well as she was able, whilst *Bion* brusht his beard with a broom besom. *Danpion* and *Periander* seeing this suffle, laughed so vehemently, that the old woman was ready to hurl the frumenty-dawbed dish-clout at *Periander*. This is brave (quoth the old woman, quoth she) what, can't I do what I will in my own house? By *Juno's* petticoats (quoth she) had I thought you'd ha' been so unmannerly, you should ha' lain in a dike for me, and ne're ha' dirted my sheet with your ugly hoofs. *Bion* (quoth she) give him a dust th' teeth, and a kick oth' tail, and turn him out of doors, I charge you. B'er Lady, quoth *Bion*, thats the way to have two for it, believe me (quoth he) I love to sleep in a whole skin.

But by this time came in *Moschus*, and old *Thyrsis* the shepherd, with some other shepherds and Foresters, that were the nearest inhabitants, to visit old mother *Anus*, and young *Daphins*, and to know if *Battus* was come home, who seeing two such comely personages as *Danpion* and *Periander*, fell into admiration, who they should be. *Moschus* was jealous, lest they should be suters to *Daphins*, *Thyrsis* w ambitious, that he might have them for his Sons-in-la[illegible] and therefore comes with abundance of Rhetorick, a[illegible]

importunes them to accept of entertainment, at his poor Cottage, untill *Battus* should come, being informed that they were servants that had lost their way, and wanted a guide.

Danpion and *Periander* hoping they might meet with better accommodations there than here, accepted of his invitation, and went along with them, leaving *Moschus* kissing and courting of *Daphnis*. *Thyrsis* greedy of knowing who these persons should be, seeing them to be likely and hopeful young men, demanded of them their names, and whom they served.

Periander (according to the agreement between *Danpion* and him, to change their names) called himself *Troilus*, and *Danpion*, *Thestilus*, and told him that they were servants to a couple of Gentlemen, that lived, the one neer the Court, and the other retyred himself in the Country, and they two being of acquaintance, had inconsiderately travelled together, so far into that Forest, that they had quite lost their way, and intreated no other courtesie of him, but if possible to direct them out of the Forest, for otherwise they feared, if they should stay untill *Battus* came home, they should exceed their time limited, and incurr their Masters displeasure. Truly (said *Thyrsis*) this many a long day have I been a shepherd upon these Plains hard by, and yet never in all my life did I stray any where, unless after a straggling sheep, but up and down from one neighbors house to another, and none about us knows the way but *Battus*, that I can tell of.

With these and the like discourses they passed away the time, until they came to the house that stood upon a pleasant plain, mantled with the verdant grass, and checkered with eye-pleasing Flowers, which lead

to a little hill, upon whose aspiring brow, you might survey the Country round, which though it abounded with enamel'd Meadows, spread with *Flora*'s Tapestry, and Pastures for Sheep to graze on, watered with bubling Springs and murmuring Streams, and all things for a Shepherds life, yet it was inriched with invious Woods and Forrests, not pervious for any but those well acquainted with the passages, so that it seemed like a sweet pleasant spot of ground that they had cull'd out to encloyster themselves from the residue of the turmoiling world.

Troilus and *Thestylus* (for so they now termed themselves) having a while viewed the pretty delightsom prospects that the Country presented to their sight, went into the house with *Thyrsis*, where there was his two Daughters *Phyllis* and *Arethusa*, as busie as Bees, running up and down the house to fit it against their Father came home. *Phyllis* was a pretty black wench, of a loving nature, but proud and coy, and though desirous of a Husband, yet thought few good enough for her, but would lift up her nose, and wag her head with many a coy nod, as though she lookt higher than such as they, and tell them, that truly she could live without a Husband, whatever they thought. *Arethusa* was fair and modest, and mightily itched for a Husband, and therefore would cast many loving sheeps eyes at young men that came in; but yet if any came to her, her fooliſh bashfulness would not let her consent, but she would pule them out all

Assoon as these two saw *Troilus* and *Thestylus* come in with their Father, observing diligently that they were prettier and more proper men than ordinary, and hoping they might come as Suters, fell inamoured presently with them; *Phyllis* she began to feel her heart tumble up and down in her, and she could not but

skeu

skeu at *Troilus* and wish that he was her Husband; when his lips opened to speak, she imagined they smack'd together, as if they were kissing of her, and if he chanced to look awry, she thought presently it was an amorous look at her; and she would make many occasions to pass by, and then she would look more demurely than ordinary, and skrue her face into a posture, that a bit of looking glass flatteringly made her believe was handsom, and dip down many dainty dops, as though somebody had struck her in the hams. *Arethusa*, she was taken with *Thestylus*, and she was not so confident as her sister, but would stand behind the pantry door, and peep through the key hole at him, and oh! she wished that she could entice him a milking with her, and she resolved if ever he came a wooing to her, that she would pluck up a good heart, and say Yes at first word, for by that ugly word No, she had lost many a well favoured suter, that would have had her otherwise. But hey, the joy there was when their Father came and told them, that these young men were come to be their Husbands, and bid them be kind to them; that is a very unnecessary command, thought they. *Phyllis* she felt her heart wamble, and pant, and keep such a stir in her, that she could not rest in a place, but must needs hop up and down the house, and was ready to go to *Troilus* and tell him she consented, before she knew whether he would have her or no. *Arethusa* was so netled, that she flung to and fro, as if she had a gad fly in her tail, and both of them were so over joy'd, that neither of them knew what they did. And thus were the poor wenches senses almost rackt out of course between the extremes of Joy and Love.

Many days *Troilus* and *Thestylus* here continued to their far better contentment than at *Battuses*. *Phyllis*

and *Arethusa* being very observant, wooing them by their officious carriage, and *Thyrsis* shewing all manner of kindness, according to his rustical generosity, hoping to win them in the end; daily telling them how many teems of Oxen he would give *Phyllis*, and how many flocks of Sheep he would give *Arethusa*, and what Meadows and Pasturage he would bestow upon them, and thus continually tying their ears with such kind of discourse, untill at length the nine days were expired, but yet no news that *Battus* was come home, for *Thyrsis* would fain have continued them at his house, till he had enticed them to have married his Daughters, and therefore concealed *Battuses* coming as long as he was able.

But at length for all *Thyrsisses* policy, one morning there comes a couple of young Shepherds to his house, and desires to speak with the strangers that he harboured there, *Thyrsis* fearing they might come to bring the fatal tidings that *Battus* was returned, began to deny that they were within, which *Troilus* hearing, suspecting there might be some plot in agitation, calls out to the Shepherds, and tells them that if they had any thing to say to them, they were within, and might be spoken withall: whereat the young men presently marcht in, and being pretty burly chuffs, and framing their countenances to chumping looks, the bigger of them, and as he himself thought the stouter, comes up to *Troilus*, and challenges him to do any manner of exercise with him presently, whatever he durst. Prethee fellow (said *Troilus*) what dost thou mean? prethee fellow, what dost thou mean fellow? said the Shepherd; Fellow me, no, fellows, but come out if thou darest, thou knowest well enough what I mean: but that thou art wilfully blind, and hood-wink'd with cowardise, and art afraid to see my

meaning

Troilus and the Sheaphard. page. 169.

meaning, for fear then thou shouldst be engaged to accept of my challenge; I say once more come out of thy den here, if thou darst, thou dastard, for thy ears; I'le promise thee, if thou dost, I'le beat thy nose flat; what thou thinkest to steal away *Phyllis* sneakingly, and no body know of it, but for that trick if thou hast her, it shall cost thee a bloudy nose, for all thy fine gewgaws about thee. *Troilus* loth to descend so much beneath himself, as to fowl his fingers with such a rude lout, told him that he came not for *Phyllis*, nor his intent was not to have *Phyllis*, he might do what he would with his *Phyllis*; what wilt thou lye too (said the Shepherd) and with that perceiving that *Phyllis* saw him through a chink of the door, resolving now if ever to shew himself manful, snatches up a fire-shovel that stood by him, and was ready to strike *Troilus* over the face, but that he quickly observing it was time to curb his rudeness, nimbly drew out his sword and cut off his hand, and with the force of the blow struck him along, so that the shovel falling upon the ground, and his hand upon the shovel, and himself upon his hand, he looked as if he had been shovelling his hand into the fire. The other young fellow willing to second his companion, gets up a skene bill, and laid at *Thestylus*, and had cleft his head ere he could find his sword, had not old *Thyrsis*, fearing he should lose a Son-in-law, held the Shepherd by the arm, but not willing to have his blow before *Thestylus* could defend himself, swings himself from *Thyrsis* with such violence, that his coat being old and rotten, one that he used to wear in his nonage, he tare off the sleeve; he not regarding that, lays at *Thestylus*, who by this time had found his sword, and dexterously avoiding the blow, served him in the same manner, as *Troilus* had his brother Shepherd, since he so much desired

Troilus and the Sheaphard. page. 169.

meaning, for fear then thou ſhouldſt be engaged to accept of my challenge; I ſay once more come out of thy den here, if thou darſt, thou daſtard, for thy ears; I'le promiſe thee, if thou dost, I'le beat thy noſe flat; what thou thinkeſt to ſteal away *Phyllis* ſneakingly, and no body know of it, but for that trick if thou haſt her, it ſhall coſt thee a bloudy noſe, for all thy fine gewgaws about thee. *Troilus* loth to deſcend ſo much beneath himſelf, as to fowl his fingers with ſuch a rude lout, told him that he came not for *Phyllis*, nor his intent was not to have *Phyllis*, he might do what he would with his *Phyllis*; what wilt thou lye too (ſaid the Shepherd) and with that perceiving that *Phyllis* ſaw him through a chink of the door, reſolving now if ever to ſhew himſelf manful, ſnatches up a fire-ſhovel that ſtood by him, and was ready to ſtrike *Troilus* over the face, but that he quickly obſerving it was time to curb his rudeneſs, nimbly drew out his ſword and cut off his hand, and with the force of the blow ſtruck him along, ſo that the ſhovel falling upon the ground, and his hand upon the ſhovel, and himſelf upon his hand, he looked as if he had been ſhovelling his hand into the fire. The other young fellow willing to ſecond his companion, gets up a skene bill, and laid at *Theſtylus*, and had cleft his head ere he could find his ſword, had not old *Thyrſis*, fearing he ſhould loſe a Son in-law, held the Shepherd by the arm, but he willing to have his blow before *Theſtylus* could defend himſelf, ſwings himſelf from *Thyrſis* with ſuch violence, that his coat being old and rotten, one that *Pan* uſed to wear in his nonage, he tare off the ſleeve; but he not regarding that, lays at *Theſtylus*, who by this time had found his ſword, and dexterouſly avoiding the blow, ſerved him in the ſame manner, as *Troilus* had his brother Shepherd, ſince he ſo much deſired

fired to ſhare with him in the ſame fortune, and almoſt cut off his arm that it depended only upon a little morſel of fleſh, that kept it from falling to the ground, ſo that as his tother arm hung without a ſleeve, ſo this hung like a ſleeve without an arm; but feeling the ſmart of the blow, and ſeeing the ſad effect of encountring with a champion, he flings away his Bill, and falls down on his knees, juſt as the other had made a ſhift to ſcramble upon his knees, and asks forgiveneſs, laying all the fault on his brother Shepherd, ſaying, that he had not come but for him, and calling him logger-head, and all the ruſtical names that his beetle brain could invent, for bringing him into ſuch a premunire. With that the other fellow inraged, gives him the lye, and a box on the ear, which was returned him again to the full, with intereſt, ſo that there had been a combat between theſe one handed men on their knees, had they not been parted by *Theſtylus*: who before he would fully pardon them, laid this penance upon them, that to procure their remiſſion for their uncivil abuſes, they ſhould one of them run to *Battuſes* houſe, to ſee if he was returned yet, and the other remain as an hoſtage. They replyed that he had been at home theſe three days at leaſt. *Troilus* and *Theſtylus* hearing this, commanded preſently that their Horſes ſhould be fitted ready for their journey, which was readily performed, ſo that taking leave of old *Thyrſis* and returning him thanks for his courteous hoſpitality towards them (who poor man could not refrain from weeping, to ſee that he muſt part with them, and in parting with them, part with all that felicity he flatteringly promiſed himſelf in them) they went on their journy towards *Battuſes*, but taking the Shepherds along with them leſt they ſhould deceive them. And by the way *Troilus* begins to examine

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the fellow that had so rudely affronted him, what was the reason that he came and challenged a stranger in that unmannerly manner as he did? Ah! (said the Shepherd) Love, Love was the cause, you would have bestirred your self an you should have lost your love I warrant you; Why are you in love (said *Troilus*) prethee tell us how thou cameſt about to be troubled with that distemper, and with whom? Why (said the Shepherd) one fine Somers-day, as you shou'd ha' seen among twenty, I walked out to look birds nests to and fro among the hedges and bushes, but weas me! instead of finding what I sought, I found what I sought not, as well as sought not what I found; for straging up and down just like a stray'd sheep after my sport, I hapned to espy in *Thyrsis* Garden, a Bush made of Cupids Arrows, where *Venus* Doves had built their nests, and poor I, ingrant of loves matters, thinking cunningly to have catcht them ere they were aware, as we do other birds, was cunningly caught my self, with the lime twigs of beauty; so that though I now desire what I found, yet I found not what I desired: and who d'ye think I found? why it was 'eene *Phyllis*, amiable *Phyllis*, dainty fine *Phyllis*.

Phyllis with face fairer than any new washed Lamb, with eyes black as Berry, and lips as red as Coral; this *Phyllis*, I no sooner saw her, but as if her looks had bewitched me, I could not for my life restrain my eyes from straging after her, but I must be looking at her, though to my cost, I found, that every look (methought) conveyed a piece of my heart, to her til at length she monopoliz'd it all to her self, so that I minded nothing but thinking of her, and neglecting my Sheep, would walk all alone and talk of her, ne're caring what a murrain became of my flock, for now I my self was become one of *Cupids* flock, and *Phyllis* eyes were the

sheep-

sheephooks wherewith he caught me, her mouth the Tar-box, and her comforting words the Tar, wherewith he kept me from pining away with the Love-rot; the pond where he daily washt my fleece was made of tears, for indeed when I was by my self, I could do nothing but whine, as oft as I thought of *Phyllis*; and as he daily washed me, so he daily fleeced me, that I was become 'een nothing but skin and bone, that I looked just like a Skillet (as Doctors call a man, after they have picked his bones) so that when I came amongst the rest of my companions, they amazed got about me like Birds about an Owl, and made jests of me, some said, I lookt as I had got the Murrain, and would rub Tar over my face; others said my bones lookt like a set of keiles, and would tos their bowles at me; and indeed I did look most piteously, for I have often seen my face in a Spring, but for all that, I in the end obtained *Phyllis*'s love, and was to have been married to her, just as you came to the house, but assoon as you came, the case was altered, *Phyllis* looks coy (forsooth) as though I were not good enough for an husband for her, and she lookt for another-gates husband than I, and the like. Whereupon (dy' see) I enquired after you, who and what you were, and whether you came to marry *Phyllis* or not, and amongst my neighbors, at length I heard, that you came to steal away *Thyrsisses* daughters privately, and no body know of it, but the old man, who had consented, and brought you to his house for that purpose, and the young Maids, be sure you would not long stay for their good will, for they were so much taken with you, it passed, that none of we durst speak to them, the Gentlewomen were grown so proud, whereupon (dy' see) I was so provoked, that I should be so disdained, and my Fathers eldest Son and all, that I resolved to try

a touch with you, for I would have you to know, that though you now were too hard for me, yet I could make my party good with e're a young man of my inches, in these parts, let him be who he will. And then the fellow began to puff, and look bigger than ordnary, and with that swelling made an end of his story.

But by this time they had gotten to *Battusses* house, where (as their fellows had told them) they found him at home, so that having dismissed them they applyed themselves to *Battus*, and requested him to conduct them out of this Forest, and they would recompense him for his labor. *Battus* willingly consented, and so they went on their journey, when by that time the Worlds great Luminary had hid himself behind the mountains, and was descending to take his rest on *Thetisses* watry couch, they came to the place where they first met, where having first gratified *Battus* for his pains, the two friends *Danpion* and *Periander* (now no more *Troilus* and *Thestylus*) agreed upon time and place, where again they might have recourse to inform each other of the affairs of State, and of the state of affairs in both parties; and so they parted, *Periander* betaking himself to *Pandions* Castle, and *Danpion* to the Kings Court, whither by that time the torches of the night were enkindled in the heavens, he arrived. But scarce had he alighted off his horse, ere winged Fame had carried tidings of it to the ears of most, and by reason of his eminency it was not long, before it was known to all, so that the King having notice of it, he immediately sends for him to come to his presence, to give an account of his absence, for there wanted not in the Court, those malitious and yet ambitious spirits, that repining at *Danpions* supereminent glories, took all advantages against him, and in particular this of his with-

withdrawing from the Court to beget ſuſpitious thoughts of him in the King, that ſo by degrees they might bring him to his Occident, whoſe preſence thus in the Meridian favour, totally obſcured their luſtre, and in whoſe abſence only their dim Star-light could appear. And knowing him to be too potent with the King, and too ſtrongly fixed in his boſom, to remove by apparent violence, and impetuoſity, they therefore imitating thoſe that when they cannot take a Fort by ſtorm, ſeek to undermine it, ſought privately to calumniate and reproach him with treachery and infidelity, to which this preſent abſence of his ſeemed to add no ſmall confirmation.

But all theſe obtrectations proved in the end but like Dogs barkings at the Moon, who ſlackens her pace never the more, nor wraps her face in a Cloud never the ſooner, for all his Cholerick yelpings. So *Dapion* ſoon obtained his former favour, when he had informed the King, that the occaſion of his abſence was only an accidental loſt of his way, as he rode out on an Evening for his recreation.

Dapion having continued ſome time in the Court, ſeeks by all means poſſible to acquaint *Florinda*, that he was returned, that ſhe might give him intelligence whether there were any hopes of reconciliation with *Amphigenia*, and whether all endeavors to that purpoſe would be fruitleſs or not.

Florinda having notice by this means that *Dapion* was come, ſecretly repairs to his Chamber, and there tells how deſperate averſe the Lady *Amphigenia* yet continued to all his Sex, and in particular to him, by reaſon of the laſt affront he offered her (for ſo ſhe eſteemed it) but yet incourages him to proſecute his intents, with what prudence and ſecreſie he could, for ſhe ſaid the proſecution of ſuch a deſign required both

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in the full extent of their natures; and moreover she promised him that wherein her assistance could be available, she did oblige her whole power to his service. *Danpion* returning her infinite thanks for her unimitable civilities, takes his leave and goeth and ponders by himself, and at length concludes upon a plot, which in short time he thus puts in execution.

It was when the black brow'd night triumphing over the day, sate shaking her dewy locks in her Ebony throne, having spred her torid Carpet over the sable Hemisphere, and dul-eyed *Morpheus*, with his drooping Charmes, had husht the tyred senses to their rest, when *Danpion* attended on by his Page, secretly steals through the crankling vault, to *Amphigenia*'s Chamber, whom he finds just as the drowsie Deity had benummed her senses, a book in her hand, and her waxen Taper, a Lovers true Hieroglyphick, burning by her, as if composed of Lovers hearts, it had fetcht flames from her eyes, and with those flames consumed it self to ashes. And perceiving the opportunity fit for his intended enterprize, he attires his beautiful Boy like one of heavens swift Pursivants, with golden Wings, which by reason of a private Engine, so poyzed his body in the Air, like *Archytas* Dove, that as if some secret spirit lurkt in those gilded plumes, he could convey himself whether he pleased. About his fair naked body was girt a silken weed, which partly of a Cærulean-colour, sweetly intermixed with purple streaks, seemed as if he had been clothed in a piece of *Aurora's* mantle, and partly of a misty gloomy colour, artificially interwoven with Gold, looked as if he had snatcht a Sun-beam, sheathed in a dewy cloud; that golden Zone that encompassed his middle, looked like the Zodiack, the Jewels wherewith it was embost, like the Planets, and the rich Carbuncle, that served for a button,

button, whose nature is to be most resulgent in the darkest night, shone with so much resplendency, as in the midst of that darkness, it most lightsomely represented the Sun. In the one hand, he put a Harp, and in the other a Letter, which was thus superscribed.

Venus *Queen of Beauty*, to Amphigenia, *her Successor.*

In this Garb he conveys him into the room, through a secret passage, like a trap-door, made in the roof of the Chamber, that he had carved out for that purpose. The lovely Boy, being thus entred into the room, and instructed in all things, gently moves his Air-dividing Pineons, and marrying his sweet quavering voyce, to the Harpes ravishing Airs, as he flys, sings this Song.

Fair Venus *Queen of Beauty's dead,*
And hath bequeath'd her white and red
To Amphigene.
And that her Graces all should lye,
In thee as in a treasury,
Perfectious lovely Queen.
Thus runs her will,
And heavenly powers have sworn it to fulfill.

And those that us'd for to invoke,
Her name, and make her Altars smoke,
With fumes of sighs,
And haunted oft her hallowed shrine,
And owned Love a power divine,
Quotidian votaries,
At her last breath,
(More sweet than Myrrh!) to these she did bequeath:

A coyn made of thy heavenly gold,
With melting flames of love that should
Dissolved be,
And Cupids *image stampt thereon,*
And dol'd about to these, for none
But such deserv't (said she)
And then a groan
She gave, that heav'n eccho'd with the tone;

And sighing said, as she did mone,
I here surrender up my Throne
To Amphigene.
Her eyes refulgent beams must be,
Scepters to rule all hearts, and she
Must now be Beauties Queen:
Go, Boy, proclame,
Through all the world, fair Amphigenia's *fame:*

Scarce this she said, ere she expir'd.
I'me come to do what she desir'd;
Hail Amphigene.
All hearts must now revere, adore
Thy rare perfections, nay yet more,
To thee as Beauties Queen
Admiring eyes
And tongues must tribute pay, and sacrifice.

The powers above, to keep their vows,
With Graces all do Crown thy brows,
Her will t' obey.
Her neckles made by Cupids *arts,*
Of weeping eyes, and bleeding hearts,
Linkt on a fulgent ray
That streaming came
From thy sweet eye, they must restore the same.

The Coach where she triumphant rode,
And thy Idea hath abode,
Is Danpions *heart;*
Thy cheeks must be the milky Doves
By which the Chariot's drawn, by Loves
Transcendent Conquering Art,
And to restrain
Thy tressing curles must be both whip and reign.

Then as a Herald from the powers
Above, the Queens Executors,
Proclame I do,
Thee, Queen of hearts, and Queen of Love
That Angels rules, that dwell above,
And men that live below;
Then here by Jove
And Styx *thou swear'st, thou'lt not a tyrant prove.*

Having sung this Song, as he wav'd to and fro in the room, he gently descends upon the Bed, where *Amphigenia* lay, and delivers her the Letter, which contained thus much.

Let not my death cause thee to entertain any undervaluing thoughts of thy perfections, for though with its sordid embraces it may soil so pure an immaculate transcript, where Nature in Rose tinctured features, as in golden Characters, hath exactly copied out those Excellencies that give immortality to the Gods, yet know, the Original is on file in Heaven, which time with his rusty fingers can never come to defile. Beauty is an immortal Plant springing up in humane soil, an inextinguishable ray of Divinity, or rather an enravishing reflection of the dazling Beams, that stream from Divine Beauty; therefore the powers sublime have decreed

creed, that though in me (ah me!) their protraicture's defac'd, the transcript's soiled, the soil is spoiled, the Plant is withered, the reflection shaded and eclipsed by deaths malevolent interposition; yet that in thee their picture shall more lively be pourtrayed, the transcript varnished, the soil enriched, the Plant transplanted, and the reflection with greater lustre augmented, and the quintessence of that purity which made all hearts adore me, and gave me a divine soveraignty, and unlimited prerogative, must be transmigrated into thee. Then since by the universal determination and suffrage of the Gods, You must succeed me in my dominion, take this advice, as the counsel of a dying Queen, and your predecessor, Avoid these two extremes.

1. Let not your beauty be a pander to venereous desires.

2. Nor let it raise your thoughts to so high a pitch above humane nature, as to disdain any community inferior to divinity.

The consumption of that heap of rich perfections once treasured up in me, sufficiently testifieth the bad consequence that attends the former error. For though my revenews were large, and so large, as that they were not capable of augmentation, without increasing to Infinity, both heaven and earth as tributaries, bringing in the choicest of their treasures, and contending who should most enrich the Exchequer of my beauty, of which I need not trouble you with an Inventory, since in your self you may read the Total summ, yet my too prodigal expence hath made me turn bankrupt, so that now grim death hath arrested me, and would convey me into the earths hollow womb, there endlesly to pore upon my misery, did not fulminating *Jove* pawn his divinity to Bail me. But what need I

use such expressions as these, to one whose unpolluted mind was never yet stained with an unchast thought? Else I might have added, that this counsel is not only consonant to Prudence but Policy, for by that means you may contract an inviolable league with *Diana*, my irreconcileable enemy, whilst I reigned, and procure an union between the two principalities, which otherwise will be a continual pest each to other. But as for the latter extreme, what ever you do, avoid that, as a notorious Solecism in policy, and that that will inevitably tend to the devastation of your Kingdom. For who do ye think will make your sacred Altars smoke with incense, if you incense them with austere reryrednes, and supercilious behaviour, which above all things Lovers hate? If you would have access to your peoples hearts, and be honored and adored in the most recondite parts of their souls, your Throne must not be inaccessible. You will soon find that love-wounded mortals will disdain your Ceremonious rites, if you deny them Hymeneal rights, a fundamental privilege, which all your subjects will claim as their proper inheritance.

Beauty is Natures Ivy-bush, now, you will be a Cheat to the world, if you either sell that thats naught, or there's nought to sell. What would my subjects say of me, think you, if you should prove a superficial Queen, having little of the substance of Royalty, and they should see themselves compelled to embrace a misty resemblance of soveraignty in their affections? truely there's cause to fear, if you should thus simulize *Ixions* Cloud, you'd be forc'd to suffer *Ixions* penalty, endlesly to turn about the Wheel of your Fortune, and spin the thread of your own misery. To shun then both these extremes, and tread upright, verging to neither side, the only Counsel I can give you is this.

On

On the one hand not to debar your self of those Chast sweets, wherein espoused Souls are steeped in Bridal nights; nor on other the hand to drown your intellectuals, by an intemperate quaffing & imbibing in that Cream of sensual delights, which now my too guilty Soul too late bewailes. Let *Hymens* sacred bands conjoyn your Soul with *Danions*. Believe me the Virgin Zone is but a frozen Climate, productive of nothing but congealed desires, and phlegmatick conceits, where the minds Hemisphere is continually over spread with the Sable Clouds of Melancholy, untill the Bridegroom, like the Radiant Sun, darts through his rays, and makes the *Zone* become torrid, and the soil fertil, and melts those conglaciated desires into amorous delights, more sweet than Pearls dissolved in *Nectar*; and this your own experience doth in part testifie; for whence flows that immoderate doting upon that thing called Virginity, which considered in it self, is but a meer negation, and hath no being in nature, but from that Melancholick humor, which distempers those in your state, with a little less than Phanatick frenzy? Philosophers say, that one is no number, if so, your single life renders you nothing, without Nuptial society. Now if you make your choice where I advise you, credit me, he will not prove a Cypher, but augment your number, or if he do resemble a Cypher, it will be in this, that he will encircle you in his Arms with his sweet embracings, and prove an endless Circle of joy and contentment to you. Therefore if the counsel, nay the commands, nay the requests of a dying petitioning woman, yea of a dying petitioning Queen, yea of your poor dying Queen, take any impression upon you, let your thoughts pitch upon him, whose person, parts, and heroick actions, sufficiently render him eligible, by the most accomplished, and transcendently beautiful Lady,

the whole earth can boast of, and such a one I esteem your self to be. Else I could have given innumerable reasons for that choice, deduced from his innumerable perfections, but I thought it would be but to gild the Sun beams, or to refine the pure Elixar of his praise.

Dear *Amphigenia*, having thus unlockt the Cabinet of my breast, and disburthened my thoughts laden with corroding cares, for thine and my peoples good, unto thee, and have given thee some directions, for the better swaying the Scepter I have bequeathed unto thee, which I hope thou wilt not slight, being they are the last gaspings of thy deceasing Queen, and therefore most to be attended to, as Mumcks cloze hath the greatest impression on the hearers passion, it being the compendium of all the preceding notes: I shall now acquaint thee how I have distributed the small remainder of my treasure, and then bid thee farewell.

Imprimis, my Beauty, my choicest Jewel, of highest estimation, I have bequeathed unto thee, not that Nature hath been any thing parsimonious of her gifts unto thee, or that Charity founded on the necessitous condition of the recipient, hath been the directrix of this my benevolence; but should I have bestowed it on another, that had been the ready way to have bred endless dissentions in thy Kingdom, in creating thee a Peer and corrival, which our Sex and State cannot admit of.

Item, My Venereous appetite, I have given to the Nunneries, it being the only means to set on fire *Diana*'s Kingdom with libidinous flames, thereby to compensate the injuries mine hath received from her deluded Votaries.

Item,

Item, The Net wherein my jealous husband insnared *Mars* and me, when we were fighting a Love Duel, and satiating each others unsatiable desires, I leave unto the Stews, to fish for those that swim down the same voluptuous stream.

Item, The Sun-beam, which with such sawcy impudence, durst not only pry into but disclose a Lovers secrets, at the immodest relation of which, in a full assembly of the Gods, *Aurora* ever since hath blushed, I give unto new espoused Lovers to light them to their Bridal Beds; and as for *Phœbus* himself, who sent this bold spye to reveal my shame, I charge you, revenge it, by out-shining him, in his greatest lustre, with your Beauty.

Item, The Golden Ball of Discord, which the fair *Phrygian* Shepherd, on happy *Ida*'s top, adjudged unto me, as the prize of my transcending Beauty, I have left unto the rich Misers, to be a continual cause of unappeasable jarrs, between the three powers of their Souls, the Understanding, Will, and Affections.

Lastly, my Husband *Vulcans* horns, I have bequeathed unto the Citizens of *Trachys*, though they themselves through frigid sterility, have been inclining to *Diana*'s faction, yet for their Wives faithful loyal and ardent zealous affection to, and promotion of, our much despised cause, they are rewarded with them, which will prove as *Cornucopiaes*, filled with off-springs, riches and all terrestrial blessings.

Having thus given thee an Enchiridion, or Breviary of those Legacies, more at large penned down in my Will, I have now nothing to do, but to bid heaven and earth and thee and all farewell: Farewell do I say? Can my evaporating Soul assist my feeble Lungs, in breathing forth that word, and not expire? Oh what a lan-

languor runs through all my defatigated limbs, at the fatal sounding of that deadly world! methinks it rings in my ears just like deaths Orator, the tolling bell, and comes to summon me to the Grave; at the very thought of it my affrighted bloud congeals within my trembling veins, and a faint qualm surrounds my heart, as if a freezing blast from the glaciated Snow on the bleak Alps tops, insinuating it self into all my Pores, besieged my Vitals. Ah! cannot heavens doom be reversed? must I descend to the shades below? must I change my glistering Pall of immortality for deaths winding sheet? Ah! methinks I feel my self already Coffined in his Sable Arms; methinks I hear grim *Charon* plead for an issue; methinks a dark gloomy Cloud interposes between me and the half-obscured light, and enwraps me in a black mourning veil. Then sweet *Amphigenia*, once more farewell, love thy subjects, remember me, be kind to *Danpion*, and therein thou wilt be kind to

VENUS.

Amphigenia that with a pleasant countenance had read part of the Letter, often smiling at *Danpions* subtilty, ere she had perused half, converts her smiles into frowns, and with any angry blushing look, flings the Letter at the Boy, and bids him carry it back to *Danpion*, from whom he received it, and tell him, that he was very profuse in his own praise, and that she very much doubted, whether any of those Hyperbolical commendations were due to any of his Sex living, much less to him; and that if his thoughts were so self advancing, as to repute himself a person so highly accomplished, the way to have others concurr with him in their judgements concerning his rich endowments (which was the thing she presumed he aspired at)

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was not (she said) to reveal so much of his folly; But if he was so ambitious of praise, it had been more wisdom to have had another tongue, and not his own, to be lavish in his praises, or that if he must needs commend himself, it were more honorable to extoll himself by his actions, than by his words; for she was sure the wisest sort of people would esteem him, whose name was renowned for brave exploits, was sounded forth by the Trumpet of fame, to merit higher applause, than he whose own tongue babled forth his own commendations in such an exuberant manner; but truly (said she) for his actions, those that I have had experience of, they give the lye to his expressions. Therefore she bad him advise him to forbear any further troubling of her with his cheating follies, for (she said) he did but delude himself, in imagining he should delude her.

The Boy hearing this, nimbly snatched up the Letter, and with his wings fanning out the light, that he might not be perceived how he vanished, he swiftly cuts through the fluid Air, and ascends to the top of the room, where the passage through which he entred was ready open for his return; so that after he had delivered himself out of that delightful prison, he neatly closes again the breach, and flyes to *Dampion*, to acquaint him with the success of the plot, who having all this while sate in the dark Vault, was not ignorant of most of these passages. But when he was more fully informed, how she suspected the plot, and with what disdain and fury she tossed the letter to his Page, he presently hasts to his Chamber, commands his Boy to be absent, and flings himself on his bed, permits not his senses to take the least repose, but sometimes walks up and down the room, lamenting his condition, and then tossing himself on his Couch, exclames against all wo-

women, and upbraids himself of folly, to be insnared and captived with such an inconstant vanity. But then he would condemn himself for calumniating that Sex, when *Amphigenia*'s vertues are sufficient testimonies of the incomparable excellencies that generous Nature confers upon them.

In this restless manner he consumed most part of the night, having his thoughts distracted between despair and grief, which like two potent factions in a kingdom, bred a civil war in his breast, the event of which tended not to the predominancy of either, but only to a total exclusion of *Morpheus*, from usurping dominion over his turmoiled senses, grown almost senseless with those rude broyls. But then summoning his wonted fortitude, and invincible patience, under all the adverse storms of fortune, he now begins to banish sorrow and despair from him, and to rebuke himself for his effeminate submission to his passion. What (said he) shall I, who never yet was daunted with the terrours of an enemies murtherous sword, and who durst assault an army of *Gorgons*, Harpyes, Furies, and all the infernal Apes and Monsters listed in *Plutos* Militia, shall I now be forced to retreat from my resolutions with a Females frowns? and be now compelled to subjugate my self to every domineering passion? though I love *Amphigenia*, and for her sake would freely uncase my soul, and (were it in my power) transform it into a Jewel, which if I thought she would vouchsafe to honour with acceptance, I'de present her, as a testimony of pure affection; yet *Amphigenia* shall never make me unman my self, and degenerate from my masculine æquanimity into a leaden feminine spirit, whose embased flexibleness will bend and yield to every cross mischance that thwarts their desires. And what though I love *Amphigenia*, must I therefore do

that

that that will make me hate my self? No, henceforth I am resolved to abandon all abject discontent and grief, and leave whining despair to those dejected souls, who conscious of their own small worth, become Loves footballs, and suffer themselves to be kicked and spurned by tyrannizing Beauty. And though the imperious Mistress of my captived heart, doth yet retain her austere reservedness, yet she is a woman, and if a woman, light and unconstant, as the fleeting Air, or floating wave; and therefore as the Air is now stormy, and anon serene, the wave now rough, and anon calm; so who knows how soon she may calm and smooth her stormy brow, and be of a milder aspect? it is but waiting till her gamesome vein surprize her, and expell her rigid thoughts, and then she will be as toyish, as now she is coy. But stay, who is it, that my thoughts thus malapertly presume to accuse of levity, coyness, retyredness, and what not? is it not *Amphigenia*? *Amphigenia*, the model of heaven, the Paragon of Beauty, the glory of Nature, the worlds ornament, the pride of *Thessalia*, and the Mistress of my heart? *Amphigenia* whose peerless perfections so far transcend the Criticism of Owl-ey'd judgement, as that their dazling lustre renders them even unapprehensible, much more incomprehensible, and most of all uncontrovertible. Can my dim-sighted soul then think to discern a spot in that resplendent Beauty, whose refulgent rays, though seen but by reflection in my thoughts, obscure its purblind sight, with a dusky mist? what if she be coy, and inexorable to the Petitions of her poor Love-sick suppliants? it may be she is an Angel clad in flesh, and if so, her purity debars all thoughts of humane conjunction, but if not, she is a woman clothed with Angelical Beauty, and that thought subverts all hopes of fruition. Her body though framed by Nature,

of

of a marvellous Architecture, yet is but a temporary Cell, where her immaculate Soul, for the freer and more uninterrupted commerce with heaven, separated from all converse may reside, exchanging sacred and sublime meditations, the most pure offerings and sweet exhalations of a Chast uncontaminated mind, for divine enthusiasms and inspirations. Shall I then to purchase this transitory Cell, sell my joys, my life, my rest, my heart and all? no my immaterial Soul will not admit of commixture with the most refined earth, and therefore it is not her corporal part alone, though moulded into an Angelical form, that doth rapt my heart with a transporting affection; but her Soul, her vertuous Soul, whose beams shining through her eyes, as through a Crystal medium, reflect round her face, and exhale my affections; but alas! that's too much wedded to Virginity, and taken up with the ravishing delicacies of Chastity, ever to be adulterated and ravished with passion, so as to parturiate amorous desires, the off-springs of love-enthralled souls. Despair then henceforth shall be the sable hearse of my disturbing thoughts, I'le now compose my interior, disordered by the jarrings of rebellious passions, and make my irrational part resign and surrender up all her faculties to the governance and direction of my intellectuals. And if my discourteous Stars have not destined me to that happiness, to be linked in matrimonial union, with such a superexcellent Beauty, and to have our hearts dissolved into one, with the ardent flames of pure affection; I must frame a content, and make my Soul acquiesce in heavens determination. But if the kind fates have decreed the contrary, I shall with unwearied patience await, till the happy hour of *Amphigenia*'s miraculous conversion (Elixar-like) shall turn all my tormenting thoughts, and corroding anxieties into true bliss and contentation. Thus

Thus did *Danpion* sacrifize the night to the vigils of a restless mind, till about the dawning of the day, when night grown gray with age, began to flye with his train of Stars, before *Titans* flaming horses, which were now climing up the gilded Horizon; when leaping out of his bed, he went down into the shady walks, to solace himself in that Paradise of delights; but he had not walked many paces, ere his ear was arrested with a voice, which according it self to a Lutes mollitious Aires, was so harmoniously rapturous, as none but would have thought it to have been some Seraphim, who blest with a treble portion of Celestial joys, in an extasie warbled forth his own happiness; so far did it surpass the *Pythagorean* accents. These heart-rapting strains could not but extort attention from *Danpions* ravished ear, so that stealing neerer, the more to satiate his avaritious ears with that vocal melody (which was but parsimoniously conveyed unto him at that distance, as if the niggardly Grove had treasured up those Soul-inchanting notes, to inrich its winged inhabitants) he heard this Song.

The Antiphone.

Chorus *Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,*
Thou hast expell'd the dusky night,
And Sol *begins to mount on high,*
And marry Tellus *to the skie.*
Each thing attir'd in's best array,
Its purest sweets now doth display,
As if this was its bridal day.
Why should not we then court and toy,
And lovers purest bliss enjoy?

Treble.

Treble. *In pearly drops the morning weeps,*
And in this dew, her sorrow steeps,
To see her self excell'd so far.
Base. *She blushes in thy Cheek to see,*
So sweet a Crimson dy to be,
With which her tincture can't compare.
Chorus. *Thus we consume the Crystal day,*
And hours and minutes fly away,
Whilst here we sit and court and toy,
And Lovers rapting bliss enjoy.

Chorus. *The Turtles chast with billings sweet*
Unite their souls, whilst bills do meet,
The Rose unfolds its spicy sweets,
With them the purple morning greets,
And marrys her perfumes to th' Air,
The earth and skie now clad most rare
Pride it like a new married pair.
Why should not we then Court and toy,
And Lovers purest bliss enjoy?
Treble. *The Rosie morn these drops doth shed,*
As tears, that Sol *her spicy bed*
So soon will leave, and from her go.
Base. *Oh, no, they fall to kiss the Roses,*
Which thy pure Snowy Cheeks incloses,
And in that bed of Lilies grow.
Chorus. *Thus we consume the Crystal day,*
And hours and minutes fly away,
Whilst here we sit and court and toy,
And Lovers rapting bliss enjoy.

Chorus. *The winged Angels of the Groves,*
In shady boughs do chant their loves,
The early Larks to sing agree,
This sweet days Epithalamie,

Ecchо

Eccho transform'd by heavenly powers,
To' a voice, that haunts the Groves and Bowers,
Doth seek t' espouse her strains to ours.
Why should not we then court and toy,
And Lovers purest bliss enjoy?

Treble. *Look how the wanton air doth dance,*
And then as charm'd into a trance,
Listens to hear thy warbling airs.

Base. *The wanton wind from thy sweet lips*
A kiss doth steal, and then it skips
For Sanctuary' into thy hairs.

Chorus. *Thus we consume the Crystal day,*
And hours and minutes fly away,
Whilst here we sit and court and toy,
And Lovers rapting bliss enjoy.

Chorus. *The leaves now fann'd with* Zephyr's *wings,*
Marry their gentle mutterings,
To th' murm'rings of the streams beneath,
Still purling, as the air doth breath,
The silver streams, that gently creep,
And seem in Crystal tears to weep,
Marry the senses to their sleep.
Why should not we then court and toy,
And Lovers happiness enjoy?

Treble. *Look how the days bright Harbinger,*
Stands still thy charming voice to hear,
The Orbs melodious tones despising.

Base. *Look how* Hyperion *sends a ray,*
To see if thou wilt rule the day,
And seeing thee blushes at his rising.

Chorus. *Thus we consume the Crystal day,*
And hours and minutes fly away,
Whilst here we sit and court and toy,
And Lovers rapting bliss enjoy.

Chorus.

Chorus. *Fair* Phil'mele *on her thorny seat,*
As she doth quav'ring notes repeat,
And sing away the winged hours,
Doth strive to espouse her airs to ours.
Sometimes in plain, then by and by,
She descants sweet, whilst we reply.
And thus we procreate harmony.
Why should not we then court and toy,
And Lovers rapting bliss enjoy?

Treble. *Prethee no more hyperbolize,*
Loves sweetest speech comes from thine eyes,
Whose powerful language charmes my soul.

Base. *Oh charming word! curst be that hour,*
When thy commands shall have no power,
My soul to guide, rule, and controul.

Chorus. *Thus we consume the Crystal day,*
And hours, and minutes fly away,
Whilst here we sit and court and toy,
And Lovers rapting bliss enjoy.

Danpion, that for a while lay as it were lulld into a Trance, with the Musicks sweet modulations, as if his Captived Soul had been fettered with the trembling strings, and imprisoned in the Lutes charming Womb, now began to be arowsed with a new swarm of stinging desires, whose inordinate Curiosity would not be satisfied, until he had repaired unto the place whence those Harmonious Accents came, that so with the sight of their Author, he might mitigate the Martyrdom he suffered under his tyrannizing-thoughts. But he soon redeemed his enslaved mind, with a full surplusage of Content, when at his arrival at that blest *Elizium*, he beheld the two great Shaters in his Soul, *Periander* and *Florinda*, sitting together on a green Bank, under the pro-

protection of a ſpreading-Oak, and with their agreeing Voices, ſweetly expreſſing the internal Harmony of their concording Souls; who no ſooner had fixt their eyes upon him, and knew him to be *Dapion*, but they aroſe, and with pleaſing looks, and humble deportments, the Orators of true Reſpect, and Affection, thus accoſted him:

Our good Angel, My Lord (ſaid *Florinda*) is exceeding Prodigal of his favours to day, to bleſs us with the felicity of your company too, this ſweet Morning. Vouchſafe me your Pardon, Madam, (ſaid *Dapion*) for preſuming thus to interrupt your ſweet confederation: how much the harmonious Accents, theſe ſweet Off-ſprings of your Angel-voyce tranſported me, is not within the power of my raviſhed thoughts to impart unto you.

Your Hyperbolical expreſſions, My Lord, almoſt perſwade me to a belief, that my mean Voyce had charmed you out of your ſelf, but that I am too much acquainted with my own inability to effect things leſs miraculous: My ſelf muſt witneſs againſt my ſelf for my own imperfections, which would ſoon appear, were they put to the teſt of an impartial judgement. But (my Lord) I am not a ſtranger to your Rhetorical vein.

Madam (ſaid *Dapion*) I muſt acknowledge you have conquered me; yet, were not I ſo rapt with the wonder of your Vertues and Excellencies, that my Brains incapable to compoſe a Reply, I could alſo ſay, that benign Heavens have ſo often bleſt me with your ſociety, that neither am I wholly unacquainted with your wonted modeſty, under which it was alwaies your endeavour to maſk your Excellencies, and with which, as a diminiſhing Glaſs, you ever ſought to leſſen your Perfections. But Madam (ſaid he) they are too ſu-

ſpicuous, ever to be concealed with ſuch a tranſparent Veil; Modeſty rather ſets a Crimſon gloſs upon the reſt, and is but a lively Frontiſpiece, containing a ſhort *Enchiridion* of your Perfections.

Well, My Lord (ſaid ſhe) Women are the weaker Sex, and therefore however we ſeem to veil thoſe things you are pleaſed to interpret Perfections, I 'm ſure we muſt veil to you; but this I muſt take the liberty to ſay, That the knowledge of my own little worth is too much fixed in my thoughts, ever to be unriveted by any Artifice whatſoever. Nor ſhall any Rhetorick Madam, (ſaid he) ever taviſh from me the belief of your Excellencies.

After theſe, and many other the like ſpeeches that paſſed betwixt them, *Dorpion* related the ſtory of his unhappy love, what means he had uſed to accompliſh his deſires, but how ineffectual; how he had rackt his Wit, and ſet all poſſibilities on the Tenters of his Invention; but how froward Fortune, the ſworn Enemy to Vertue, and Vertuous Lovers, had oppoſed his Endeavours, and how more than all *Amphigenia* had loaden his misfortune with her heavy diſpleaſure, ſo that all his Hopes were now Metamorphoſed into Deſpair.

Periander and *Florinda*, whoſe own Experiences had taught them how to pity an unfortunate Lover, could not but commiſerate his hopeleſs condition, ſo that they paſſed away much time in conſulting how to lead him out of thoſe mazing intricacyes he was involved in; till at length, much of the riches of the Morning being conſumed, and *Titan* having drunk his Mornings-draught of Cryſtal-dew, *Florinda* not daring to continue any longer, upon peril of diſcovery, and a total forfeiture of *Amphigenia*'s Favour, with many Kiſſes and Embraces (a Lovers ſweeteſt Eloquence) took

leave

Gylcera surprized by a Pirate, page 195.

leave of *Periander*, and with a graceful deportment, bid farewel to *Danpion*; after whose departure, *Periander* informed *Danpion* what great misfortunes had of late befallen a Beautiful and Vertuous, but unfortunate Lady, whose Redemption (he said) would exact his presence for a time. *Danpion* being importunate to hear the story, *Periander* thus related it.

Glycera the Nunn (said he) that hath so surprized *Pandion's* affections, as if the Heavens had frowned upon her, because she frowned upon him, hath of late undergone such calamities in *Cyprus*, (as we are informed by a Knight, that not long since was a sad Spectator of her more sad misery) such, I say, as would Challenge the Tribute of a River of Tears, from an Ocean of Grief; such as would compel the dryest Eye to bleed or weep, and by as it were an Elemental transmutation, make the most flinty heart evaporate in aiery fumes of sighs, or dissolve into a Lake of Tears: For no sooner had she escaped out of the Nunnery, but a cursed Pirate snatcht her up, and conveyed her to his Ship, where he daily solicited her to part with her Chastity, more precious to her than her life; but she abhorring the motion, continually rejected him, so that in the end, that Rebel to Vertue, hells first-born, and heir inheriting its damnable practices, perceiving himself to be slighted, and no means to accomplish his hell-bred desires, resolved to crop the sweet bud of her Virginity by force, and rob her of that rich Cargazoon of Vertue, which her sweet soul bound for heaven contained; and to that end having on a day most importunately urged her, with all the intreaties and intitements, a hell-inspired mind could invent, seeing all in vain, locks his Cabin door, and seizeth upon her like a Hawk upon the innocent Dove, whilst she (poor Lady) trembled under his tallons, like a Lamb new yean-

ed on a sheet of Snow, and falls down upon her knees, and begged for heavens sake, for Vertues sake, and for his own sake, as he would not have the Sea open her devouring jaws, and intomb him alive in her vast womb, as he would not have the Clouds distill down vengeance upon his head, not to make her innocency become a prey to his lust.

This said, she wept the rest, bedewing her Lillyed Cheeks with Crystal tears. But he, Marble-hearted Villain, pourtraying in his loathed countenance, a doleful image of what hells cursed imps animated him unto, not at all daunted with the Majesty of sorrow, that sate enwrapped in a Snowy veil, nor moved with her words, whose woful accents would have melted the most obdurate heart, and charmed the most mercilesse soul into commiseration, gripes her in his Arms, and flings his hellish deformed Carkass upon her, and thus indeavours to possess him of those sweet treasures, which had been more fit to have been reaped by some heaven-blest, earth-adored Monarch, than by the filthy hand of such a lust-defiled wretch.

But alas! she (poor Lady) when through the liquid medium of her tears, she saw, that in despight of her weak strugling, she must part with her Virginity, that redolent perfume, which had wont to ascend to heaven, as the sweet sacrifice of her Chast mind, how did she blush, and weep, and wring her hands, as if she would squeeze tears from them too, and then look pale, as if grief had wrapped her beauty in the winding sheet of a Snowy paleness, being ready to be buried with her Vertue in the loathsome Grave of his lust? and then blush again, as ashamed to think of her shame, and weep as if his lustful flames had thawed her very soul into tears; tears that like Pearls, heart-breaking sor-

sorrow, woes factor, had brought from the crimson orient of her blushing Beauty; but then a Lillyed paleness would exile the Vermilion redness, and look like a Lawn sheet cast over a bed of Roses. One while the thoughts of her dying honor, but never-dying reproach, would dye her Cheeks with a Crimson tincture, as if her heart bleeding for her misery meant to send some streams out at the Crystal sluces of her eyes, but ah! they were anticipated by an inundation of tears. And then the thoughts of her afflicted, forsaken, hopeless condition, the sad thoughts of her unheard, unpittyed, unhelpt distress; ah! but the killing soul-vulnerating thoughts of her wofull dishonor, at length quite changed her countenance (sweet countenance, in which there shined a delicate lovelineſs, a lovely Majesty, a majestick sweetness, to the inthralling of adoring minds) I say quite changed her sweet countenance to a gastly look, as if the lovely Roses of her Beauty would not grow in that Garden, where he planted his rapes, or as if that white immaculate innocency that had hitherto dived into the bottom of her heart, and there inshrined it self, now grown light, did swim in the top, and cover her face with a pallid whiteness, as if it came to kiss her cheeks, and take its last farewell; or rather to supplicate heaven for speedy assistance with shriller cryes, than any her feeble voice could utter.

The all-ruling powers, that are seldom inexorable to the heaven-penetrating shrieks of distressed innocency, had thus far permitted this flagitious mechator to proceed in his accursed enterprise, when just (oh unjust act, but just heaven, for so merciful a prevention!) just, I say, as he went to unload his lust, she gave a shriek, as if sorrow had eccho-like pin'd her very soul to a voice, that it resounded through all the parts of the

Ship, like some horrid cry of a guilt-surrounded soul, newly snatcht from the chai'y prison of its body, and delivered up before it is aware to the immortal pains of the other world; which arriving at the ears of the Seamen, they like men amazed, in a mad confusion presently run to the Masters Cabbin, and force open his door, where they beheld this dismall spectacle, the Master endeavouring to abuse the dead body of a beautiful Lady (for when she saw that the powers above would permit him to despoil her of her Vertue, her Chast soul, as abhorring to share with her fair consort the body, in so detestable a misery, fled to heaven to impetrate revenge.)

This woful sight could not but exact tears from a pumice, so that though their hearts hardned by a frequent performance of horrid actions would not relent at ordinary griefs, yet this disaster wrung such testimonies of a true sympathizing sorrow, as no imagination could conceive greater.

The Master, when he saw himself thus surprized in the midst of his barbarous impiety, started up and stood a while with all his faculties attached, with the raging agony of a furious passion; but though his silent tongue could pay no tribute to his madness, yet did his hideous countenance in the terrors of an affrighting look, decipher the desperate fury of his enraged mind, whilst his frothing mouth foamed out a dumbe reply; till at length with extremity of passion arrouzed out of his hellish trance, he vomits forth a stream of monstrous oaths, as if he went to conjure down a legion of infernal spirits, and bans his men to the pit of hell, and stamps and swears, as if he would tear the Furies out of *Tartarus*, and binds his soul with an ear-rending oath, hells damned language, to make fish-meat of all those audacious villains, that durst interturb him in this

this mutinous manner; and with that he begins with the fair Corps of the dead Lady, having ravished her soul from her, though not her vertue.

But no sooner did *Thetis* in her Cærulean arms embrace this sweet body, but on a suddain, the Sun, as ashamed that his beams should be accessary to such an execrable deed, muffled up himself in sable clouds, and the sky (as enraged that the mercilesse Sea should make prize of that that heaven onely could lay claim unto) musters together whole Armies of clouds to besiege it, the Sea to fortifie it self against heavens furious assaults, raised up cloud-scaling mountains, and tosses the Ship as if it meant to dart it at the skys; with that all the airy inhabitants of the middle region rendezvouz together, and erect vast Towers in the sky, from whence heavens Cannon-shot is discharged with such a roaring noise, as if the worlds Axle-tree were snapt in sunder, and both the Poles jumbled together; the rowling billows, foaming with madness, clamber up to the clouds, where as it were pregnant with night, they are delivered of a horrid darkness, such a darkness, as if all hells cursed inhabitants had belched forth a sable fume, or as if the steam that ascends from burning *Phlegeton*, *Pluto's* Cauldron, had over-spread the Hemisphere. Mean while the distracted Seamen run up and down in a hurly burly, rending the air, and their throats with confused bawling; the Master bans and raves and storms at the Storm, and commands neither himself nor they know what, for all his Sea gibberish is born away with the wind, as fast as born out of his sluce-like mouth; the Sails are torn in rags from the Yards, the Yards and Masts shivered in splinters, and the Shrowds snapt like burnt twine, mean while the raging Surges mount and rowl, as if Death were making warry tombes wherein to intert these heaven-be-

sieged Souls. At length a breaking Billow came tumbling along, and boarded the ship with such a force, as split her in pieces, and rent her stemm from her stern. The poor drowning men to save their lives catcht hold some on the Prow, others on the Poop, some on the Masts, others on the Boat, But *Neptune* bowl'd his waves so fast, that they were soon overwhelmed, and made a prey to the greedy fishes, as the Master had sworn. The Master, whose execrable villany had brought this destruction upon his men, had notwithstanding awhile saved himself in the Long-boat, and began to bless himself with the hopes of escape, but just Heaven would not permit such wickedness to go unpunished, nor *Glyceras* death to go unrevenged, but sent a furious gust, which transported a breaking billow into the boat, and both transported him to the Port of death, and that his death might be the more signal, there came two Sharkes just as he was thrown out of the Boat, and contending for his body, tare it in pieces.

No sooner had heavens blustring executioners put their just doom in execution, but there grew a truce between the Winds and Seas, the Sun giving his Beams as Hostages for the heavens, the Sea demolishing its lofty rampiers, and both Seas and Skies smiling each on other, in token the powers above were pacified. Many small vessels that were fishing, some on the Coast of *Peloponnesus*, others by *Cyprus*, and others amongst the *Ægean* Islands, were cast away in this storm, some wrackt on the shore, others foundred in the Seas, some over-set, and others split against the Rocks, so that few or none escaped, excepting one small fisher Boat, that had seasonably disburthened it self of her Masts and goods, and all things that might make her swim deep in the Sea, and with a small Sail, fastned to the

main

main Yard, that then ſerved for a Maſt, ſpooned afore the Wind, and by that means nimbly mounting over the lofty waves, and again gently deſcending into the low valleys, it ſaved it ſelf in the midſt of that hideous tempeſt; but yet was driven from the *Euxine* promounts, to the place where this Ship was wracked, that is between *Peloponneſus*, and the Iſland of *Cyprus*.

This Veſſel thus toſſed hither, by that time the raging Winds were appeaſed, and the Seas allayed, might diſcern ſome ribs of the torn Carkaſs of the Ship, floating to and fro on *Neptunes* bowling-green, and here and there Bailes of goods, Cheſts and Trunks ſwimming up and down; which the Fiſhermen perceiving, conjecturing that they were the goods of ſome Ship toſſed in the late ſtorm, they loaded their Veſſel with thoſe things that were of moſt worth, and ſailed towards *Cyprus*, intending there to Merchandiſe their ſpoils; but by that time they had ſailed about three hours, the weather growing more and more Serene, the Sun in his moſt gliſtring attire courting the Sea, and the Sea to appear more lovely, ſmoothing her face from wrinkles, and the ſky clipping and embracing the Sea with a clear Horizon, they might diſcern in a proſpective glaſs at a great diſtance, ſomething move upon the Sea like a man, and (as they thought) caſting his arms to and fro, to cry for ſuccour; they with all ſpeed make to him, and within half an hour, came ſo neer as to perceive it to be a woman, by her diſhevelled hair, but ſtill as faſt as they ſailed to overtake her, ſhe made from them, that in the end they thought her to be ſome Mermaid, ſo that they were clapping on all the Canvaſs they had ſaved in the ſtorm, to make haſte from her, but by that time they had ſailed ſome few leagues, they deſcryed her making towards them, with ſo much ſwiftneſs, as they thought it in vain to flye from her,

but

but rather determined to stay, untill she came up with them, which was in a short time, for by that time they had put their Sails in the wind, she was come so neer as they might discern it to be a sorrowful Lady, sitting (as on horseback) on a Dolphin, her face, the Index of a grieved mind, seemed to be beauties Coffin, wherein in lamentable Characters, there seemed to be engraven this Epitaph, *Here lys heart-enthralling beauty, murdered by heart-breaking sorrow.* Fain would her breath formed into words, have broken the sweet prison of her trembling lips, but grief, their tyrannous Jaylor, would not permit it, but converted them into groans. At length giving liberty to her tongue to Midwive the dolours which her heart pregnant with was in travel withall, she with lamentable demeanor thus spake.

Ah wo is me, wo is me (said she) but then the tears interrupted her speech, and her eyes to assist her fainting voice in sorrows doleful language, discourst her griefs, but then tears again as it were ratifyed into sighs, and sighs framed into words, she thus lamented her condition.

Ah (said she) little did I ever think that heaven had thus many plagues in store for me. Never was poor woman distrest like me; as though one death were not enough to kill a poor dying woman, but I must daily be tormented with partial deaths, that methinks tear my soul piece-meal from my body; Oh! shew some mercy to a miserable wretch, a helpless, hopeless, forlorn, forsaken woman, beset with remedilesse dolours, and pity my sorrows, as you would ever hope that heaven should commiserate you, when you are besieged with the terrors of death-threatning calamities, which how soon may be your lot is known only to the great disposer of our fates.

These

These doleful expressions, expressed so dolefully by a Lady beleagured with extremity of misery, would have scrued tears from a Rock, and made an Adamant turn *Niobe*, but yet took no impression upon the Master, but he rather (like an inhumane Churl) commands them to sail away, What (said he) have we nothing to do but to mind a fooliſh womans babling? let her alone to prate to the Dolphin, and mind you your employments. But no sooner had he tacked about to be gone, but the poor Lady gave a shriek would have rent a heart in sunder, and cryed out to them as loud as her feeble voice could utter; Oh! (said she) have your hearts made a league with cruelty? though your ears should be deaf to the lamentable crys of a distreſt woman, yet methinks, your eyes might intercede a little for me with your rocky hearts. Oh that ever so much barbarous immanity should lodge in humane souls! methinks it might shame you to see a Dolphin more merciful than your selves. Shame, do I say? alas shame is vertues attendant, and resides not where vertue is exil'd, and vertue is ever exil'd from an obdurate heart. Oh you powers above, will you give no truce to my sorrows? must I be quite bereft of all relief? and then she gave a groan, as if she had torn her vital strings, and lifting up her eyes and hands, she thus implored Heaven:

Since it is your will (said she) to drench and pickle up my soul in Briny sorrows, to preserve it pure and untainted, and that the stormy gusts of adverse fortune must drive me through a Sea of Tears, ere I can arrive at the Haven that shall put an end to the turmoiling Navigation of this life; Oh then (said she) let this also be your will, that when that atome of time, that inconsiderable instant that links past and future, shall unlink my soul from my body; then, oh then, let it

it arrive at that blest *Elizium*, where one eternal indivisible moment chains refined souls to an immortality of unconceivable felicity.

The Fisher-men hearing these woful complaints, began to be enraged at the Masters savage cruelty, and in a mutinous manner, with threatnings compelled him to relieve her; the *Dolphin* all this time, as if by some instinct from Heaven, swimming so near the Vessel, as that they could cast a Rope to draw her in; which in the end they did, the Master not daring to oppose.

The Vessel thus fraught, with more Treasure than all the Eastern Junks or Caravans, (her Eyes rich Caskets of Diamonds, containing more Gems, and her Breath more Aromatick Spices, than ever yet adorned and perfumed the Orient) moved with soft and gentle Gales, thus smoothly slyded along the Seas Briny surface, for the space of 48 hours; at the end of which, they arrived at *Cyprus*.

The Master, who while he was at Sea, terrified with the bold threatnings of his men, durst not vent his Cruelty towards this poor Lady; yet being at *Cyprus*, he resolved to revenge the affronts he received for her sake, upon her; and to that end, one night, when he had after great intreaties, given her his promise for permission to go ashore, he unknown to any, sold her to an ill-favoured Rustick, that had all the marks of Deformity almost about him; who in a rude manner haled her ashore, and that night conveyed her to his Cottage, some miles distant from the Sea, intending the next morning to compleat his felicity by marriage.

But when *Glycera* saw that Heaven had redeemed her out of a Purgatory of misery, to fling her into a Hell of calamities, Oh, with what doleful lamentations did she (sad Lady) consume the night? Now wring her hands and groan, as if she rang her own Knell; and then

weep

weep and ſob, as if her Eyes and Lungs, rivalls in Sorrow, had contended which ſhould expreſs moſt to the life, a killing Paſſion. Sometimes her fainting ſpirits, as not able to endure the intollerable tyranny of domineering Grief, would ſeem condenſed into Tears, which diffuſed through the flood-gates of her Eyes, would leave her ſurprized with dying languor: but then her ſenſes reſtored to their natural functions, ſorrow, with a vigorous impetuouſneſs, would break the damms of moderation, and like a Torrent for a while reſtrained, return with greater fury. Sometimes ſhe would begin to importune Heaven for mercy: O thou great Rector of our Deſtinies (ſaid ſhe) muſt my heart be the Rendeſvouz, where all miſeries meet? Thou art the Circumference, from whence theſe black lines of Adverſity ſtream; muſt I be the Centre where they terminate? Oh let not tyrannizing ſorrow uſurp thy Prerogative over all my Faculties, and ſubject thoſe Powers to its Rule, which onely ought to obey thy Divine Impoſitions: Oh deſtroy not the ſoul which thou haſt made, nor let my Perdition anticipate that Glory which thou didſt propoſe to thy ſelf in my Creation; but ſhew mercy, if ever ſhew mercy, ſhew mercy to one ſubmerſt in miſery.

Having ſaid this, ſhe would pauſe a while, as it were liſtning what Anſwer Heaven would return, and with ſome faint ſighs, ſeem as it were to parley with Death; and then a chilly Paleneſs would arreſt her Countenance, as if Heaven, mindeful of her Petitions, had hung out their white Flagg of Truce, and diſplayed it in her face, as a Token of that inviolable League, ſhould ere long be contracted between her ſoul, and eternal Bliſs; and that now they were ſending their black Embaſſador Death, to ſign and ſeal the Articles.

Dear *Dampion* excuſe me, if I am thus Copious in the rela-

relation of this ſad Ladies misfortune; but truly, when I heard the ſtory firſt related by the Knight (that (as I told you) lately came from *Cyprus*, and heard her ſelf relate, what his eyes were not ſpectators of) I could not but ſilently bequeath ſome drops to the ground; drops do I ſay? Alas, had I not been in *Pandion*'s preſence, but where I might have let looſe the reigns to my Paſſion, I could have drowned my ſelf in Tears; for methoughts I felt my vey ſoul transformed into ſorrow it ſelf. But to proceed, thus I ſay, She lamentably ſpent this lamentable night, in Weeping, Sighing, Sobbing, Groaning, Praying, till the bright morning had diſpelled the ſhadowes of the miſty night, and *Aurora* wrapping up her face in a Vermilion-mantle, ſilently bewailed her ſorrows in Cryſtal Tears.

When *Lacon* (for ſo was the Ruſtick named) awaked by his own loud ſnoring, called to mind his new Bride, and raviſhed with joy, his heart clambring up into his mouth, almoaſt choaked him with exceſs of contentment, he ariſes, and in haſte runs to bleſs his Eyes with the ſight of her Beauty, and ere he or ſhe was aware, ſtumbles upon her, who had choſen the darkeſt corner in the Cottage, to lament her miſeries; and when ſhe ſaw her ſelf thus ſurprized, modeſty ſo ſweetly apparelled her Face, in a Vermilion veſture, as that her Cheeks, beſprinkled with Tears, looked like Roſes impearled with Heavenly dew.

No ſooner did *Lacon* behold his new Sweet-hearts ſweet-heart-attracting feature, but her Eyes, that might vye Stars with Heaven, darted ſuch ſparkling glances, as ſoon ſet on fire the tinder of his Affections; ſo that tranſported with the Extaſies of love, he boyſtrouſly ſeizeth on her, and after his rude manner, proffers to fix the Seal of his Affections on her melting Lips: Come (ſaid he) ſweet Lombe, let me buſs thy Ho-

Honny-combe Lips, and with that, by force he ſmackt her, as if he was ſucking the ſweet contained in thoſe Vermilion Hives of Beauty.

Much of the day being ſpent in this manner, *Lacon* Wooing, and *Glycera* Weeping, he ſlabbering her Cheeks with his frothy Lips, and ſhe bedewing his with her Pearly Tears, at length he reſolved to conſummate his joyes with Marriage, and compels her to go with him to *Venus*-Temple, to ſacrifize a pair of Turtle-Doves, thereby to procure the Goddeſſes Benediction. But all the way as ſhe went, ſuch a Mart of Beauties met in her ſweet Countenance, as purchaſed her as many Admirers, as Beholders, and Beholders, as Perſons; her Eyes inviting all eyes to behold, and her ſuper-eminent Excellencies, alluring all Beholders to adore her; ſo that few there were, whoſe Sex rendred them not incapable to enjoy her Perfections, but would have even pawned their ſouls to have bought ſo rich a Treaſury of Beauties.

Her beautious Face, wherein ſhined the Perfection of all Perfections, was a viſible heart-melting Muſick; which, as if compoſed of Charmes, entranc't Spectarors, and ſtruck Harmonious Raptures into adoring mindes. Thus were the Eyes, and Hearts, and Tongues of all led Captive by her Beauty, and forced to pay the Tribute of looking, loving, and commending, to the ſoveraignty of her Excellencies.

At length Superſtition wedded to Admiration, begat a conceit in their mindes, that ſure ſhe was more than what her external form ſpake her to be; for there ſeemed a greater mixture of Divine Exellencies in her Beauty, than ever frail Mortality could boaſt of; and her tranſcendent Glories ſeemed to run Parallel with thoſe that have bribed Superſtitious ſouls to aſcribe Divinity to *Venus*: ſo that in the end, they thought it the high-

relation of this sad Ladies misfortune; but truly, when I heard the story first related by the Knight (that (as I told you) lately came from *Cyprus*, and heard her self relate, what his eyes were not spectators of) I could not but silently bequeath some drops to the ground; drops do I say? Alas, had I not been in *Pandion*'s presence, but where I might have let loose the reigns to my Passion, I could have drowned my self in Tears; for methoughts I felt my vey soul transformed into sorrow it self. But to proceed, thus I say, She lamentably spent this lamentable night, in Weeping, Sighing, Sobbing, Groaning, Praying, till the bright morning had dispelled the shadowes of the misty night, and *Aurora* wrapping up her face in a Vermilion-mantle, silently bewailed her sorrows in Crystal Tears.

When *Lacon* (for so was the Rustick named) awaked by his own loud snoring, called to mind his new Bride, and ravished with joy, his heart clambring up into his mouth, almost choaked him with excess of contentment, he arises, and in haste runs to bless his Eyes with the sight of her Beauty, and ere he or she was aware, stumbles upon her, who had chosen the darkest corner in the Cottage, to lament her miseries; and when she saw her self thus surprized, modesty so sweetly apparelled her Face, in a Vermilion vesture, as that her Cheeks, besprinkled with Tears, looked like Roses impearled with Heavenly dew.

No sooner did *Lacon* behold his new Sweet-hearts sweet-heart-attracting feature, but her Eyes, that might vye Stars with Heaven, darted such sparkling glances, as soon set on fire the tinder of his Affections; so that transported with the Extasies of love, he boystrously seizeth on her, and after his rude manner, proffers to fix the Seal of his Affections on her melting Lips: Come (said he) sweet Lombe, let me buss thy Ho-

Honny-combe Lips, and with that, by force he smacke her, as if he was sucking the sweet contained in those Vermilion Hives of Beauty.

Much of the day being spent in this manner, *Lacus* Wooing, and *Glycera* Weeping, he slabbering her Cheeks with his frothy Lips, and she bedewing his with her Pearly Tears, at length he resolved to consummate his joyes with Marriage, and compels her to go with him to *Venus*-Temple, to sacrifize a pair of Turtle-Doves, thereby to procure the Goddesses Benediction. But all the way as she went, such a Mart of Beauties met in her sweet Countenance, as purchased her as many Admirers, as Beholders, and Beholders, as Persons; her Eyes inviting all eyes to behold, and her super-eminent Excellencies, alluring all Beholders to adore her; so that few there were, whose Sex rendred them not incapable to enjoy her Perfections, but would have even pawned their souls to have bought so rich a Treasury of Beauties.

Her beautious Face, wherein shined the Perfection of all Perfections, was a visible heart-melting Musick; which, as if composed of Charmes, entranc't Spectators, and struck Harmonious Raptures into adoring mindes. Thus were the Eyes, and Hearts, and Tongues of all led Captive by her Beauty, and forced to pay the Tribute of looking, loving, and commending, to the soveraignty of her Excellencies.

At length Superstition wedded to Admiration, begat a conceit in their mindes, that sure she was more than what her external form spake her to be; for there seemed a greater mixture of Divine Exellencies in her Beauty, than ever frail Mortality could boast of; and her transcendent Glories seemed to run Parallel with those that have bribed Superstitious souls to ascribe Divinity to *Venus*: so that in the end, they thought it the high-

higheſt degree of Sacrilege, for any Mortal whatſoever, to monopolize thoſe Treaſured in the pure vivid Temple of her Beauty, which are only conſecrated to the Gods; but much more for ſuch a deformed *Adonis* as *Lacon*, to enjoy ſo fair a *Venus*.

Amongſt the many Captives, that were enthralled by *Glyceras* Beauty, whoſe hearts were drawn by its magnetick force, it ſeems, this Knight was one; who (as I told you) is the relater of of theſe ſad tydings, whoſe fortune it was to eſpie her, as ſhe paſſed along to the Temple: But no ſooner were his eyes fixed on her, but ſhe, as a burning Mirour, wherein all the rayes of Beauty centred, inflamed his heart with the pure fire of chaſt Affection; and perceiving her Eyes with an inundation of Tears ready to overflow their own Beauties, and with ſilent lamentation to bewail her perſecuted innocency, (for though ſhe endeavoured to ſuppreſs any inſurrections of Paſſion, what ſhe could, yet Nature would exact ſome tears, that wonted Tribute, that grief extorts in ſuch like Accidents) but I ſay, obſerving that internal ſorrow ſhe diſcloſed in her Countenance, which (as he rightly interpreted it) could be for nothing, but that ſhe, ſuch a miracle of Beauty, ſhould be linked in Hymeneal Conjunction with ſuch a Monſter of deformity, he ſaid was ſo moved with compaſſion, that he thought he felt the quinteſence of each tear diſtil down into his Soul; and diſdaining that ſuch a wonder of Uglineſs, ſhould be his Corrival in affection, who might more aptly have contended in Rivalry with ſome of *Pluto's* fiends for deformity, he drew his Sword, and compelled him to reſign her up to himſelf, unleſs he prized a moments ſight of her, above his life.

No ſooner *Lacon* ſaw the naked ſteel, but he flies like an Arrow out of a Bow, not for his ſwiftneſs, but

for

for the reſemblance his ſhrimpiſh-ſlimgut body had to an Arrow, as each legg had to a Bow; and all the way as he goes, he howls, and yells, as if he had been beſet with armed Theeves; ſo that in a ſhort ſpace, ſuch a concourſe of People ſurrounds the Knight, and his Lady, as if ſome wonder had dropped down from Heaven; ſome coming to behold the beauty of the Lady, whoſe perfections fame, in ſo high a ſtyle, had proclamed in their ears, but could not obtrude upon their belief; others to ſee what was the reaſon of that Tumult: So that though at firſt *Glycera* was the wonder that drew the concourſe, yet at length the concourſe it ſelf became the wonder.

And as is the manner of ſuch Plebeian diſorders, they ſeldom end without ſome ſlaughter; and ſo it happened here: For ſeeing the Knight with his Sword drawn, many thought he would have offered violence to the Lady; others hearing *Lacon's* roaring, thought he had murdered him; others that were no leſs wounded with her Beauty, than the Knight that had raviſhed her from *Lacon*, and thought their Swords might purchaſe them as good a Title to her, as he, reſolved either to have her, or his life, or both; ſo that in an inſtant there was nothing to be heard, but claſhings of Swords, cryes of dead men, and all the ſymptomes of reigning confuſion.

The Knight, that for a great ſpace had gallantly defended himſelf and his Lady, making many of the bodies of his Oppoſers fall, and do homage to his rage, and their ſouls, which, to what their bodies had done, would not conſent, he ſent to *Tartarus*, there to endure an eternal Vaſſalage under *Pluto*: But yet having no other Bulwark than his Buckler, to fortifie himſelf againſt the incurſions of his Enemies, he at laſt received a Wound, out of which ſuch plenty of Blood effuſed,

that he was forced to surrender up himself, and his Lady to the mercy of his Opponents, and by that means, he escaped from amongst them.

But now the quartel grew as hot amongst themselves, which should bear away the Prize; every man accounting the loss of his blood a cheap price, to purchase so rich a Treasure; thus there grew no end of their disorders, till at length some Officers from the King came, and with the Point of the Sword of Justice, put a full point and Period to the rude scufflings of this Rabble.

But when enquiry was made after *Glycera*, no newes could be heard of her; for taking her opportunity, when her bloody Suters were all pleading their Interests, with the Swords sharp-peircing Rhetorick, she escaped away in the Crowd, and fled to a Wood not farr distant, where she spent all that night in bewailing her sorrowful estate; where her Soul would quaff in huge draughts of woe, which, as not able to concoct, she would pour out again in Tears; Tears, that fell like melted Stars from the Heaven of her Beauty.

Thus did she give up her self to the dominion of an unreasonable Passion, which yet her Passion perswaded her was reasonable. Sometimes grief would permit her thus to lament her Woes: Oh Me! of all women distrest! Must I be she in whom miseries combine together, to make miserable? Must all things have their stint, but my griefs alone be boundless? The Sea hath its shore, the Winds their limits, the Earth its centre, and this spacious Globe of Heaven and Earth its circumference; but Ah! No shore, no limits, no centre, no circumference to my sorrows: No shore to the Seas of my Tears, no limits to the Wind of my sighs, no centre to my deep-rooted griefs, nor no circumference to the infinity of my miseries: But I am become Fortunes

tunes Ware-house, where she hoords up her store of sorrowes; Hells Butt, where my Innocency is the White, at which they shoot their invenomed Arrowes, Winged with Malice, and Piled with Destruction; and Heavens Tennis ball, when if with the vehemency of the blow, my Soul chance to bound upwards towards a Heaven of hope (for grief is ever at the lowest, when it is at the highest; and extremity of misery, is ever the dawning of mercy;) I say, if it chance to bound, some dismal Accident takes me at the re-bound, and tosses me into a Hell of calamities: Come then Death, come quickly, bend thy Bow, and send thy sharp-piled Arrowes into this Pile of Dust, that entombs my Soul. But then her Breasts would be brim-full with a raging pang, which would struggle for birth; but in striving to vent all, it could vent nothing, but only stop the passage of her speech; till at length her breath would be delivered of a Groan, which capring thorow the Bowes and Leaves, would be re-bounded to her Ears by Eccho; which *Glycera* hearing, the better to pass away the mournful hours of the night, began thus to entertain a Dialogue with her; which because the Knight thought worthy the relation to *Pandion*, as well as I can remember, I shall relate to you.

Who is that (said *Glycera*) derides my misery? I, said Eccho. Who is that I? Is it Eccho? 'Tis Eccho. What dost thou mock at woe? No. No sure, thy own woes might make thee pity mine. Pity mine. Thy griefs indeed would extort pity from the flintiest heart, but oh! What grief's like mine? Mine. 'Tis true, thine might extract the tribute of a bleeding-eye. I. But sure my sorrows need pity too. Need pity too. Tell me then Eccho, must these griefs still per ever? Ever. Ever? That's a sad doom; what, must my miseries alwayes proceed? Seed. What, no sooner ripe,

and blown, but Seed again? Gain. Gain indeed, to exchange a few joyes, for a million of sorrows; but yet, O that Heaven would release me of my Bargain. Bare gain. Bare gain certainly, to sell my Soul for sighs and Tears; but oh, when shall I find release? Lease. What, not till my lifes Lease is out? But when that's done, whither shall I then fly? High. What, to the *Elizium* of eternal bliss? Yes. When once arrived there, what shall my Soul enjoy? Joy. What joyes are those that inhabit the Heaven Empyreal? Real. Mean time will not Heaven hear my cry? Cry. That I have oft done, but yet had no reply. Ply. What if I should Ply it still, what Medicine will Heaven apply to my Disease? Ease. What if I shall forbear vocal or mental Prayer? Erre. Why, will not Heaven hear the shrill moans of distrest Innocence? No sense. Why are there any cryes more shrill? Ill. Ill cryes aloud for vengeance; but oh, the sweet perfumes that ascend from the chast Innocent. No sent. What can such sweet exhalations yeeld no sent? No sent. Why is it that such a redolent Balm as Innocency, which ascends to Heaven, as a perpetual Sacrifice, should yeeld without Prayer no sent? Without Prayer nocent. When the nocent prayes, what return doth Heaven make to his desire? Ire. What Answer will Heaven return, if the Innocent pray? Ray. A Ray of Love, or Light, or both? Both. Which of the Powers sublime can affect a Mortal? All. When a beam of Love shines from Heaven into a Mortal, what part doth it comfort? Fort. The Fort or Life, where the soul chiefly retires; which is that part? Heart. How long will such Divine consolations stay? Ay. For ay will they abide? Bide. Oh Heavenly newes! But, Echo, how com'st thou to be of Heavens Privy-Counsel? Didst e're fly so nigh the Gods, as to read

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the Records of Destiny? Nigh. Thou art mortal as well as I, art thou not? Not. Art thou not born below, among the Trees, and Dens, and Caves, re-sounding when we hollow? Low. But prethee Echo, tell me, what made thee pine for coy *Narcissus* love? Love. And what became of thy sweet body? O dy. Where went thy soul, when thou grieving saw'st thy *Narcissus* tears so many shed? Vanished. What inchanted Charms were in his beauteous Face, to effect so strange a transformation? Ah, shone. And could his shining beauty thee so soon annihilate? Late. What didst thou do, when thou sawest him Metamorphosed into a Flower? Lowre. And what, when thou heardst his last groan? Groan. And what did the Woods do, when he pin'd with the sight of his own beauty in the Spring? Ring. And what hast thou done, ever since Heaven did transmute thy shape? Ape. Since then thou art nothing but a Mortals Ape, how knowest thou Heavens Decrees so well? Well. How canst thou pry into their Designes, who all earth-born Mortals in wisdom so surmount? Mount. And will the Gods above none from their Counsels exclude? Lewd. Art thou not lewd, that for fond *Narcissus* love dost moan incessantly? Lye. Sure such unchast affection is not holy. O ly. But I have vowed to live for ever chast. Haste? And doth not such a vow oblige to chastity? Tye, tye. Well, since it tyes me so, I'll hence be gone. Be gone. And through Heavens assistance perform what I have vowed to do. Do.

Thus did poor *Glycera* strive to divert the thoughts of her misery, sometimes by discoursing with Echo, sometimes be moaning to her self her own hard fortune, sometimes praying to Heaven for relief, sometimes wishing for Death, and if she chanced to hear a whist'ring

wind, flutter among the Leaves, her sorrow would perswade her fancy to conceit it to be some Messenger of Heaven or Death, to bring her the tidings of a reprival, or removal from her state of woe; and if a whispering blast chanced to re-bound to her from the Leaves, presently grief would represent to her fancy Deaths Arrowes singing her Elogies, as they flew to her obvious heart.

Thus did she spend that night, in wayling, weeping, sighing, sobbing, grieving, groaning, till *Titan's* fiery Steeds had chased away the lesser luminaries, that had usurped his Throne; but yet no Day-break of hope dawned upon her with beams of comfort, but in that woful despairing condition, did she run through invious Woods, rocky Desarts, and hollow Caves, where night kept house, with mournful solitarines, and over hills and mountains inhabited only by the Clouds, until at length she came into a pleasant Vale, incircled with a murmuring River, which seemed with silent mutterings to repine at her sorrows; and over-spread with a gloomy shade, by reason of hanging Rocks, that defended it from the Suns invasion, seemed, as it were, dressed in funeral-attire to mourn for *Glycera's* sorrows.

Glycera observing this Vale to be a fit place, where she might bid her Adieu to the world, and all sublunary contentments, resolved there to sit her down, and dye: For of four dayes and nights, that she had wandred through those Desarts, had she not received the least sustenance; and therefore her fainting spirits, too weak Chains to fasten her Soul to her Body, were ofe ready to let loose their Prisoner.

By this River she sat down, and prayed to Heaven, to let loose the bands of Life, and not to retard slow-pac'd Death any longer, but to consort her among the

the shades, that wander in the *Elizium* Plains: And further begg'd, That when Death should crumble her body to Atomes, and resolve it into individual Units, that then her soul might be united to the great and only Eternal Individual, and dwell among those beatified Souls, that float like Atomes in the Sun-shine of his resplendent glory.

This having said, she laid her down upon the Brink of the mournfully-grumbling River, and closed her Eyes, thinking never more to behold the loathed Light, and hourly expected the sweet Gaol-delivery of her soul; but the Destinies that had inter-woven, and twisted the Threeds of her life, and misery, so together, as neither could be clipped asunder, without clipping both, resolved that the bottom of her life, and misery, should not yet be unwound by the wounds of Death; but nevertheless, a little to appease the ragings of an uncontroulable Passion, they arrowsed a humid Vapour out of its moist bed of dirt, and sent it to unlock her Pores, and usher in a gentle sleep.

But no sooner had sleep allayed the surges of Passion, but *Morphem* began to form strange Phantasms in her imagination: Somtimes he would erect a high precipice in her Fancy, so high, as the blended Globe of earth and water would look like an Atom, and then tumble her down from thence, into some profound abyss, peopled with Adders, Toads, and Snakes, and other venemous vermine; and then she would start and give a shriek, that the whole Forest would resound with the Eccho; but then the purlings of the silver stream would hush her asleep again; and then the drowsie Deity would Plant a Forest in her Brain, where he would digg dens for Lions, Bears, and howling Wolves, and build nests for Owls, Batts, and Night-Ravens, and other Birds of darkness, and then the how-

howling, roaring, bellowing, shrieking, croaking of these wild inhabitants, would attach her faculties with hideous terrors, and imprison them in amazement.

Thus in a confused manner she spent the greatest part of the night, till about the time when *Orion* begins to bath himself in the Ocean, and the Lamps near consumed, she heard a rustling among the leaves and boughs, which putting her in mind of her dream, obtruded on her fancy a conceit, that it must needs be some wild beast, that roving through the Forest, sought for prey, whereat exceedingly astonished, she flyes, as if fear and amazement had added wings to her heels, but, ah! to overtake her own sad fate, for as she was passing by a hollow cave (hollow-hearted indeed to her, though otherwise replear with mischief) there suddenly issued out a savage Ruffin, that ere she was aware, catcht her about her waste, and not at all regarding her ruful cries and groans, such as would have melted a Rock of Adamant, such as would have infused a sense-distracting grief into a Fury, though hardened with quotidian cruelty, he flings her upon the ground, and draws out a sharp Ponyard, and threatens with that to peirce her heart, if she speedily surrendred not her body (that sweet Temple, where Vertue lay inshrined, and spotless thoughts were the pure oblations offered on the Altar of a chast heart) to the pollutions of his filthy lust.

Glycera perceiving her inability to contend by force, by reason of her faintness, with a voice that shewed a heart fearless of death, returned him this reply. Lustful Villain (said she) dost thou think that the piercing of a heart, can be a piercing terror, to a heart already peirced with killing sorrow? the Antipathies between life and death, are too much reconciled in me by the ter-

terrors of assiduous deaths, ever to be terrified with thy death-threatning savageness, sharpen thy Ponyard then with the Whetstone of thy Marble-hearted cruelty, and when thou hast done, sheath it in my heart; but then know, that it shall prove a *Pandora's* box, filled with thousands of miseries, which shall flutter forth out of that wound, and by heavens vengeance glewed to thy soul, shall at length possess thee with a terror, that will make thee exercise a death upon thy self, more horrid than this that hell now prompts thee to exercise upon me; and the very steams that will ascend from my reaking blood, shall become a thunder, which wheresoever skulkt, shall find thee out, and rend thee into more pieces than hell will have Furies to torment.

Foolish woman (said he) tell not me of heaven, hell or Furies, I know no other heaven, but satiating my desires, no other hell than such dilatory interruptions of my pleasure, when extremity of desire breeds impatiency, nor other Fury, than a pestilent imperious woman, such as thou; therefore I tell thee, once more, resign up thy self to my lust, or, by heavens (if there be any) I'le take thee by storm, as impregnable as thou thinkst thy self, and quench the flames of my lust in thy heart bloud. The fear of death (she replyed) hath impression upon none, but such Villains as thou, whose smutty souls horror striking guilt corrodes; but as for me, my soul is carryed on the wings of Vertue, out of the reach of those terrors, therefore if thou wilt or if thou durst, broach my heart, and make thy soul drunk with cruelty, thou wilt but make a passage for my soul to fly to those mansions, where happiness dwells essentially.

Thy vertue? (said he) flatter not thy self with that, for I'le plunder thee of that totally, and oh, that my

Stee-

Steeletto could reach thy soul too, I'de nail it to the ground, from whence it should never fly to fetch revenge; but no matter, when I have poured out my lust into the kennel of thy body, I'le wash away with thy blood those pollutions wherewith thy soul in the commixture may have stained mine. This said, he binds her fair hands with her hair, that lovely hair, that had fettered and bound so many hearts, must now bind her own hands, and tears her garments, and in despight of all her shrieking, groaning, crying, weeping, he at length unloads his lust, and not content only to plunder her of her honor, after he had thus demolished the Cittadel of her vertue, but he with his Ponyard disenthrones those powers, that should govern her faculties, and seals pale death in the majestick throne of her Beauty; and thus he leaves her like a fair flower nipt with the mornings Frost, hanging down her head, as if ashamed of her declining glory; her face covered with hoary paleness, as if deaths cold blast had congealed the dew of her tears into a hoary Frost.

But by this time the Sun having notice of the Tragedies acted in his absence, by Nights permission, had sent the morning as his Scout, to draw the Curtain of the night, and descry whether any such horrid Villanies, as even resounded thorough the arches of heaven, were committed under the protection of the Night; whilst he came after with an Army of beams to depose her from her Throne of Jet; but no sooner had he shaken his dewy locks, wet with toying too long with *Thetis* in her watery bower, but he beheld this ravished wounded Lady; and no sooner beheld than he sent his light to call away a loytring dream that was sent of an Embassie from heaven to *Polienus*, a great Nobleman of *Crete*, that dwelt in that Forest, to inform of this cursed act, and to command him to revenge

venge her. When a deep silence hath fixt an intenseness upon the souls faculties, then is the fittest time for divine impressions. Though exemption from sad fates, is not alwaies entailed upon innocence, yet that unseen *Nemesis* that runs through the whole machine of the universe, seldom connives at the wrongs of distrest Vertue.

The bloody wretch had no sooner sent his Ponyard as a messenger of death to her, but heaven stabbed his soul with horrors, that in a frenzy he leaps from a Rock, and dashes his body into as many pieces, as his soul was torn with Furies. So apt a death did heaven prepare for one, whose rocky heart had broke the neck of a Ladies chastity. *Polienus*, who (as I said) had been divinely informed of this Ladies misery, awakens out of his dream, and seemes to have a bloody mist before his eyes, that represents all things to his surprized fancy, horrid and tragical; so that in amazement he arises, slips on his morning Gown, takes his sword in his hand, and hasts he knows not whither, to assist he knows not what. But the heavenly powers who make use of earthly instruments to execute their reasonable decrees, whilst men only act their own unreasonable passions; and range humane disorders into a divine kind of order; so ordered his disorderly steps, as that in a short moment, he came to a place where he heard a mournful groan, which ushered in these words, Heavens! separate my spotless soul, from this defiled body, and as my life doth, so oh! let the extravagant follies of my youth, pass out together. Oh! Receive me, where vertue shall ever be defended from all Villous invasions.

Polienus hearing this runs in a deep amazement some paces farther, till he finds this poor Lady in a condition to have confirmed an Atheist, but confuted a

Stoick

Stoick by convertiug him into a weeping *Heraclitus*. For ſhe lay imbalmed in her own blood, her hands entangled in her hair, and in her ſhoulder there ſtuck a Ponyard that made a paſſage for ſuch ſtreams of bloud, as deluged thoſe beauties that inhabited her skin. *Polienus* ſeeing this woful ſpectacle, ſtood as if a profound ſenſe of her miſery, had ſtruck him into an inſenſibility.

At length recovering himſelf he runs to her, ſnatches out the Steel that lay bathed in a fountain of blood, and ſtops up the wound, and feels her pulſe, to ſee if life had yet forſaken its fortreſs the heart, where it laſt retires, and perceiving the living bloud to move in her veins, and ſent as an Envoy from the heart, to acquaint him, that though life was ſtreightly beſieged in its Cittadel, with ſquadrons of pangs, yet it had not quite ſurrendered to the government of death, he repairs the bloody breach, as well as he could, and runs home and fetched men from his Caſtle, that conveyed her thither with all ſpeed upon a downy Couch; where he ſent for Chirurgions with ſpeed to her, who with their extraordinary care and skill, in a few days reſtored her to her primitive health and beauty. When *Polienus* ſaw that ſhe was recovered, and no pretence of weakneſs could hinder his enquiry what ſhould be the cauſe of her miſery, he uſing ſomething more freedom of diſcourſe than ordinary, requeſted her to acquaint him, whether ſome direful chance, arm'd with merciles and inevitable fate, or ſome accurſed hand had endeavoured to put that untimely date, to her life and happineſs? *Glycera* conſidering what great engagements he had laid upon her, and that ſhe might be juſtly thought ungrateful, if ſhe ſhould deny ſo poor a requeſt, and therefore related to him the whole ſtory of her misfortunes; how ſhe fled from the Nunnery in *Theſſalia*,

to

to avoid the tedious Love of *Pandion*; and how snatcht up by a Pirate, who at Sea endeavoured to ravish her, and then how in his rage, being disappointed of his desires, he threw her over-board; but then how she was most miraculously preserved by a Dolphin (that faithful friend to mankind in adversities) upon whom she had rid up and down for the space of several hours without any hope of succour; how she was relieved by a Fisherman, and by him brought to *Cyprus*, but when he had conveyed her hither, how in all particulars he misused her, not permitting her to go ashore, and then to make amends for all his abuses, how at last he sold her to a deformed Swain, that carried her to his cottage, and how the next day, as she was going to be joyned with him by *Hymens* bands in *Venus* Temple, a Knight came and rescued her from him, but then what a tumult there was raised with the rusticks roaring, and how that occasioned a combate, between the Knight and others, that thought to have forc't her from him, as he had from *Lacon*; how at length he was forc't to resign her up to them, by that means to save himself; but then how when they had obtained their prize, they could not agree among themselves, but fell upon one another, with as much fury as before they did upon the Knight, and how she perceiving an opportunity for escape, fled into that Forest, where she had wandered succourless, and hopeless of succour for several days and nights.

But when she came to relate the dismall story of her dishonor (poor Lady) the tears fell from a cloud of sorrows, that over-spread the heaven of her beauty, just as if that transparent cloud that encircles heavens hollow arches, had been condensed into a Crystal shower, and her faltring tongue left it to her countenance, in sorrowful and yet bashful signs to declare her misery, and

there

there you might have plainly seen the pourtraicture of her bleeding honor, adumbrated to the life in her blushing Cheeks.

Polienus observing her passionate grief, grew more inquisitive about the cause, so that with vehement importuning he scrued thus much from her, in a broken manner, that a villain would have forced her, and would have killed her. As soon as *Polienus* heard this, he felt his heart even divided between the two passions of pity and revenge, at length pity augmenting revenge, gave that the soveraignty over his will; so that in a fury he kneels down, and implores heaven, that the vengeance due to such an accursed act might light on him, if he permitted that to the unrevenged; and with that *Glycera* having given him a Character of him, as well as she could, he takes his sword, and mounts his Steed, and so rides out into the Forest in pursute of this wretch, but ere he had gone a quarter of a mile, he found him dead upon the ground, having broke his neck with the fall from the Rock. When *Polienus* saw this, he was glad that heavens vengeance had found him out, but sorry that any one had been the executioner besides himself, but however he goes home to his Castle, and commands his men to fetch the body, and give it to his dogs.

Justice thus being done upon him, *Glycera* began a little to allay the pangs of sorrow, that daily had wont to stir up some great commotions in her brest, and to entertain some small familiarity with mirth, which had so long been exiled from her, so that in a short time she was restored to her health, and pristine beauty, which those excellencies before drowned in sorrow, now swimming in her countenance, sufficiently testified, so that *Polienus* who before beheld her only with compassion, now looks upon her with admiration, for she

seemed

ſeemed to him not compoſed of the common principles, but of ſome heavenly materials, even refined to an immateriality, fit to captivate an immaterial ſoul, ſo that at length he never viewed her, but he ſaw ſome ſweetneſs, ſome grace, ſome delicacy, that gradually converted his admiration into affection, and by an imperceptible aſcenſion gave love the ſoveraignty over his heart; and now *Glycera*, and none but *Glycera* grew the object of his thoughts, the ſubject of his diſcourſe, and the joy of his heart. Long did *Polienus* cover his affection with the veil of ſilence, but love, though its chiefeſt reſidence is in the heart, yet it will oft peep forth at the Caſements of the eyes, and like the Bee, though its dwelling is in the Hive of the heart, yet it muſt come forth to feed it ſelf with the heavenly ſweets imparadized in thoſe flowers that grow in the Garden of Beauty; ſo *Polienus* though he endeavoured to conceal his griefs, yet his eyes would diſcloſe what his heart incloſed, for if ever he was in her preſence, her beauties attracted both his eyes and heart, and the radiant beams that glanc'd from hers would ſeem to ſtrike upon his heart ſtrings, and compoſe ſuch a ſoft entrancing melody, as he thought he felt his very Soul charmed into a love extaſie.

Polienus thus obſerving daily how love did degree it ſelf into his heart, and a crowd of inevitable inconveniences iſſuing thereupon, thronging into his underſtanding, he ſtrove to ſuppreſs all inſurrections of that paſſion that thus endeavoured to depoſe his will, and make his Reaſon do homage to it what he could. For you muſt know, this *Polienus* was one of prime quality, having both a great wit, and a greater fortune, ſo that what the former could deviſe, the latter could accompliſh; his perſon alſo not being meanly beautiful, yet his beauty conſiſting in a mean between a maſculine come-

comelineſs, and a feminine ſweetneſs, and one who as he was never a hater, ſo neither ever any great admirer of the female ſex, but looked on them as piſes of well complexioned duſt, that like *Sodoms* Apples with the leaſt touch of Times finger would moulder to nothing, or as Natures painted Gallipots, where you may meet as oft with poiſon as with a potion; where he ſaw Vertue enſhrined in the Temple of Beauty, there he could even adore, and counted ſuch as Angels inveſted in refined fleſh, but where he ſaw Vertue lye bleeding in a Roſie cheek, and Lillyed beauty to ſerve only for Chaſtities winding ſheet, thoſe he counted as Devils clothed in an Angels form, and born to tempt men to recede from vertue, and ſent to be plagues to the minds of men, and preſerved for eternal peſtilence to the world.

This *Polienus* had been beloved by *Amoroſia* daughter to *Loritus* King of *Cyprus*, a Lady whoſe accompliſhments might well have challenged a reciprocal affection, having a delicate wit treaſured in the Ivory Cabinet of a beautiful body, and as ſhe had powerful paſſions in a great mind, ſo her mind had great power over her paſſions, ſo that long ſhe could conceal her love, ſealing it under the impreſſion of her memory; but (you know) love is ſuch a ſtrong paſſion that you may as well think to ſqueez down the Sun-beams, and hinder their reflection, as to ſuppreſs the flames of love, but in deſpight of all oppoſition, yea the more for oppoſition, they will rebound from the heart to the eyes, and are legible there to any that are not unacquainted with the Characters of affections; and beſides, in women that paſſion is ever moſt viſible, their Ivory faireneſs is but as white paper where they pourtray the picture of their minds, which their tongues are loth to betray, their thin skins being as tranſparent Cryſtal, through

which

which the beams of love wil ſhine, & therefore the moſt Chaſt in that reſpect have not the gift of continence, but though they may think to Cloyſter up Love as a Recluſe in the chaſt Nunneries of their hearts, yet alas, upon the leaſt allurements of their beloveds beauty, they will ſuffer all ſuch vain reſolves to be raviſhed from them, and their eyes and tongues to be wedded to a heart-inflaming eye; ſo it was with *Amoroſia*, in his abſence, his praiſes was all the entertainment of her diſcourſe, in his preſence, her eyes muſt move with his, as if the beams that came from his had chained hers, and as oft as ſhe ſpake, ſhe muſt accent her ſentences with ſighs, by thoſe fumes plainly diſcovering the fire in her heart; which though *Polienus* obſerved, yet he would not be obſerved to have obſerved it, but rather penned down his obſervations in the leiger of his memory.

But *Amoroſia*'s affection that had thus long been impriſoned in her heart, would no longer endure reſtraint, but muſt either come forth, or break the priſon, ſo that no longer able to endure the unſupportable tyranny of her paſſion, ſhe goes to *Polienus*, and with as much eloquence as a mind wracked between the extremities of two violent paſſions, Love and Fear, and diſtracted with the contrary thoughts of pondering how to ſpeak, and whether to ſpeak at all, could frame, deciphering firſt in her ſweet countenance the prologue of her diſcourſe, ſhe diſplays the ſtorehouſe of her deſires, and withall craves of him to poize them in the ballances of honor, and not to let this condeſcenſion of hers exhale any miſts of uncharitable thoughts, that might obſcure her Vertue.

Polienus obſerving in what coſtly robes both her ſpeech and countenance was apparelled, the former clad in the refined Go'd of eloquence, even dazled his

mind with admiration, but in the latter such a Majesty clothed in purple sat inthroned, as seemed rather to dazle than delight, so that he could not but wonder, though he could not love, or rather he wondred why he could not love; but though her perswasive speeches, and speaking looks could not dart affection into him, yet they even transfixt his heart with compassion, which procured from him only a short reply, wishing that heaven would crown him with so much happiness, as to raise his merits to that height, that deservedly he might be seated in the throne of her heart, but till then he craved pardon if he rejected her sute, and begged of her, rather to accuse his fortunes than him, that did thus incapacitate him to satisfie so great a debt as the high honor she had done him did oblige him to. But however, since he could not retaliate her affection, nor retribute her unparallel'd favours, yet he would accept them with a desire to compensate, when his benign Stars should bless him with a possibility.

With this answer she went home, endeavoring to cast as charitable a gloss upon it, as expressions of so deep a sable dye would bear; so easie it is to circumvent a soul that beholds all things through the refracted medium of affection, which will represent things streight though in themselves never so oblique. Thus she remained for a long time, great with child with expectation of some not only verbal but real testimonies of *Polienus*'s affection, and longed for that time that should Midwive some such happy production. But *Polienus*, whose heart was not confederate with his tongue, meant her no such felicity, as appeared by those exquisite methods he used to avoid and answer her importunities.

Amorosia observing no fruit of her endeavors, and her

her hopes to wane, but despair growing to the full, began to wax pale and wan, and pine away; and those beauties that had hitherto retained their lustre, though weather-beaten with the stormy frowns of misfortune, as if they had been immarcessible, now began to fade with his cold replies, like a fair flower nipt with the morning Frost; thus did her love feed upon her beauty, as if *Cupid* were turned Cannibal, and would devour his mother for want of other repast. Concealed affection is like a Wolf in a womans Breast, if no other refection be provided, be sure it feeds on that. The similitudes indeed are homely, but apt and significative to express the nature of imprisoned passion.

Loritus her Father observing her withered beauty on a day, strictly charged her to tell him what was the worm that bit the root of so sweet a flower, and withall promised that the one half of his Kingdom should freely be given to purchase her content; with that she gave him a full relation of her unsucceeding affection.

Loritus hearing this, sends with speed for *Polienus*, and smoothing the rough furrows of his countenance (being a little moved, when he first heard how his Daughter was rejected) he endeavors with soft and mild perswasions to allure his consent to his own felicity; but when he saw all to be in vain, he conjures him by all the terrifying words, an enraged mind could indite, and Majesty utter, to give him his final answer, which was only this, that Nature had engaged him to perpetual Chastity.

These words were as fire, put under the Cauldron of his boyling blood; so that he swears by *Jove*, that if ever he heard, that he sinned against that Obligation, in what ever remote corner of the wide Universe he lurked, his

Revenge, like Lightning, ſhould find him out, and hurl him to deſtruction: And believe me (ſaid he) Kings ſwords reach from Pole to Pole, and run parallel with all Climates.

Polienus hearing this, fearing he ſhould be entrapt with the delicate Baits of beauty that Court did abound in, he ſequeſtred himſelf wholly from their ſociety, and built him a ſtately Caſtle, where now *Glycera* found him.

But I have too much digreſſed with this long relation, yet it is only to ſhew what Squadrons of misfortunes attended his affection, ſo that he durſt not harbour a thought, that would counſel him to harbour his Paſſion, but ſtrove to drive away his new gueſt, with bad entertainment; but then Love began ſo to play the Tyrant, that nothing would ſatisfie him, but the conſtant Tribute of ſighs and groans; neither could ſuch windy meat, ſatiate his hungry deſire, but he muſt now and then feed upon the dainties of *Glycera*'s beauty; ſo that at laſt, *Polienus* was forced to unlock the Cabinet of his thoughts, and diſcover what a Jewel he there treaſured up; no other than *Glycera*'s Picture, lively engraven on a rich Tablet, gilded with affection, and incloſed in a Wounded-Heart.

Glycera beholding *Polienus* ſo accompliſhed, and remembring how her body was abuſed, thought if e're ſhe conſented to him, it might be a means to obſcure that ſhame, which otherwiſe would obſcure her Honour; therefore began to embrace his motion.

Polienus ſeeing her thus to ſtoop to his lure, reſolved to ſqueeze the quinteſſence of benefit out of this opportuniry, and to give ſuch a thruſt to the falling-ſtone of her Paſſion, that it ſhould never reſt, till it came to the Centre of Felicity: So that, to be brief, the day was appointed when *Hymen's* Bonds ſhould conſummate their joyes. Thus

Thus long did heaven give intermission to *Glycera's* sorrows; but alas, many times ther's a reserve of misery, that puts to slight all our happiness; when we think we have routed the main Battel, and begin to erect Trophies of joyes, and to lead Captive all our former sad Accidents, at the Chariot of our triumphing fortune; so it was with *Glycera*, joy began to triumph in her Eyes, and her heart bid Adieu to all discontent, and the sudden delight she took in those rich Excellencies, wherewith Nature had endued *Polienus*, elevated her mind to so high a pitch of contentment, that she almost thought some heavenly Apparition had imparadized her thoughts in a golden representation of *Elizium*: but these towring joyes did but lead her to a precipice of misery, that so her fall might be the greater; for before the marriage-day, the King had intelligence of it.

The multitude may be well compared to a Forest, that Ecchoes all things spoke or done, to their Kings ears.

Loritus hearing this, resolved that his revenge should be of an equal Latitude with his threatning, and though *Amorosia* upon her knees entreated for his Pardon, yet he shook her off, and told her, That the heavens themselves, though more powerful, yet are not more just and resolute to execute their Decrees, than he was. And accordingly, he sends a Party of Horse in the night, who being let into the Castle by some Loyal Persons, but treacherous servants to *Polienus*, they surprized both him and *Glycera* in their beds, who little dreamt of such a sad interception of their happiness, or that their new-coyn'd joyes should thus prove Dross, and not pass current.

Thus doth a black shadow of misery attend a Sunshine of prosperity. Thus doth Hope, as a Prospective-glass, present to our dim-ey'd souls some great looming

ing joy; but in the end, it proves nothing but a vanishing Cloud, or a Rock to ſhip-wrack our hopes and contents upon.

Thus many times when we think to be conducted by the glimmering glories of this World, through a night of ſorrows, to ſome Haven, where our deluded thoughts perſwade us Bliſs reſides, they indeed prove but an *ignis fatuus*, that lights us through the invious Paths, and Miſts of airy deluſions, to a precipice of miſery, where they leave us.

So it was with *Polienus* and *Glycera*, Hope, the bright Harbinger of the dawning day of Comfort, had riſen upon them, and the Morning had diſtilled her Dew upon their blooming joyes; but ah! The one was no ſooner riſen, than ſet; and the other no ſooner fallen, than frozen, by the cold blaſts of Deſpair, that nipt their ſpringing happineſs in the Bud: for that night they were conveyed to *Gortyna*, a Town of great reſort in *Cyprus*, being the Centre of it, and ſtands near the River *Letheus*.

The next morning, *Polienus* was adjudged to be thrown off a high Rock, but whether or no executed, the Knight could not reſolve; but *Glycera* was conveyed to *Kolax* his houſe, one who was much favoured of the King, not for his merit, but for his flattery, being a man of a ſervile leaden ſpirit, and one that would perfectly bow, and comply with the Kings humour, and receive any Form, or Impreſſion he would ſtamp upon him; and thus by this counterfeit Coyn, gilded over with fair pretences, did he purchaſe his Kings favour, and poſſeſs his eaſie nature; ſo that if any thing that required extraordinary fidelity, was to be done, he was the Perſon Elected, and for that reaſon, *Glycera* became his Priſoner.

But *Glycera*, under all theſe inquietudes, behaved her

ſelf

self with so much æquanimity, as plainly shewed, that her soul had more Antidote in it, than misfortune had Poyson; as if her constant suffering Fortunes inconstancy, had hardned her soul, contrary to the nature of spirits, to an impenetrability: Which *Kolax* observing, together with the vivacity of her Wit, the magnanimity of her Spirit, the solidity of her Judgment, and the Majesty that attended them all, could not sufficiently behold her; and at length fell from beholding, to admiring, and from admiring, to affecting; and thus became his Prisoners Prisoner.

Glycera perceiving both visible and audible effects of his passion, thought a favourable entertainment of him, so far as vertue would permit, might be a means to procure some liberty from her strict restraint; and therefore received him still with a Countenance as full of sweetness, and grace, as her mind repleat with goodness could dispose her to frame; so that at last, she totally gained his heart to her devotion.

Zelota, wife to *Kolax*, a woman easie to be moved, and being once moved, of an implacable spirit, espying her husbands love to *Glycera*, not enduring that any should be admired, or affected besides her self, and yet doing nothing that might merit admiration or affection, except to detract from others will challenge the Title of Desert, and the reward of Admiration, resolved to countermine all their underminings of her Honour, and either to make way for *Glycera*'s slight, or to make her away, where she should never more be a Pest to her cankered mind. At length intelligence arrived at her ears of a Vessel bound for *Peloponnesus*, which she presently gave information of to *Glycera*, promising to assist in her escape, to the utmost of her ability; and covering the venom in her heart, with pleasing looks, and more pleasing expressions, she prevailed so far

on *Glycera*'s Charity, as to infuse a sleepy Potion into her husbands drink, that should seize all his senses with such a Lethargy, as ere he recovered out of his brainsick trance, she might be near arrived at *Peloponnesus*; and from thence (she said) the passage to *Thessalia* was not difficult.

Glycera poizing these Proposals in her judgment, thought it not inconsistent with prudence to accept of them; for all those mountains of discouragements, that despair raised in her thoughts, now lay level to her wishes, and what would be the conclusion of her Imprisonment, she knew not; but however, this she resolved should be the Conclusion of her doubtfully revolving thoughts, that a few dayes should put a Conclusion to her abode there.

The next day *Zelota* comes to *Glycera*, with a Cup commixt, not with a sleepy, but a poysonous drug (oh heavens, what will not a malitious mind, animated with Revenge, be provoked unto? What venemous gore will not distil out of the ranklings of a gangrened mind, festered with the incurable wounds of jealousie?) *Glycera* not at all imagining what a horrid enterprize she went about to atchive, yet all the way as she went, a strange kind of horror seized upon her spirits, the very Ayr seemed to fetter her leggs, and every shadowy appearance, or even shadow of such an appearance, seemed to interrupt her Progress, that she even thought her self hurryed away, by a strange kind of fate, contrary to the bent of her own Genius; however, she stops not, but goes to *Kolax*, and tells him, that she had brought him a Love-potion, that would incite amorous desires in the coldest nature: *Kolax* accepts it with gratitude, (as love you know invests all things with an amability, that proceeds from the Object beloved) and drinks of it with such excess, as if he had a mind to convert himself

ſelf into Loves individual ſubſtance. But no ſooner had he emptyed the Cup of Poyſon, than the poyſonful Cup had filled him with pain and horror; and having roared out ſome curſes on *Glycera*, he dyed, leaving her overwhelmed with amazing Terrors, and terrifying amazement.

The Servants of the houſe, hearing this hidious cry, ran up to their Maſters Chamber, where they found him dead with Poyſon, and *Glycera* with aſtoniſhment; affrighted with this woful ſight, ſome ran to find *Zelota*, but ſhe that morning had taken a walk abroad, intending to be abſent at the execution of her bloody Plot, thereby to avoid ſuſpition: Others apply themſelves to recall *Glycera*'s miſerable ſenſes, but ah! to be the more ſenſible of her miſery, and others ran to call near-adjoyning Inhabitants, to behold this lamentable Spectacle; ſo that in a ſhort time, Fame had blazed abroad this direful Tragedy, that it re-ſounded in the Kings Court, and at length came to the Kings ears alſo; who no ſooner heard it, but he grew even diſtracted with ſorrow, for the loſs of his minion, and threatned preſently to ſend *Glycera* after him, of a meſſage to *Pluto*, to require him in his name, to releaſe *Kolax* from his dark Priſons, and ſend him among the living, or elſe, if he could provoke all the Powers in Heaven and Earth to deſtroy his Kingdom, he would do it. *Amoroſia* his Daughter, that had a Character given her by ſome of *Kolax* his Servants, of *Glycera*, how ſhe was a woman endued with ſolid Vertue, profound Wiſdom, and ſtrong Judgment, and hated not ſo much the name of Vice, as to be vitious; that if the Air had a voyce, it could proclaim no ſuch infection from her, as conſtantly ſteams from an impious ſoul; ſo that an Angel in his moſt recluſe retirements, is not more chaſt than ſhe; and whoever had an eye, that could have

have pierced into her heart, would have been a greater admirer of her Internal Vertue, than External Beauty; though in that was sufficiently pourtrayed all the lineaments of a mind fraught with goodness.

Amorosia I say, having this description given her, could not let common fame commit such a Rape on her Charity, or entice her to wed her belief to the tatling reports that all places abounded in, but fell down on her knees, and in a passionate manner implored *Glycera's* remission of her father, or at least a forbearance of Execution, till her Cause was heard. But the King, the more enraged with her Petitions, thus replyed: What, said he, we shall have you Attorney to every Strumpet, to plead for their unlawful courses, and intercede for perverting justice; no Daughter, let this resolve of mine henceforth make you cease the renovations of this sort of entreaties; for, believe it, I'll not suffer an Innocents blood to rust that Sword of justice, that hath hitherto been kept bright, to the dazling of admiring Beholders.

Amorosia hearing this, forbore any further supplications, till her father freed from his passionate Feaver, might be able to relish her counsel; which being not long after, she goeth to him, and informs him of her state, and lays before him all the probabilities of her innocency, a mind discreet and charitable could suppose, together with the inconveniences might ensue a rash execution of a Forein Lady, allyed (as she heard) to the blood Royal of *Thessalia*, and courted by Prince *Pandion*, and withall gave him such a description of her, that at last divorced the former resolutions from his mind, and wrought in him such a compassion for *Glycera's* adversity, that he commanded she should be honorably attended and entertained, but yet imprisoned, for the space of about a year and half, within which

time

time, if *Pandion* sent not some Knight, that by encountring with and overcoming some Knight of *Cyprus*, should release her, that then she should endure the penalty of the Law; but in the mean time, he would dispatch a messenger unto him, to give him intelligence of her condition, and his determination. The messenger that he sent, was the Knight that I spake of before, and the person elected to atchieve this enterprise, is my self.

No sooner had he spoke these words, than a shrill noise peirced their ears, with such an acuteness, as if it had fled before to make way for a groan that presently succeeded it, which they hearing, imagining they came from some distressed Lady, ran with speed to help her, and just as they turned round, they espied *Florinda* under a Tree, hard by the place where they had sate and discoursed, fallen upon the ground in a swound. *Periander* seeing this, chafes her tender limbs, and recovers her out of her deadly trance, who when she perceived her self restored to her self, she falls a weeping and sighing; ah, said she, can my *Periander* find in his heart to leave me? I can and will leave thee with all my heart (said *Periander*) I mean, all my heart with thee; but to find in my heart to leave thee, I cannot, since I can find nothing there but thee. Oh but *Periander* shall not go (said she) *Periander* will not go (said he) for hee'l leave his soul with thee, his better part.

And will you then be gone (said *Florinda* weeping) what shall become of me the while, think you? Live in as much repose (said *Periander*) as a vertuous mind rewarded by heaven with earthly joys can extract from its own internal felicity. Can true Lovers part then with so much ease (said she) I had hoped— (and then the tears distilled down her Cheeks in such abundance

dance, as interrupted her speech, yet fain she would have spoke, but her striving to speak, made her speech the more difficult, so that grief made so large a Parenthesis, as if it would have put a period to her life, in the midst of her sentence) but proceeding, I had hoped (said she) *Periander* had thought I had loved him too dearly, ever to take any repose in his absence. But though he can part from me, and exchange a spotless affection, for a little blood-stained honor, though he can insatiably carowse my tears, yet I could not see a tear drop from his eyes, but 'twould corrode my soul, nor can I part from him, and retain my self, for affection hath so glewed him to my heart, as the least separation would rend it in pieces.

But he discoursing to her, how much it did import his honor, and of what evil consequence to *Danpions* affairs his negligence in that respect would be, she hung on his neck, and kissed his cheeks, and all the while bathed her kisses and his cheeks in tears. Oh (said she) do not, do not go, if we must part now, we must part for ever. But with that, as if every letter in the word, *Ever*, had been a thunderbolt shot from the sulphurous clouds of love mixt with sorrow in her heart, her senses were on a sudden overwhelmed with extremity, and she falls down into a swoun. *Periander* seeing this, was forc't to take an abrupt leave of *Danpion*, whose dear affection each to other would else have compelled them to be more copious in their parting ceremonies, and takes *Florinda* in his arms, and carries her to a house neer adjoyning, where we leave them.

Danpion being thus unhappily deprived of his friends, and with them of his hopes of ever attaining either his Love, or his Kingdom, began most passionately to lament his condition. For *Periander* that had so far befriend-

friended him on *Pandions* side, and *Florinda* by whose means he had accomplished many projects in *Hiarba's* Court, and who had defended him so often from *Hiarbas* and *Amphigenia's* displeasure, were now both gone, so that he seemed at once to have lost both his sword and buckler, and left alone to manage his designs, and bear the brunt of all.

In this condition he returned to his Chamber, and there gave vent to his sorrows, and in the midst of all his sadness, he sets down this resolution with himself, that since all his hopes were fled with *Periander* and *Florinda*, he would quench that Vestal fire of chast love that flamed in his heart, which could only be kindled at the beams of *Amphigenia's* beauty, and with the smoke of that extinguished flame, smother his grief, and deface that image of sorrow deciphered in his dejected countenance, and streight apply himself to *Hiarbas* will, and comply with his humors, by that means not onely to enter into, but to interr himself alive during his dying life in his affection.

But humane determinations are but as glistering Bubbles, where some bright reflections may please the fancy for a while, but soon vanish into Air with the least blast of a divine decree; every beam of a Planet comes laden with transformations, which though it cannot have immediate commerce with the immaterial soul, yet it will Bribe the Organs, and by that means unhinge the doors of resolution that exclude inconstancy from the mind.

So *Danpion*, however for a time he flattered his sorrows with the thoughts of blotting out the Characters of love with black oblivion, yet at length he found love to be of such a strange invincible unresistable force, that the more he endeavoured to conquer its rebellions, the more it rebelled and conquered his endeavors,

vors, so that in despight of his reason, he was led captive by his passion. Flashes of beauty may dazle beholders eyes, but where they light to purpose, they melt the steelliest hearts, and make them receive impressions of love, which cannot soon be obliterated: which *Danpions* experience could confirm, for the more he endeavoured to extinguish the flames of affection with the cold blasts of despair, the more ardent they grew, and the less tolerable; so that at length with constant pining, not onely the colour, but the figure of his face began to be altered; which many observed, as also how he affected solitarines, to walk and talk alone, sometimes breathing forth his complaints in the Groves and Gardens, sometimes inwardly sighing, and groaning, as if his heart held a dialogue with sorrow. And when he was in company, his thoughts ran so much of *Amphigenia*, as all the jollity and recreation the Court did abound in, seemed to him but unnecessary Parentheses, and tedious digressions, to that sweet subject that his soul silently discoursed of. And when he was in *Hiarbas* presence, though his policy would compell him to throw off those mourning weeds wherein grief had attired his countenance, lest he should lay a foundation for suspicion in *Hiarbas* thoughts, yet the countenance holds such a sympathy with the mind, that it is very difficult, so to counterfeit a contrary affection, that a judicious eye in every lineament of the face may not read the dissimulation; so that *Hiarbas* could not but by every action discern the passion, wherewith he was affected, his dull dejected looks, his impertinent discourse, his frequent sobbing, abrupt sighing, and the very tone of his voice, that did plainly proclame his heart held a correspondence with sorrow.

This suddain alteration in *Danpions* countenance and

and behaviour, bred admiration in many Noblemen of the Court, but especially one *Bascanius* a great emulator and corrival of *Danpions*, observing his deportments, that he might discover the cause of his grief (which he conjectured could not be ordinary, since the effect was so superlative and extraordinary) he on a day in a private place meeting with *Kalapistus*, *Danpions* Page, examined him very strictly, concerning his Lord, what the cause was of his extremity of grief, whether he was in love, and had received some repulse, or whether he had committed any traiterous fact, and feared discovery, the latter of which he chiefly hoped might be the distemper, and if so, he in his thoughts had soon found a remedy, to wit, remediless disgrace and ruine.

Kalapistus of late having unjustly (as he thought) received a box on the ear from his Master, as he was walking with him in the Cypress-grove; the occasion of which, being onely this, *Danpion* (as was said) delighting much in solitudes, and soliloquies, one morning walked forth with his Page into the Grove, where through intensness of mind, forgetting that he was attended, he fell into a lamentation of his hopeless condition, and despairing affection, and through vehemence of passion, at length giving liberty to his voice to declare his sorrows, something louder than ordinary, his words were retorted back to his ears by Eccho, which *Danpion* hearing, minding not whence the voice came, on a sudden turned round, and espying his Page, presently entertained a conceit, it was he that repeated his words, and so for his misconceived sawciness, gave him that correction, which being more than his due, he with an ingrateful kind of gratitude, resolved to requite it, when opportunity presented.

An

And now fortune endeavouring like *Penelope* in a night of black adversity, to unweave that golden web of happiness, wherewith she had hitherto invested *Danpion*, incited this faithless Boys evil Genius, to inspire his mind with so much hellish rancor, as to betray his Lord, which he did to *Bascanius*'s great satisfaction; telling him how his Lord was in Love with *Amphigenia*, and what means he used to gain her affection, and how he once sent him in the night into her Chamber, attired like an Angel, with a pretended letter from *Venus*, and what a secret passage he had through a crankling vault to her Chamber, and many things so to *Bascanius*'s content, as that he gave him fifty Sestercies, telling him, my sweet Boy (said he) thou art my *Paris*, and I accept this news from thee with higher resentments, than the *Cytherean* Queen on *Ida*'s top received the golden Apple from the fair *Trojan* shepherd, and I doubt not but by thy means to procure that *Helena* of glory so courted by us, but yet by him ravished from us. With these words they parted.

Bascanius being a man of an implacable malice, repining at every beam of honor that shone from his Peers, never allaying the surges of rage and envy, till he had swallowed up his Competitors, a great suter to fortune, and had obtained her for his Paramour, till of late she wedded her self to *Danpion*, bringing with her, her whole dowry of honor and riches, and every thing else that makes her so desirable, having thus discovered a passage to the haven of contentment, resolved since the wind blew so prosperously from such a corner of the heavens, not to lose the benefit of success, proffered him in the access of so fit a means to procure *Danpions* declension; but though he was rejected by fortune, yet since he was thus courted by opportunity, he would not slight its importunities. And being *Dan-*

pion

pion was so great a Favourite, it was not therefore safe for him to obey the violent impulse of his inordinate Passion, which prompted him to nothing, but present satisfying of his Malice, that thirsted for *Danpion*'s immediate ruine; but rather to wake slowly, and securely. For having no other to testifie *Danpion*'s affection to *Amphigenia*, but his Page, he feared, lest if he should inconsiderately inform the King, without some more pregnant confirmations of it, than his own, and the Boyes bare affirmations, the King should discern his envy, and so the ruine he intended *Danpion*, might attend himself.

And therefore to bring about his purposes, he intices *Kalapistus* with promise of a most liberal reward, to bring him those clothes in which his Master was arrayed, when *Amphigenia* saw him in the Grove. The Boy having gratified his desires, he on a day attires himself in them, and watching his opportunity, when *Amphigenia* was bathing her self, he rudely rushes into the Garden, and comes upon her just as she was come out of the silver streams, which seemed to murmur for her departure, having onely a rich thin mantle cast over her naked body.

Bascanius, who had never before beheld so much excellency contracted and united, could not but gaze himself into admiration and astonishment, that he thought her to be the very refined Elixar of all perfections, and every part of her a small volume of all created excellencies in heaven or earth epitomiz'd, and writ in golden Characters; he thought her to be some incarnate Angel clad with a body composed of the same quintessential matter with the heavens, but refined to such a purity and even transparency, that every part seemed a burning mirror, wherein the Angelical beams it inclosed were united, to the inflaming of

all beholders, in fine she seemed in a definite circumference to set forth an infinite beauty, so that *Bascanius* stood a while even ravished with a stupefying contentation, as if he had lost his soul in that world of beauty, or as if all the faculties of his mind thronging together to behold that wonder, had overwhelmed each other.

What shall I say? to describe his unexpressible admiration, were a task fitter for those sublime souls who are acquainted with rapturous contemplations, and know what it is to be snatcht into an extasie. But oh, the vehemence of *Amphigena's* passion, at this sudden surprizal! At first she stood wondring rather whether she saw at all, than what she saw, so that she stood a while even entranced with astonishment, but at length awakned out of her dream of amazement, she betakes her self for refuge to her leggs, and runs, and shrieks, with such a peircing shrilness, as the Air seemed to hand her voice to the heavens, to implore revenge for such hideous presumption; but as it fled the Air seemed delighted with so sweet a traveller, as it bandyed it to and fro, as if each part was ambitious to entertain it.

The Ladies that were walking up and down in the Gardens, some beheading flowers, to purifie their brains with fragrant exhalations that steam from those nests of sweets, others summing up the riches of the ears in Musicks charming numbers, others passing away the time with pleasant pastime, these, I say, hearing thus on a suddain their Lady shriek, presently run for her succour, and at length they might see the Princess nimbly tripping along upon the verdant Grass, which as proud to be depressed with so sweet a foot, would erect it self with a pretty kind of statelinesse, after her departure, whilst she ran with so much swiftnesse,

nefs, as even robbed their eyes of a plenary view of her excellencies, and *Danpion* as they ſuppoſed purſuing of her, who no ſooner ſaw this beautiful train, but he fled with as much celerity from them, as before he did towards them, and hardly eſcaped ere the King hearing a whole Conſort of ſhrieks and crys, among the Ladies in the Garden, came with ſpeed to know the cauſe, and found his daughter ſurrounded with her Ladies, like *Diana* amongſt her Nymphs, ſo that ſhe ſeemed like *Sol* among the Planets, where all beauty center'd, theirs being onely reflections of hers.

The King ſeeing that, called ſome of them to him, to inform him of the reaſon of their outcries, who told him, that *Danpion* (as was conjectured by his Garb) had endeavoured to force the Lady *Amphigenia*; *Danpion* (ſaid the King) *Danpion* a raviſher! *Danpion* a raviſher of my daughter! oh monſtrous impiety! horrid enterpriſe! helliſh ingratitude! what *Danpion*, I ſay, it can never be. He who hath received ſuch tranſcendent favours from me, as would even impoveriſh a Monarchs gratitude, that could command all the riches of the Orient, or make the Sea vomit up her treaſures, ſuch as though he would ſurrender up his ſoul it would be too poor a reſtitution, and can it be, that he ſhould attempt mine or my daughters diſhonor? heaven and earth would conſpire their forces in avengement of ſuch aſtoniſhing ingratitude. But if I find it true, by all the Celeſtial powers, he had better have mounted on the wings of his ambition to heaven and deflowred *Venus*.

This ſaid, the King in a fury returns to the Palace, and baniſhes *Danpion* the Court, and confined him to a houſe, ſome miles from the Palace, upon pain of death at the leaſt attempt of liberty. *Baſcanius* ſeeing ſuch a happy reſult of his plot, inwardly ſo ſwelled

with content, that he could not contain his venemous rancor from burſting forth to the poiſoning of *Danpions* honor, but privately gives forth ſcandalous libells, and publikely teaches Fame the language of *Danpions* diſgrace, which hitherto ſhe had been wholly unacquainted with, and makes her declame on nothing but the Theme of his luſt and ruine; and not contended onely with this, but he relates at large to the King, *Danpions* affection to *Amphigenia*, his former attempts to ſatiate (as he termed it) his libidinous deſires, to which this late event ſtood as a teſt for confirmation. And now all *Danpions* oppoſits in the Court, that had born him inveterate malice, ſpurn at this muzled Lion, and vent their malicious fumes to obſcure his luſtre. Every one can lend a hand to thruſt down a tottering Wall.

Thus this innocent Prince was on the ſudden made the ſubject of Fortunes hate, and his enemies malice, and his new hitcht glory choaked by the black Achetontick vapours that ſteamed from his enemies helliſh malignity.

But now to tell you how this gallant and Princely priſoner behaved himſelf under this ſad fate. At firſt indeed the ſuddeneſs, not the greatneſs of the wo aſtoniſhed him, as whom would it not tranſport with amazement, with a thunderbolt of Fortune, in an inſtant to be hurld out of the Chariot of ſuch dazling glory, as would have exhauſted a Kings Exchequer but to have made ſome repreſentations of it, and thrown into a lake of miſery? and ſuch was *Danpions* caſe, he who before was triumphing like Fortunes Admiral, in the Sea of her inconſtant glory, one little moment and ſinke of time chains him as a ſlave to the Galley of miſery and diſgrace. He who before ſhone with ſuch a luſtre as every beam of State ſeemd to faſten to him numer-

merous pairs of servil eyes that did attend his beck, is now plundered of all state, of all respect, unpittyed, unregarded. +

But though misery like *Circes* cup can thus metamorphose our externals, yet it can have no influence on the rational part. None but caduque beings are subject to the tyranny of Time and Change; and therefore abstracted beings, that come not under the predicament of corporeity, as their essence, so their happiness is of an immutable permanency; and though some abject souls that steep their Intellectuals in sence, and can relish nothing but Epicurean pleasures, may have their delights as transient as time, yet a composed soul, truly fortified with Vertue, is its own destiny, and depends not for its felicity on any other than its own arbitrement, and that of an eternal Fate, which guiding all things according to their natures, consequently rules free Agents, their Actions and Fortunes, happy or unhappy, as the former are attended with Vertue or Vice, according to the principles it hath placed within them, as its Vicegerents and representatives to govern them. Now such a one miseries may try, cannot discompose or disorder; such a one no revolution of time can drive from resolution in the midst of extremities, and such a one was *Danpion*. For he seemed a man to whom whatever can merit the epithete of Excellent might be attributed to him, having a sublime spirit in a matchless body; the former seemed a ray of *Prometheus* fire, something ratifyed, and invested with a more pure and active quality, not having the least mixture of those ponderous elements that clogg the mind, but all of rare ascending fire, that clarified his blood from those feculent humors that flow from the grossier elements, and composed such a harmony in his soul, as no misfortune could make a jarr,

and the latter was so sweet a composition of all those masculine graces that at once feed both delight and wonder, as it seemed that Nature with Lilied beauty had chalked out his soul a lodging proportionable to its own greatness, and given him a body suitable to the vigorous activity of his spirit.

In fine, he that will give a perfect representation of the former, must not be ravished with an ordinary fury; but his mind must be wholly purified from all drossie conceits; his fancy rarified and heightened with Ethereal fire, and his soul inspired, actuated, and inlightned with a beam of Empyreal glory, which must form sublime fancys in it, as the Sun gives form to sublunary matter. And he that would give a true lively and lovely draught of the latter, he must either fix his eyes on some person, whose complexion, features and harmony, hold some proportion with the delicacy, sweetness and grace, of which *Danpions* beauty was composed; or else leave the soul of his love and pass by transmigration into him, that so by that *Idea* love forms in the mind, to copy out some imperfect adumbration of his perfections; but the one being unlikely, and the other impossible, renders the Painter unable.

Now what inundation of misery could overwhelm so great a spirit, which like a rich mount of Oar, seemed to bid defiance to the turbulent waves of Fortune? That that did most strongly invade his breast, was the remembrance of the loss of *Amphigenia's* favour; and that indeed compelled him to let his sorrow dissolve in drops, and to indulge himself to melting passions. One while hee'd hush his griefs with easie sighes, as if they whispered in his listning ear the pleasing news of *Amphigenia's* pitty; and then each groan would seem a note of Love, and with those raptures hee'd lye entranc'd a while.

Thus

Thus subtilly did sorrow insinuate it self into his heart, by coming hid under a bait of pleasure. But then a deep fetcht sigh would tell him roundly in his ear, those pleasing dreams were but delusions; then grief would change the former *Phrygian* harmony, in his thoughts to the *Dorick* tone, composed of mournful strains and doleful airs, where every note sounds like a groan, and every quaver like the trembling sigh of one that weeps; And then a flowing Sea of sorrow would supply his eyes with tears, which softly trickling down his cheeks would seem to draw a Map of grief in his face; here Islands inhabited with sweets and graces, and their Garden filled with Roses and Lilies; here a lake of liquid Pearls, and there a briny stream softly kissing his cheeks. Then he would even break out to cursing *Bascanius* and his Pages treachery, but then *Amphigenia* would fill his thoughts, and make him break off abruptly, as he broke out passionately. At length espying a Lute that hung behind the hangings in a corner of the chamber, he took it down, and made it discourse his griefs in such melting accents, as every note seemed to flye gently into the still entrance of his charmed ear, and intrance him with a soft pleasing passion; sometimes it would seem even to steal his very soul and imprison it in the Lute; the antipathies between the chirping Trebles, and the grumbling Base, being so sweetly reconciled by the mean, as seemed in Musicks language, to teach him Vertues mediocrity. But he making no other commentary on it, than that of grief, would think the quavering strings did tremble at his sorrows, and the Lutes heart-dissolving airs to sigh forth the lamentations of his unfortunate but passionate love, in such sympathizing strains, as made him almost think the spirit of some unhappy Lover had taken up its *Elizium* in its belly, and there in silent

tones breathed forth his woes, which the trembling strings in imitation of Fame would seem to eccho to his ears; and then laying his mouth to the carved Navel of the Lutes sweet womb, he would call aloud, If any Lovers soul by transmigration dwells within this little cell of pleasure, let him come forth and tune his groans to mine, and we will charm our sorrows, and stop the Spheres, who listning to our tones may not whirle our woful fates so fast upon us, and bribe the Destinies to cancel their decrees; but then nothing but a hollow sound would give reply to his words, as 'twere to shew, what little substantial comfort such airy conceipts afforded. It is not so easie to stanch a Lovers bleeding heart.

But seeing the Lute refused to coffin up his woes, he flings it down, and takes his Pen and Inke, and fain would wrap up his griefs in the winding sheet of a Letter, which embalmed in tears he would send to *Amphigenia* to bury them in her pitrying thoughts. And that each sentence might more lively express his passion, hee'd steep every letter in a tear; but then the letters as not able to swim on the briny drops, would sink into the tear-bedabled-paper, and as it were drowned in sorrow would lose their forms, and rather represent a monstrous draught of horror.

Then he would fling away his paper, as not fit to contain the name of *Amphigenia*; and tosse his pen, which would seem to weep for its neglect, and besprinkle the wall with its tears; tears that clad in black, seemed as dark mirors, or the quintessential extracts of sorrow; where each Globe-like-drop, that trundled among the dust, seemed a little bottle that contained a livelyer resemblance of griefs Elixar, than *Danpion* coul distil out of his brain.

But

But then he would take it again and write, and blot, and enter-line; here he thought the expression was too flat, and there too full of big-sounding, bum-baste words, containing more syllables, than sense, and fuller of noise, than reason; and not like the Amber-phrases, wherein witty Lovers dress their Passions, where any Love-schooled eye, in every clear conceit may descry *Cupid* plac'd, as in a Crystal shrine: Then he would condemn his wit, which now would seem too barren, then so full of unlickt fancies, as their number would choak their grace, and render his Style an indigested mass of sense-confounding-nonsense, and not like those quick lively raptures, begotten by the wanton Boy upon the Invention, which so resemble their Father, as seem to be his perfect Picture; and no sooner born, than borne on his Wings, out of the view of vulgar eyes. Then he would bid fie on his Genius, that now should fill his head with nothing but Barbarisms, when his brain had more need been a Florilegium of sublime Stories; a Store-house of acute Metaphors, quaint Similitudes, and compendiums of Eloquence, and an Inventory of all those Excellencies treasured up in every Creature; but then, that would put him in mind of *Amphigenia*, and then he would blame his Tongue for its unpardonable presumption, to mention with the least detestation, any thing that had but the shadow of an Image of that, that might be call'd here.

Thus did his sorrow variously vent it self, having none to commiserate him, but the senseless Walls, (which with a dull noise, would repeat his moans, and say *Amen* to his cryes) and the Marble of the Chimney, which would weep and sweat, as 't were with sympathizing pain; but grief would transform the Form of every thing, that had the shape of comfort, and make the Walls echo his groans, with a sad dolefulness, and the

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Marble drops to reflect his visage, and therein the Portraiture of sorrow. True grief delights in solitudes, if it may be said to have any delight; and he mourns with a witness, that mourns without a witness.

But now, to leave him in his lamentations, and return to *Amphigenia*, who with the fright she took at her surprizal, fell into such a dangerous distemper, as threatned little less than her sudden dissolution; every moment the fatal Thief, would steal some portion of her Rosy-excellence, or rather the Graces enshrined in her beautious Face, by a mysterious transition passed into my soul, to make her fit to inhabit among the Celestial dwellers; which when her Father saw, he grew so enraged with *Danpion*, as he resolved not to be partial, but gave strict command to his Keeper, that night to put out his eyes, as others before had suffered for an offence of the like kind, though without those high aggravations that attended his: and moreover, to keep him Prisoner, until they saw whether *Amphigenia* would recover, or not; if not, he should be sacrificed on her Tomb, and her Epitaph should be written in his Ashes, and engraven with the point of a Sword on his Skull; but if the contrary, he should have his freedom.

The Jailor, to execute the Kings commands, in the depth and dead of all the night, softly steals up to *Danpion's* chamber, whom care and sorrow, and a strange noise of confused thoughts, would not permit to sleep, so that he was only laid down on his bed, a little wax Taper burning by him, and was reading the sad story of *Hero* and *Leander's* love, and was so moved with its woful conclusion, as that he could not but shed some drops on the Book, and by drowning their names with Tears, make them act over again their own Tragedy.

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The Keeper perceiving a dim light in his Chamber, (which gave him to see his hopes to take him asleep were vanished) rushes in violently with a naked Sword in his hand, and with all the terror a deformed countenance (expressing more horror in a gastly look, than could be otherwise contained in a Volume) could frame, he delivers the message, and commands him to submit with patience, as he expected to meet with better usage.

Danpion hearing this unexpected tidings, fixed his eye undauntedly upon him, whose Majesty might have struck an awful terror into the most ruthless Villains heart, and enraged more with the churlishness of his speech, than with the terribleness of his message, he, with a resolute fury, leaps upon the Jaylor, and on the sudden writhes the sword out of his hand, and redeems himself, giving him blowes for his Ransom. Extremity is Vertues Opportunity, which never appears clad with greater lustre, than when stript naked by Fortune.

Danpion having released himself, runs to a near adjoyning Wood, where he spends that night in sighing forth his woes; somtimes raving at the Kings mercilesse tyranny, somtimes cursing *Bascanius*'s treachery, somtimes lamenting *Amphigenia*'s cruelty. His Mind floating in a tempestuous Sea of thoughts, would be wrecked, somtimes upon Rocks of insuperable difficulties, somtimes overwhelmed in a Gulf of despair: Then his Tongue, the servant of his Mind, to give some little ease, would vent some streams, out of the over-flowings of his thoughts. Words are airy successors to our intestate comforts: Flitting Shadows, and vanishing Pictures of our mindes, or our mindes transformed into Air, and that formed into Words; invisible transcripts of our thoughts, writ upon Air, and copyed out by our Tongues;

Tongues; poor breathing Orators of our woes, whose Rhetorick will for a while hush them to silence; who give ease, though they give no succour.

So *Danpion*, with the wind of his words, would a little disperse the Clouds of grief in his mind. Somtimes he would inveigh against Envy, calling it the putrid Blain of a corrupt mind, or the very Imposthume of all vitious humours; which bursting with its own venom, sends forth an infectious gore, called Slaunder: Slaunder, that base canker of Renown, filthy vapour of an ulcerous mind, whose steam obscures Vertues bright Ray; vile demolisher of the Temple of Honour, and the accursed spawn of a hellish mind.

But then his Hate to Envy, would bring to his mind the contrary opposite, a Love to Vertue; and both these would be as alarms, to awaken the thoughts of *Amphigenia*, the Object of the first, and the Subject of the latter; And then he would condemn his too too adventurous eyes, for their presumptuous beholding of that miracle of beauty; but more his remembrance, for retaining that Soul-captivating Species, her Idea; but most of all, his Heart, for surrendring up its Cittadel to the tyranny of love.

And then he would call out, Ah! Why did I love? Alas! alas! Why did I love? Thus to be made a slave to Beauty; but how could I chuse but love? love? nay adore so Divine a Form? Rather why do I remember? since it is remembrance that is the life of my grief, and that that renews my woes; but how can I chuse but remember such a heavenly shape, in whom all unparalleld Excellencies meet like parallels in their proper Centre; whose every beam glanced from her eyes, writ a compleat story in my mind, of Beauties Perfection, and Loves Prerogative? But ah! Why did I then give liberty to my eyes to see that model of Divine

vine perfections? since the eyes are the Cryſtal doors of the mind, at which all Objects enter that enthrall the affections; but alas! who could but gaze, and gaze himſelf to admiration, and admire himſelf into an Extaſie, to behold one, in whoſe Eye lay the diapazon of beauties viſible harmony, which with their motions, like the Spheres, would ſtrike Entrancing Raptures into all chaſt hearts; and where thouſands of Stars lay couched under a ſable Veil, reſembling nights Canopy, whoſe rapting influence, would compel all eyes to ſee, all thoughts to remember, and all hearts to love and adore?

Thus his thoughts flying from one oppoſite to another, would ſtill centre on *Amphigenia*; like the Eagles, that flying from Eaſt to VVeſt, met in *Delphos*; and thus he conſumed the night, untill about the dawning of the morn; that impartially partial hour, which whileſt it ſeems to ſtand as a Neuter, between night and day, and to take to neither, doth indeed incline to both; when remembring, that though his eſcape had freed him from preſent miſery, yet not from future ruine, he therefore reſolved to flee to *Cyprus*, after his friend *Periander*, and aſſiſt him in the releaſment of *Glycera*, and then return with him to *Theſſalia*, and by his means ingratiate himſelf with *Pandion*, and he feared not but to procure a conſiderable Party that ſhould revolt from *Hiarbas*, upon the leaſt knowledge of his intentions.

As he was thus walking and pondering, there ſuddenly came upon him about five Horſmen, who by force (he having no weapon to defend himſelf) carried him about the ſpace of a mile, to a green Valley, where there lay great numbers of Souldiers, as in a Buſh; in the midſt of whom, was a rich Chariot, drawn by four milk-white Horſes abreaſt, wherein there ſat a moſt in-

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comparable Lady, clad in rich attire, in whose face was displayed all the Ensignes and Trophæs of conquering beauty, and in her looks there sat not only an attractive sweetness, but a Majestick stateliness; so that she seemed at once to allure and command affection, to behold, conquer, and tryumph: So that *Cæsars* Motto, *Veni, vidi, vici*, translated into the language of Love, seemed written on every feature, in the Rosie-Characters of beauty.

In this tryumphant posture she rode, four Virgins that were her Attendants, sitting at her feet, a proper Gentleman, all in Armour, well mounted, riding by her as a captive to her beauty; whose soul peeping thorow the Prison-windows of his eyes, plainly discovered it self to be fettered with the Beams that came from hers. To this Gentleman they carried *Danpion*, who no sooner saw him, but he dis-mounted, and saluted him with all the testimonies of respect and honour, an innate civility, together with a true grounded affection, and a just respect, founded upon great worth, all meeting in one Person, could possibly dispose him to utter.

Danpion amazed with this unexpected manner of encounter, and the more amazed, because so unexpected, was at first (contrary to his wonted manner of laying deep engagements upon others, with his unimitable courtesie) carried with astonishment to that extremity, that borders on the confines of Incivility; till at length, called out of his amazement, with excess of amazement, (as waters chilness recalls the spirits) he retorts back his salutation, with the like manner of Ceremonies, and craving pardon for his rudeness, requests him therein to accuse his bad fortunes, who rendring him unworthy to chalenge, had also banished all expectations to meet with any such honour; and withall,

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condemning his memory, that could retain his ſorrows, but not the name and Idea of a Perſon of ſo much worth. The Gentleman hearing this told him, that his name was *Athalus*, who, that his actions might be of an equal latitude with his promiſes, he, with ſome few men, came to ſerve him in the attaining of his Kingdom.

Then *Danpion* called to mind, that this was the Perſon that came with *Periander* to the Hermits Cave, and alſo what engagements he made at his parting from thence, and thereupon embraced him with all poſſible joy, and gave him Millions of thanks for his obligements; telling him, how ſeaſonable his aſſiſtance came, and therewithall fully informing him of his condition, and what Plots he had uſed, and what ſucceſs of his Plots, and what advantage by that ſucceſs, and in what ſtate and poſture his affairs were in for the preſent; how much weakned by the ſudden departure of *Periander*, whoſe counſel and aſſiſtance had exceedingly farthered his Deſignes: And then he told him of *Periander*'s happy meeting with *Florinda*, and by what wile ſhe had eſcaped from *Acaſtus*; neither did he ſtick to tell him of his own affection to *Amphigenia*, though neither by his manner of ſpeech, countenance, or geſture, did he accuſe in himſelf any ſuch Paſſion; not like thoſe puny Lovers, who can coyn no expreſſions, but in the Mint-houſe of Paſſion; and when they ſpeak, their ſpeech is nothing but a bundle of incongruities, and incohærent Phraſes, and all the while their *April*-faces muſt now moiſten the ground with a ſhowr of Tears, anon the clouds of grief muſt be diſperſed, and nothing but ſerenity; and thus by external inconſtancy, deſcribing their inward conſtancy. But then *Danpion* began to enquire of *Athalus*, about the event of his love to *Matilda* (for *Periander*, as they

came

came along from the Hermitage, had told him the whole story) and whether that excellent Lady, that beautified the Coach with her Beauty, were not she: To whom *Athalus* replyed, that that indeed was the Lady, that was the Pole-star of all his endeavours, through whose favour he breathed, through whose breath he lived, through the life of whose love he loved his life, and by which he poized all his felicity.

Danpion having performed his salutations to her, *Athalus* began his relation. It hapned (said he) that during the time my wounds were healing in the Cave, where first it was my happiness to meet with your Lordship, *Plirio* (through whose means *Periander* and I were set upon, by the Villains that dragged us into those Woods, with intents to kill us) became Lord of *Parrhasia*, by the death of his Father; he being the only preserver of his name, was left the only Possessor of his Lordship; who having now ability to execute what only before he had wickedness to desire, hoping that both of us, but especially my self, had tasted the fruit of his base revenge, seizes upon my Castle in my absence, under pretence of a forfeiture for Treasons, Murders, and Conspiracies said to be acted and ploted by me and my Complices. And that he might colour over these unjust pretences, with pretences of Justice, he caused those that escaped from *Periander* by flight, after they had acted their bloody Tragedy upon me, vehemently to petition for justice against me; who being men not only of murderous, but mercenary spirits, and never would refuse to dive into a Sea of wickedness, to find that Pearl called Gain, and ever thought it the greatest piece of folly in the world, for men to recede from their own Interest, through a childish dread of impiety, and to be affrighted from the beaten rode of Vice, if it leads to a Mine of wealth, with

with the fooliſh Bug-bear terrors that haunt that path; and therefore they'd no leſs deride at thoſe, that not ſteering their actions by the compaſs of Profit, would ſail where ever thoſe guſts of popular breath entituled Honor ſhould drive them; than a skillful experienced Mariner would at a freſh-water Seaman, that neglecting his Compaſs, ſhould flatter himſelf with hopes of a ſpeedy arrival at his Port, becauſe he runs afore the wind, though it blow from a quite contrary quarter. Theſe men being thus a fit matter for him to ſuperinduce any form upon, he transforms their former ſhapes, and makes them become of lovers to Vice, pretended lovers of Vertue; and therefore deſirous of juſtice, not not only becauſe it was juſtly ranked in the catalogue of Vertues, but becauſe it was the deſtroyer of Vice, and the cheriſher and protector of Vertue

And this he did to obſcure his own malice, and their revenge, from the popular view; that ſo his actions having an image of juſtice impreſſed upon them, might paſs current.

Having thus by policy and ſubtilty, plundered me of my eſtate, the next thing he had to do was to poſſeſs himſelf of *Arriteſia*, without whom all the other iſſues of his brain would prove abortive; and to that end he invites both the ſiſters *Arriteſia* and *Matilda*, (to intercept all jealouſies in them or their Father, that might intercept his plot) to a moſt magnificent feaſt, where (as was reported) luxury and exceſs ſeemed to ride in triumph in every diſh, as though the ſtorehouſes of the elements had been ranſacked to furniſh his Table; as if he had been rather to have courted his Miſtriſſes appetite, than her affection; ſo that his Table ſeemed the Scene of Prodigality, whereon was acted the Tragedy of Temperance and true Liberalty; the moſt poinant meats being poiſons to the former,

as excessive profuseness is destructive to the latter.

But the Feast being concluded, *Plivio* had another play to act, to which this served but for a Prologue; and that was to seize upon *Arritesia*; that since (as the Philosopher saith) every one is the framer of his own fate, he resolved that none should accuse his negligence for his infelicity, but he would purchase that by compulsion, to which milder means he saw would prove ineffectual. For (my Lord) you must know *Arritesia* was a Lady in whom appeared all the delicate attractives of beauty, and external demonstrations of internal Vertue; so that as the former would sufficiently excuse a Stoick should he become an amorist: excuse? nay accuse him of a base ignorance of worth, should he not admire her perfections; so the influence of the latter, might have created goodness in the worst of men, and rendered him inexcusable in whose breast was the least spark of an impure fire. Now no wonder if a vertuous soul enshrined in so sweet a body, by a reflex act viewing its own internal beauty, be like *Narcissus* gazing on his picture limned by the Sunbeams in a Fountain, enamoured with its own excellencies; and so was *Arritesia*, yet not so as to obscure her worth, with being void of humility, but rather made Humility a means to discover the worthiness of her worth, and so her Vertues as they became more perspicuous, so more delectable; so that if her humility was apt to entice hope, her dazling worth would again stupifie and confound it. But as none can cast up their eyes at the Sun, with more confidence, and less dazling, than the blind; so none are less ravished with true worth, than those whose ignorance of it, makes them least admire it.

So *Plivio*, though none had less grounds for hope, yet

yet none had greater confidence than he; not becauſe he ſo far excelled others, as that his tranſcending deſerts ſhould excite her to pitch upon him, but becauſe his worth being ſhort of many, made him leſs able to diſcern of anothers, and begat conceits of himſelf above what his deſerts could challenge, and ſuch thoughts in any will ſoon augment hope to a preſumption; but this did but create the more diſeſteemes of him in *Arriueſia*'s thoughts, who by the light of her own worth was able to ſee his worthleſneſs, and where diſeſteem once gets entrance, its hard to crowd out diſaffection, they being inſeparably linked together, as love and contempt are irreconcileably ſeparated; ſo that *Arriueſia* thus ſlighting his perſon would much more contemn his importunings, that ſhe let all his words dye in their own ſounds, his moſt pathetick expreſſions taking no more impreſſion on her, than puffs of Air upon an Adamant.

Her mind was a Paradiſe, where ſwarmed Angels of high thoughts, ſuch thoughts as each deſerved a Crown, and could he think ſuch thoughts would admit of ſociety with ſo mean and abject meditations as his imaginary Vertues? But whither doth my paſſion tranſport me! *Plivio* finding her thus (as he termed her) an obſtinate piece, bent his wit more to deviſe ſome ſtratagem, how to procure her by the favour of policy, than before he did to compoſe his ſmooth courting ſpeeches to ſtorm her by the force of eloquence. And having by that ſubtilty enticed her to his Caſtle (as I told you) after the Feaſt was concluded, and the riches of the time ſpent in dalliance and delights, the two Sisters, with great acknowledgements of his civility, took leave of him.

Plivio being now if ever to accompliſh his deſires, waits upon them to the Caſtle Gate, perforns many

ceremonies to them both to delay their sudden departure, but especially to *Arriteſia*, to whom he applies himself in all the dilatory postures of a parting Lover; so that *Matilda* by this time was entered into her Coach, and all their attendants stood without, waiting when *Plivio* would dismiss their Lady, whose ear was surfeited with his tedious complements. But *Plivio* having now brought about what he desired, thought it not prudence to dally with opportunity, but on the suddain gives the watch-word to his servants, who being able to interpret the meaning, make fast the Gate, and by force drew in *Arriteſia* into the Castle, not regarding her pittiful shrieks and crys, and tears, able to wound the flintyest heart, and peirce the most impenetrable ears. Oh! that heaven should ever permit any to fix the superscription of love, upon actions so plainly visible to the dimmest eye, to be nothing but the offsprings of a luxurious passion.

Matilda, with the company that were without, hearing *Arriteſia*'s crys, and seeing the sad effects of his plot, and that his former delays were but the courtings of occasion, they in a confused manner run home to *Pirotes*'s house, to inform him of his Daughters surprizal; but as they went, amazing fear had so distracted some, and fearless amazement transported others, that when *Pirotes* at their arrival (having his heart no less filled with terror, than his ears were with the noise of that rout) inquired of them the cause of their confusion, as the one (at first) could not tell what to relate, so neither could the other tell how to deliver their doleful message, but made their countenances supply the defects of their speech; till at length they declared the villany of *Plivio*, and the misery of his Daughter.

Pirotes, whose ears with such greedy haste hunted for words, had now over-taken the prey that preyed upon him, and pulling his hat over his face (as I was told) tears fell in such abundance, as if his heart dissolved into drops, had distilled thorough his eyes; such a source of sorrow did over-flow him, as even drowned his senses, and with too much sense of grief, made grief become senseless. Sorrow when it swells above the dam of moderation confounds it self.

In this confused conflict of mind, he fixes this resolution in his thoughts (if an unsteadfast mind, floating on the inconstant waves of grief, can ever be said to resolve) that a few womanish complaints should not satisfie his revenge, but he would give the coyn that *Mars* uses to purchase Kingdoms with for her Dowry.

The next day, according to his resolution, he summons all his Tenants together; and as many as thorow either envy or hatred to *Plivio*, or love to *Arritesia* (for she had many suters, and he many rivals, whose merits far over-ballanced his, though his fortunes exceeded theirs) would appear in arms against him, and besieges him in his Castle before his spies could give any information; so that all his preparations were to fight *Cupids* battels, for instead of that miscellany of noises and combustions that are the usual effects of sudden alarms, they might hear nothing but Musick and dancing, and all things that argued a fearless security; only, as happened, the Gates were shut, but rather to keep out the air than an enemy, the Guard being discharged that should have watched upon the walls, and the Centinels that should have given notice of this invasion.

Thus many times, some unthought of mischief steals away our joys, whilst our senses lye steept in solace and

benumm'd with a dream of pleasure, and seldom that issue of an improvident mind Security, lights upon any that move upon the still waters of content, but like that inauspicious meteor called *Helena*, it presages a storm.

And so it was with *Plivio*, he was reaping the harvest of delight with one hand, whilst he sowed the seeds of his own ruin with the other. And had not the Gates been happily fastned (thanks more to his good fortune than his vigilance) he had been surprized in the midst of all his jollity; but by that means they were forced to use scaling Ladders, battering Rams, and other Engines of War, to force a passage into the Castle. And so strongly was it fortified by Art and Nature, that notwithstanding they were interrupted with so small resistance, as onely from some few of *Plivio's* menial attendants, that were more beholding to Nature for valour than their Master, and had made what opposition, men grown desperate with courage and necessity would dare to attempt, yet success had not put a period to their enterprize, untill the setting of the Sun had concluded the day. And just then (as fortune would have it) it was my happiness to arrive at the Castle, to the admiration of *Pirotes* and all his company, who before were fully possessed with the belief of my death. But after some congratulations that passed betwixt us, he gave me a full information of the reasons of his proceedings, and what had been *Plivio's* designs in my absence, and how that fate that commonly attends such actions, had now dissipated all his endeavors.

The whilst he held me in this discourse, the rest of the men were ransacking the Castle for *Plivio* and *Arisesia*, the one the onely prey for their revenge, and the latter the onely treasure they sought after: but not-

notwithstanding all the care and diligence that could be expected in men searching for a Jewel, that must ransom them from the killing tortures of a living death, not the least footsteps of either could be found. But how, or when, or which way, or whither they escaped, was as great a subject of our admiration, as if the Sun had droped down from heaven. But I shall never forget how the good old man, when the news of his Daughters flight flew to his ears, how he at once both wept and wondered, grief and astonishment having both taken the Fortress of his heart, and both at once displayed their Banners in his countenance, and there I saw at once an agreement betwixt them to tyrannize over him, and a disagreement about dominion over each other; his amazement did at once transport him and confound grief, his grief would at once overflow him and drown his amazement.

But at length after a tedious search for *Arritesia*, for whom they looked with more curiosity than *Ceres* did for *Proserpina*, and the time of night being come, that is wont to steal our senses, and hide them in a *Pandora*'s box of dreams, *Pirotes* returned home (for home he would return) though (as common civility obliged) I much pressed him to the contrary. But as he went (poor Gentleman) methoughts I saw a doleful hearse of sorrow in his looks, his heavy eyes with their dim lights pointing towards the ground, as if there he meant to inhabit next, and seemed like torches in a grave; whilst every part would act its part, and seemed to give a dumb relation of that story of woe written in his thoughts.

But to be short, sorrow had so closed up all the entries of his mind, that there was not the least crany for a beam of comfort to shine in; yea it so plaid the Tyrant, that it quite exil'd all rest and sleep, and every

thing that seemed an enemy to mourning, so that he conversed with nothing but solitariness, saw nothing but darkness, heard nothing but inward sighs, spake nothing but silent moans, felt nothing but pangs that stupified his feeling, and tasted nothing but insipid grief, till at length death that unties the Gordian knots of nature, that untunes the harmony of compounded beings; the poor mans wish, the rich mans fear, the sad mans joy, the stout mans Page, the young mans toy, and the old mans expectation; that thief that steals man away, and leaves his picture for a while, stole *Pirotes* out of this world, who amongst many other grave counsels to *Matilda* (the rare off-springs of those severe but excellent thoughts, that steam forth from a departing soul, carried above it self with that excess of joy extracted from those pleasureable meditations that a well-passed life in this world do afford) I say much and so excellent advice he gave her, as if he would have contracted the former goodness of the whole span of his life into a punctum, of all his years into that last moment, and then like the last blaze of an Aromatick Torch, breath forth the fragrant odors of his life in his last instant; and then my good Angel inspired him with such high thoughts of me, as (indeed) it would be the greatest presumption to think my merits could challenge a part inferior reputation: So that at his last hour he charged her, that if ever (as he pleased to tearm it) so much happiness was reserved for her, as that I should pitch upon her as the object of my affections, not to be so great an enemy to her self (he might more properly have said an enemy to me) as to slight me, though my small worth might be a sufficient excuse, having nothing that might merit the contrary, except in that I love her; but however, this was both his advise and command; so that encouraged by this, after the

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freſh remembrance of his death was a little withered (as nothing ever continues verdant, though farr be it from me to expunge the remembrance of him, 'twould be an eternal blot to my name, and might juſtly make me remembred onely for infamy) but I ſay, after the verdant freſhneſs of it, though watered with the dew of many tears, began to decay, I went to *Matilda*, and unbreaſted my thoughts to her, and diſcloſed the beauteous image of her ſelf there incloſed; and how pure a flame was ſhot from her eyes into my heart, and in a broken manner (for ſuch is the language of Lovers, the commotions of their hearts diſturbing their ſpeech) I ſay brokenly I begged of her to love me, if not for my own ſake, yet as the Cabinet of ſuch a Jewel as her Idea, and if not for that, yet for her Fathers ſake, who had bequeathed ſo excellent a Legacy unto me as her ſelf, the Jewel of the world, the pattern of perfection, in whoſe preſence all beauties loſe their luſtre, as the Suns refulgent beams drown the ſplendor of the Stars; and in compariſon of whom *Venus* was but a blowze, and might juſtly be accuſed of the higheſt arrogance, ſhould ſhe account her excellencies worth eſtimation when compared with hers.

In fine, I left nothing unſaid that Love could dictate (and Love did dictate as much as can be within the compaſs of invention) ſo that at length with theſe aſſaults I battered down all thoſe reaſons that fortified her heart againſt me; and forced her to bluſh forth a dumb conſent, when methoughts I ſaw her former thoughts marching out of her mind with the colours flying in the lovely Air of her countenance, with ſuch a delicate bravery, as ſhe ſeemed at once to yield and tryumph; ſo that I became of a captive a victor, but yet ſuch a victor, as my conqueſt did but augment my captivity.

And

And before she would surrender up her heart to my possession, she compelled me by many Vows to swear, not to deface her spotless Vertue, but that chastity should retain its governance; and withall to pay a large sum of merits, towards the building a Temple of honor, where her Vertue should lye enshrined; and since that no deserts purchase greater renown, than those that are founded on Valour and Deeds of Arms, therefore she engaged me to travel with her thorough *Greece* to hunt for fame with heroick exploits. And remembring that there was no better way to eternize my name, than to serve so excellent a Prince as your self, in so just and honorable a cause, I raised what forces I could in *Parrhasia*, and am now come to obey *Matilda*, and serve your Lordship.

Athulus having thus finished his story, *Danpion* and he began to consult about their designs. Great affairs being surrounded with difficulties, for their better accomplishment, require as well *Argus*'s eyes as *Briareus* hands. And therefore as a Prince would proclame himself guilty of no great prudence, whose confidence on anothers judgement should create in him a diffidence of his own, and by that means make another the *Atlas* of his Crown; so neither would it argue height of policy, should an over-valuing opinion of himself, beget in him a contempt of his counsel: For by that means, viewing his reasons thorough the spectacles of self-conceipt, be sure they will appear (however empty in themselves) more full of wisdom, more forcible, and more demonstrative than others. That Prince had need have a brain pregnant with *Minerva* that needs no counsel, as he shews himself a Prince (scarce a man I should say) with a head, empty of brains, that refuses all counsel.

But

But to digress from this digression. *Pandion* and *Athalus* (as I said) fell into consultation about the managing this cause in which they were embarqued, and how to steer it safely to the Port of Soveraignty. Now in all determinable cases, controverted by a Councel, these three points are chiefly to be insisted on.

First, The Justness of the cause: for who can expect to return crowned with a Lawrel, that at once fights against the powers of heaven and earth?

Secondly, The facility of accomplishing; and therein is to be considered the instrumental causes: for never was any so in league with Heaven, as to challenge supernatural assistance. None could free him from the imputation of madness, that would endeavor to effect an enterprize without endeavors; that were to create not to get victories.

Thirdly, The honor and profit: since man acting as a rational creature by voluntary election, not by instinct of Nature, or compulsive impulse of Sense, always propounds some thing to himself, which appearing under the notion of good, is called the final cause, which though last in execution, is first in intention; therefore much more in the management of the highest affairs, man is entrusted with on earth, they ought to use the greatest reason; and Reason never excites the will to proceed to election of any thing for its object, that contains not real worth to render it eligible, or is at least gilded over with an amability.

Now these three things were chiefly considered in their deliberation.

And as to the first, namely, The justness of the Cause; that was affirmed to be as apparent as the Sun, by whom all things are apparent; it being the prosecution of a persecuted right, and such a right, that had been founded upon an indubitate succession for many gene-

generations, proclamed by the voyce of heaven the people, and confirmed by the Law of Nature and Nations.

And to that Objection that *Hiarbas* his right, both by Conqueſt, and by *Agu* his reſignation, had ſwallowed up *Danpion's*, Reply was made: To the firſt Part of the Objection, That Nature was an impartial Legiſlator, and Univerſals were equally ſhared among Specials and Individuals: Now if it was an Univerſal Rule, That Might could purchaſe Right, then it was as juſt for *Danpion* to regain the Kingdom by force, as *Hiarbas* by force to poſſeſs it. If the longeſt ſword is a fit tool to carve Crowns for one, it is for another. If the Trophies of Conqueſt can afford materials for a Throne for one, they can for another. But the Sword uſing no other Arguments, than thoſe of Victory and Succeſs, cannot be a fit way to conſtitute, nor a fit Umpire to determine Right: And though it may plead Cuſtom and Example, yet ſuch Pleas are only valid with thoſe, whoſe ignorance of the Original and true conſtitution of Right, Equity, and Juſtice, diſpoſeth them to adhere to a Precedent; and though they follow the example of one, whoſe actions were probably entituled juſt, becauſe they eſcaped that vengeance that purſues injuſtice: We are not to ſquare our actions by anothors, unleſs he ſquares his by the rules of juſtice: And though (it is true) in the ſtate of War, that all men are in, before the inſtitution of Common-wealths, (every man by nature being as a little World, ſo a little Republick) a Right procured by the Sword is not unjuſt, becauſe unjuſtice is the wrongful detaining of anothers Propriety; now one man having as much right to all things as another, there can be no Propriety, until a coercive Power is eſtabliſhed, that muſt divide this vaſt Common into Incloſures; yet after Common-

wealths

wealths are instituted, to invade anothers right, is not to procure a Propriety, but a Possession; for Propriety is a Right to enjoy and improve any thing transferred by mutual voluntary compact, under a coercive Power, that can render the Contract valid, by compelling the mutual performance: Now a Covenant being an act of the Will, and the Will having only some good for its Object, and no greater evil, than to abandon means of self-preservation (which is the end and use of all things we seek to enjoy) therefore none can be supposed voluntarily to renounce his right of enjoyment of that, the loss whereof tends to his destruction; because he therein cannot be thought to aim at any good to himself.

Again, a Covenant being a voluntary act, must be free from all coercion: For though the Elicit actions of the Will are not subject to compulsion, yet the Imperate actions are somtimes forced to rebel against its commands and dictates: Now a Covenant being a voluntary transferring of Right, that is, not a conferring a Right upon another that he had not before, because Nature equally shares all things, among all persons, but a devesting ones self of a liberty of interrupting anothers Original Right, in the thing alienated, or a voluntary standing out of the way, that another may enjoy his Original Right derived to him by Nature: As *Alexander*, when he eclipsed the Sun, by his interposition between it and *Diogines*'s little Hermitage, removed his station at the *Cynicks* request: But an enjoyment purchased by force, doth not by a reciprical transferring of some good, move the Will of any one by compact, voluntarily to renounce his Right, or liberty of impeding anothers use of his own Right Original, and to remove himself away the main obstacle, but rather thrusts such a one away by force; as if *Diogines* should

ſhould have crowded *Alexander* from between him and the Suns Rayes.

And therefore a Right ſo procured, is only a preſent fruition, that is Poſſeſſion, until a ſtronger ſnatches the Prey. Hence, no one can inveſt himſelf with a right of Soveraignety only by force, a power of governing ſo procured, being not a Soveraignty, but a Tyranny: For all Soveraigntie, or Power of governing others, is Originally derived from a certain number of Perſons, covenanting one with another, to ſurrender up their natural right of Self-gubernation, to one or more Perſons, who repreſenting the whole, ſo united by mutual compact, may uſe the power and ſtrength of them all for the ſafety, and benefit, and weal of the Publick.

Therefore a Power attained by violence, is not a Power to rule, but tyrannize; the multitude having never ſo much as implicitly transferred over their right, and conſequently not obliged to obedience, any farther than as their Non-obedience may turn to their deſtruction: And in that reſpect, the right of Soveraignty being equally ſhared among all Perſons, by nature, the diſproportion only remains in this, That ſuch a one hath the longeſt Sword.

But concerning the ſecond part of the Objection, *viz:* That *Agis* had transferred over his right to *Hiarbas* by Reſignation, this was the ſolution:

Firſt, though it is true, Covenants entred into by force are Obligatory, from the Law of Nature that commands Self-preſervation, and conſequently an Election of thoſe means that tend thereunto; therefore if an extorted reſignation be a means to procure ſuch a good, as a freedom from that evil that is the Object of fear, it cannot but be binding, where there is no other Law (as in the conditihn of meer Nature) for-

forbiddeth the performance; but such Covenants being acts of men, considered as in the condition of War, are therefore obliging no longer, than until there ariseth a new and just cause of fear, and then he is much obliged by the same Law, that for Self-conservation commanded him to resign up such a Right, because the reservation of it was inconsistent with his preservation, to re-invest himself with that right he relinquished, if it be the only means for his safety, as before he was to resign it up.

But it was alleged, That there was a just cause of fear, though not in *Agis*, yet in *Dampion* his Heir, or Representative, who had the sentence of Death passed upon him, and therefore might justly seek to re-gain the Kingdom, not only as his lawful inheritance, but to preserve himself from the invasions of *Hiarbas*, there being nothing more reasonable than Anticipation, that is, the over-powring those Persons that seek ones destruction.

But secondly, The people of *Thessalia* had given the soveraignty to those that were lineally descended of *Agis*'s Ancestors, and therefore were bound by Covenant to obey them, as their lawful Soveraigns: Consequently *Agis*, though he might dispose of the Government during his life, yet not of the Succession; because he derived no such authority from the Fountain of Soveraigntie, the Multitude, in the first institution; and therefore the transferring of the right of governing from his Posterity to a stranger, was the giving away anothers Propriety, or an assisting of one, in the invasion of another.

Hence, *Hiarbas* was but a temporary King, to whom the entire exercise of Power was committed for a time; which once expired, his Power must also expire with it: after which, his Government was but an unjust Usur-

ſurpation, or a wrongful detaining of anothers Propriety.

The ſecond thing they conſulted about, was the facility of accompliſhing: For Policy forbids any man to ingage in a War, though for a juſt and lawful recovery of his own; unleſs he can produce pregnant and demonſtrative aſſurances, that he ſhall be ſeconded with ſucceſs. But they did not doubt of ſucceſs, for theſe Reaſons:

Firſt becauſe, the ſooner any thing comes to perfection, the ſooner it declines to corruption and diſſolution; ſo the ſooner any arrives at the height of power, the nearer he is to his declenſion. And this was *Hiarbas* caſe, being on a ſudden rebounded, by a ſtrange fortune, into the throne, from the ground of a hopeleſs irreſolution.

Secondly, As in Nature, ſo in Government, nothing is permanent that is violent. For though for a time a Tyrant (*i.e.* an unjuſt Uſurper, or poſſeſſor of anothers Power, to whom the right of ſoveraignty in Propriety belongs) though for ſome time he may underprop his ſtate with the Sword and Policy; yet in the end, Divine Juſtice ſnaps the Sword in ſunder, infatuates his Council, and makes his own the ſubaltern cauſes of his down-fall.

But *Hiarbas*, as he came to his Government by a Politick violence, ſo he upheld it by the ſame; and therefore they feared not, but that falſe pretended right, inſcribed by the Sword-point, on the leaf of a Laurel, would be diſſipated, like the Prophecies of that *Sybill*, that uſed Leaves for her Paper, by the blaſts of Heavens Vengeance.

Thirdly, That Government that is erected on the Baſis of a Faction, cannot ſtand; becauſe the Foundation being too narrow for the Fabrick, and it having no

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Internal Principle of ſtability, muſt be upheld by External Props, and conſequently ſubject to diſſolution, upon the leaſt failing of that force, by which it was conſtituted.

But as the former was moſt apparently true in *Hiarbas* his Government, ſo alſo the latter; *viz:* That that force that was the Architect of his ſoveraignty, daily declined thorow inteſtine diſorder. Theſe, and many other Reaſons that were then given, encouraged them in their high enterprize.

But as for the third thing, *viz:* the Honour and Profit that would redound, if their atchivements were crowned with ſucceſs, that was ſo conſpicuous, as it required no great conſideration. So that in Fine, this was the reſult of the conſultation, That *Athalus* ſhould march with his men to the Court, and pretend to be revolted from *Pandion*, through an opinion of the merit of *Hiarbas*'s Cauſe; that ſince *Danpion* was exiled from thence, and none to nouriſh Faction in the Court or Kingdom, *Athalus* by that means might ingratiate himſelf with the King, and breed emulation among the Nobles, and diſſentions among the Commonalty; that ſo by that means, they might fit all things in a readineſs againſt the firſt acceſs of a ſmiling fortune. And as for *Danpion*, it was thought not ſafe for him to entruſt himſelf in any part of the Kingdom, unleſs diſguiſed; it was therefore reſolved, that he ſhould attire himſelf in the habit of a Lady, and go to the Court as a companion of *Matilda*'s, and ſo make that maſk a ſtep at once to reach the prize of his Ambition and Affection.

Theſe things thus agreed on, *Danpion* arrayes himſelf in a white ſilken Robe, that raught from his ſhoulders to the ground, the train whereof ſtrayed a pretty diſtance from his heels, and before was buttoned with

rich Jewels, from his neck, to his knees, and there left open to discover the pure whiteness of his skin: His leggs and feet were imprisoned within the gilded Labyrinth of rich Buskins, which were fastned under his knee, with a most precious Jewel, where the ends of all the Knots did centre and unite: His hair being very long, after the *Thessalian* manner, hung loosely, and carelessly upon his shoulders, having no other attire upon his head, than a lawn Veil cast over his head, face, and shoulder, on the top of which, he wore a Coronet of Gold, set with Diamonds, the antient Habit of Virgin-Princesses in some parts of *Greece*. Thus arrayed, he steps up into the Chariot, and sits on the right hand of *Matilda*, and accompanies her to the Court, under the name of *Celania*; where in a short time they arrived, and were received by *Hiarbas* (after notice given by a Herauld from *Athalus*, what they were, and what the intents of their coming) with all possible demonstrations of Honour; not neglecting any ceremonies or complements that appertain to State, but manifesting all things that might express the greatness of a Princes mind, who scorns to be overcome in curtesie.

And as for the two Ladies, *Celania* and *Matilda*, with the four Virgins that were the Attendants, they were conducted by a chief Gentleman-Usher, thorow the outward Court, to a stately Gallery, that led into a most beautiful Garden; where they were received by a Lady of Honour, and thence led to the Princess *Amphigenia*; who in her Chamber was set in a Chair of State, under a most rich Canopy of cloth of gold, with many young beautiful Ladies, clad in Crimson Damask, attending on her.

Amongst whom, her most transcendent beauty made her shine, with as much superiority, as the Sun doth over the

the leſſer Luminaries; ſo excellent and incomparable were the Graces that ſat enſhrined in her lively Countenance, as ſhe ſeemed as a perfect mirror of all beauty and Majeſty; ſuch a miraculous compoſition of all thoſe Excellencies, that can at once both enraviſh with delight, and tranſport with admiration: She ſeemed (as indeed ſhe was) a fitter ſubject for the pen of Angels, whoſe vaſt capacities render them more able to comprehend, as their being converſant with immortal Glories, to deſcribe the ſublimity of her Perfections, than any Mortal whatſoever; becauſe, though he had an underſtanding as vaſt as the Creation, that he could put a Girdle upon Nature, and might, like the Bee, here and there extract the choyceſt Flowers, that grow in her Garden, to fill his invention with ſimilitudes, yet being cooped within the Univerſe, he can no more deſcribe the perfection of her beauties, than a Picture of the Sun can imitate its Splendor.

In this ſtately poſture ſhe ſate, until the Ladies were conducted into her preſence, and then ſhe aroſe and ſaluted them, with a countenance and geſture expreſſing ſo much ſweetneſs, but yet tempered with ſuch a lovely, but ſtately reſervedneſs, as ſhe at once gave them their due Honour, and yet retained her own State; ſo that Majeſty in her deportments ſeemed to deſcend on the wings of Humility, like *Phæbus*'s Chariot, ruled by *Phaeton*, and inflamed their hearts with admiration; but eſpecially *Celanias*'s who was ſtruck into a ſtrange kind of tranſport, that had near diſcovered her, had not conſcience recovered her; for her heart fell into ſuch a vehement panting, and her body was arreſted with ſuch a quiv'ring, as even hindred both her ſpeech and geſtures, at leaſt the grace of them, ſo that ſhe at firſt wiſhed ſhe could purchaſe a handſom conveyance out of the Room, with the loſs of thoſe delights

Amphigenia's presence afforded: And no wonder, for she was never before acquainted with the happiness of so near an access; much less therefore with the effects of love, when extasied with so near an approach to the object beloved, and least of all with an Antidote against the strange influence of those effects.

But at length the consideration of those miseries that would be in the event of her discovery, conquered those pangs, and gave his reason the soveraignty over his passion; so that though at first Passion disdained to hearken to Reason as a Councellor, it now refused not to be subject to it as a Prince.

Celania being now in a capacity for converse, fell into conference with *Amphigenia*, the cadences of whose words seemed to her a melody beyond the very relishes and closes of Angels Musick, as her features seemed to transcend Angelical Beauty. After some time consumed in pleasant discourses, *Amphigenia* led them into the Gardens, and there shewed them all the delights might have sated an Epicure. Such a banquet had Art and Nature there set forth to feast the sight, as might satiate the most greedy pomp-expecting eyes, satiate? rather astonish. Neither were the eyes alone partakers of the mollitious pleasures of that Paradise, but the ears were enriched with all the treasures a well-touched Lute (that sweet Exchequer of delights) could afford, whose resounding womb seemed the Limbeck of harmony, where its quintessence was distilled, which gently dropping thorough the ear into the Cabinet of Sense, the Brain, with its soft pleasures charms the soul.

But this was but a prelude to a consort of Instruments excellently plaid on by delicate Ladies, sitting under a Sun-proof Arbor, whose features seemed as

full

full of harmony to their eyes, as their Musick was beautiful to the ears. But whilst they were keeping time in Musick, time danced by so nimbly, as th y rather in keeping lost it, each minute crowded on so fast, and seemed to tread on its predecessors heels, as if it feared the others loytering might intercept its pleasures: so that it was not long ere the farr-extended shadows of the mountains, seemed sent as messengers from *Titan*, to tell them the news of his declension, when supper was in great state served into the Banqueting house; a stately building suspended in the Air on Marble pillars, standing on a flowry plain, embraced with the Silver streams of a purling River that gently crept along; the Chamber above was hung with cloth of Tissue, in the midst of it was a round Tribunal made of Porphyry, on the top of which was a chair of State, wherein was placed the Statue of *Diana*, richly apparelled, a golden scepter in her hand, and the three Graces attending on her, playing on wind Instruments, which were carved so lively, that as their figure deceived the sight, so did the Musick the hearing, which the water conveyed by silver pipes thorough the pillars made them compose.

But all these glories seemed to *Celania* onely to adorn the tryumph of *Amphigena*'s beauty, which lead captive more hearts than they did eyes, or the Musick ears; so that she viewed them onely with a careless eye, accounting nothing worth the seeing in *Amphigenia*'s presence but her, nor scarce ever casting a glance on any thing, unless it were on that whose extraordinary excellence might justly challenge a look from a Criticks eye, and then she would compare it with her, to render her Beauty incomparable. But if *Amphigenia* chanced to crop a flower, or treasure up the perfumes of a Rose, or disperse the rays of her f ir

eyes on any object, then she would look and look again, envy the flower, grow jealous of the Rose, and grieve that she her self was not the object. Ah! (would she say) thou pretty Martyre, how happy art thou to lose thy life by so sweet an executioner! And when she saw it wither in her hands: Poor senseless flower (said she) cannot a glance from that eye revive thee? nor a touch of that hand (whose soft delicacy would warm a heart bennumed with Age, and in despight of years recall Youth fled with Time) cannot such a hand (I say) stop the career of thy beauties? Poor foolish flower, what meanest thou to let death ravish thy sweets? deface that portraiture of beauty, pencil'd by Nature in thy leaves? demolish thy lovely Cittadel of loveliness? thinkest thou to resume more sweetness, more beauty, more loveliness, from her most sweet, most beautiful, and most lovely hand? no (fond thing) her chastness hates a prostitute. What then? what is the matter? dost thou bequeath thy sweets to her? and do they by a secret transition pass away from thee, and by transmigration dwell in her? no sure, her Ocean of beauty needs not thy drop, her infinite treasures conferr'd on her by too prodigal heaven, sure needs not the addition of thy poor mite: no, no, thou pinest away with grief, and so do I.

Again, when she saw her extract the fragrancy of a Rose: Oh! too happy flower (would she say) and in this onely unhappy, that thou art ignorant of thy happness: Little thinkest thou where thy fading sweets do lye entomb'd; thou wouldst not grutch to part with all thy wealth, knewest thou but where its treasured, nor to be rob'd of thy little cargo of perfumes, didst thou but know thy Pirate. Rob'd? if a Merchant that chaffers trash for Gold, or Glass for Pearls is rob'd, then so art thou.

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Her pure hand that divides thee from thy root, doth but transport thee from thy native dwelling, to the Vermilion Orient of her lips, where she changes the Aromaticks of her breath for thy poor odours. Oh! Oh! might my soul be refined by the heat of Loves passions into such a steam, as now expires out of thy blushing leaves, and be exhaled like thine, and dwell among the Carnation clouds of her beauty, I'de not envy the inhabitants of *Elizium*.

These and the like speeches would she wisper to her self upon every occasion, extracting out of that Garden of delights, onely what might feed the appetite of love. And when Supper was served in, though there was all the rarities that could be expected at a refection invented by an Epicure, to feast his Sense without sense of satiety, yet *Celania* took no contentment in all, only let her eyes riot in the most luxuriant banquet of *Amphigenia's* beauty, which she did with the more confidence, presuming her disguize might make her looks unregarded, or at most unsuspected. Such strange effects did Love work in *Celania's* heart. If *Amphigenia* spake, the sweet harmony of her voice, and eloquence in her speech, would strike *Celania* mute. If *Amphigenia* afforded her a glance, the lustre of her eyes (like the Sun whose own brightness is his shade, and sends a drop to veil a gazers eye) would strike *Celania* blind. If *Amphigenia* graced a Lute with her playing, the curious swiftness of her fingers nimbly touching the quavering strings, in deep amazes would strike *Celania* motionless.

And thus did *Amphigenia's* presence absent *Celania* from her self. But supper being ended, after a great deal of mirth that usually abounds in Princes Courts in times of serenity, but especially upon such occasions the night being far spent, the Sun having distributed much

much of his light to those of the other hemisphere, *Amphigenia* brought the Ladies to their several lodgings, where my Muse will bid them good night, and leave them to take their repose, that consort of darkness, that soveraign of balme for care-wounded-minds.

Thus had *Danpion*, now *Celania*, finished the second part of his Tragicomedy, and is now stepping into the third, which as it was acted under various disguizes, so with various fortunes, as we thus declare.

The two happy Lovers *Athalus* and *Matilda* having continued some space in the Court, not willing to stay any longer in the Suburbs of desires, nor to be confined within the portal of felicity, resolved to imparadise their hearts in *Hymens* Elizium; and by marriage (that pick-lock of chast sweets) to drench their love-united souls in a deluge of contentments; which accordingly was celebrated by *Hiarbas*'s special command, with all the riches, pomp, and magnificence, that the highest gratitude could throw upon the greatest and most unmatched desert; and with all the pleasures that might bribe a contemplative mind to stoop to the lure of sense.

Among the variety of representations, whereby the wits of the Court strove to form delight in the fancy, the Princess *Amphigenia* with the chief Ladies of the Court, presented a Mask before the King and some of the chiefest Nobles; where the Musick was so rapturous, as would even confound an earth bred ear, that at first hearing few could bear so strong a transportation; The well-agreeing notes seeming to combine together to astonish souls with sudden ravishment, & in their extasies to perswade them they heard the Spheres rowling harmony, for it seemed to the strongest ear, as if the

Musicians

Musicians had contracted that heavenly melody, in the narrow circumference of their instruments, or had made an Epitome of its sweetest strains; to which the Maskers footing kept such even time, as none but would have thought the air (moved by the inchanting sinews of the Instruments) danced her finest measures after the motions of their feet. So that they seemed (as it were) the Intelligences that moved the Orbes of Musick.

But these delights served but to awaken *Celsia's* evil Genius, who by the light of *Hymens* Torch discovered a way to smother all her new-born joys, which was this.

It happened that at this time there was a Knight of *Pandions* at the Court, by name *Dokimastus*, one that pretended to be a revolter from his Master, but was indeed a Spye, that *Pandion* had appointed under that disguize to pry into *Hiarbas's* affairs; who as he had resolution to attempt any thing that might further his Masters designs, so he had craft and subtilty to direct his resolution: one that had learnt the Art of Insinuation, and with the *Gyges* Ring of deceit could walk undiscovered in the midst of others privacies; one that would seem to disclose himself nakedly to his very thoughts, but yet make that nakedness his thoughts best clothing. Words are the souls resounding pourtraiture; he that draws a false picture of his mind, pencils dissimulation, not his own resemblance. He that agreeth not with himself, whose thoughts and words jarr, his tongue refusing to accord with his mind in the harmony of truth, how can he be thought to agree with another? But by this means had he crept into *Hiarbas* favour, so that nothing was concealed from him that he listed to discover, and he listed to discover as much as did tend to his Masters advantage.

This

This *Dokimastus* being present at the Mask, giving liberty to his eyes to range among that Paradise of Beauties, chanced among other Ladies to espye *Celania*, covered with her Veil, according to her wonted garb; who having not her education among those of that Sex which she seemed to personate, and therefore unacquainted with many female accomplishments, in the catalogue of which the compleat deportment of the body in Dancing is esteemed not the least, which she being wholly a stranger to, and therefore justly fearing lest at the Mask she should unmask her self, chose rather to obscure her ignorance with the mist of a pretended reservedness, and to make another blush with a coy repulse, than her self ashamed with an indiscreet familiarity. The strangeness of her garb and deportment, as they made many other objects ungazed on, by affording as much matter for admiration as they for delight, so in particular they drew a more curious observation from *Dokimastus* than others, because that observation begat a conceipt in him that was not in others, *viz.* that this *Celania* was no other then *Glycera* the Nunn, his Masters she-idoll, escaped out of *Cyprus*, and for love of some Courtier or other fled thither under that disguise.

This conceipt having admission into his thoughts, did by degrees conquer all opposition, bribe his belief with accumulation of Arguments from his continued observation, and at length give it self the soveraignty in his mind; so that he resolved, that since his observation had conquered his belief, his belief should Master his purpose, (which was to send her to *Pandion*) but his purpose should attend as a servant to opportunity. And that his Present might be more acceptable he determined to send *Amphigenia*, that so *Pandion* having the heir of the Kingdom in his custody, and

Hist-

Hiarbas's onely child, he might be able with leſs difficulty to conquer his deſigns.

Theſe reſolves he cloſetted in his thoughts, till Time the winged Poſt-horſe of opportunity, that Whet-ſtone of reſolution that keenes the edge of the dulleſt mind, ſhould bring the news of ſucceſs. The next morning by that time *Aurora*'s bluſhing cheeks had wept her pearly drops, and ſitting in her gilded Chariot drawn with purple Steeds, had chaſt away the Stars, and triumphed over the gloomy Night, the two Princeſſes *Amphigenia* and *Celania* having forſaken the Snowy Paradiſe of their beds, walked forth into the Groves and Gardens, to ſhare in the Morns refined pleaſures; where as they paſſed along, the gentle diſtilling dew would ſeem to weep for their departure, whilſt the Weſtern iſſue of the perfumed air would ſoftly fan their treſſing curles with its flowry wings', the ſwift winged ſingers ſtriving which ſhould ſalute them with the ſweeteſt airs.

It happened that at this time *Ternotus* a Squire that attended on *Dokimaſtus*, invited forth by the Morns mollitious ſweets, was walking upon a little hill to refreſh himſelf with *Zephyres* cooling gales, where he chanced to eſpy theſe two Ladies, ſitting under the green Canopy of a ſhady Bower, and earneſt in diſcourſe. *Celania* had her beauty eclipſed with her Lilly Veil, as ſhe had wont; but *Amphigenia* fully diſplayed the treaſure of her beauty, where ſhe ſeemed to ſhew all the riches of Nature; as ſhe ſat under the Bower her eyes ſeemed pearly Bowers where thouſands of Loves and Graces ſeemed to flutter up and down, and with their ſwift Arrows feathered with Majeſtick lovelineſs, and tipt with Diamonds, would wound beholders hearts: So that the Bower ſeemed a ſhady Palace, where heart-commanding beauty, attended with a

great

great retinue of perfections, seemed to keep its Court; or as an *Asylum* under whose verdant Roof, the Stars in day time kept their residence.

Ternotus having paid a little duty to admiration (as whom would it not transport with wonder, to behold so many wonders?) run to his Master, and told him what lovely objects that morning had saluted his eyes withall. *Dokimastus* hearing that, went by his Squires direction to the place where he beheld those two excellent Ladies, whom he had no sooner seen, but he knew to be *Celania* and *Amphigenia*; the rays of whose beauty made the day-break of occasion, for the execution of his plot; so that he presently discloses his intents to *Ternotus* (having first sworn him to secresie.) Much time they spent not in traversing of their thoughts, till at length having agreed upon a way, which their reason perswaded them would prove effectual, They on a sudden rushinto the Grove, where the Ladies sat (*Ternotus* having first fetcht their weapons, and a suit of Appatel that belonged to one of *Dokimastus*'s attendants) and by force carryed them into a little Valley, some distance from the Gardens, where they disrobed *Celania* of her Garments, and clothed her in that habit, and set *Amphigenia* in a Coach that they had prepared ready for that purpose; but by that time they had accomplisht their endeavors, the shrieks of *Amphigenia* (both for her surprizal, and the fear she took at a bloudy fight that grew between *Celania* and *Dokimastus*, who ignorant of *Celania*'s Sex and Valour, had put a sword in her hand, thinking if any should discover them, it might be thought that he had conveyed *Amphigenia* away by force.) But I say *Amphigenia*'s out-crys, the Airy messengers of her misery, had soon carryed tydings of it to the ears of many in the Court, and with a doleful shrillness

nesse challenged speedy succour; who hearkning more to the noise, than to discretion or deliberation, ran out, some dresst, some undresst, some with Weapons, some without, but using the still mourning voice, as a winged guide, by which they directed their steps, until they came to the Valley, where they beheld *Dokimastus* desperately engaged in a Combat with *Celania*, whom now in that garb they knew to be *Danpion*; and as for *Amphigenia*, she was hurried away in the Coach, with so much swiftnesse, as to prevent being overtaken with the nimblest Foot-man; yet not so as to prevent their ears from overtaking the voyce, which like winged *Pegasus*, rode on the ayr, and cryed, Help *Amphigenia*, Help *Amphigenia*.

This sight and voice so filled the eyes and ears of the new arrived company, did so distract and confound them with amazement, and all those Passions that astonish spirits with amazing confusion at such sudden accidents, as that whilst their hatred to *Danpion*, but love and duty to *Amphigenia*, prompted them both to kill the one, and save the other, and at once to do all things, the swelling Torrent of Amazement, dammed up the Current of their desires, and compelled them to do nothing: Some would pursue *Amphigenia*, whilest themselves were overtaken with a raging grief; others would fight with *Danpion*, whilest themselves were conquered with a mad rage.

Thus the fight continued for a time, to the destruction of many, but the admiration of all; *Danpion* encountring with the multitude for *Amphigenia*, as *Hercules* once did with the many-headed *Hydra*, for the *Hesperides* golden fruit; till at length, just as he was going to surrender up himself, there came running among them a Horse, broken loose out of the Coach that carried away *Amphigenia*; who not regarding the multitude,

ran

ran furiously among them, as if it had been one of *Phaeton's* mad Palfreys, and killed some, trampled on others, and dispersed them all; so that *Daupion* watched his opportunity, catched hold of the Reigns, and wanting neither agility of body, sprightfulness of mind, nor skill in horsman-ship, nimbly vaulted upon him, and in the sight of them all, made his escape.

By this time newes was fled to the King, that *Daupion* had carried away by force his Daughter, and with her, the princess *Celania*, and how that *Dohimastus* was much wounded in their defence, and many others slain, and how that his just revenge for all these villainous acts, was anticipated by *Daupion's* flight: But as if these wounding words, Force, and Flight, had forc'd his Reason to flight, he so unreasonably stormed, as he seemed nothing but an odd composition of Passion: What (said he) *Amphigenia* gone? And with that he stampt on the ground with his foot, and made the earth quake with his fury, whilst fury made an Earth-quake in him: But then he went on,—*Amphigenia*! The life of all my Comforts, the stay of all my Hopes, and the very treasury of my Joyes; and is she gone? Gone? Nay ravished; ravished? Nay dead, for ought I know. Oh! Deadly word! Dead! and I live, and live to see all this unrevenged? Oh! Tyrant-heaven! Was it not enough to rob me of my Daughter? My only Daughter, but you must plunder me of all means for revenge too? For Revenge, for Justice; if it be not just to rid the world of such a Monster, I know not what is just; and if so, Why did you blindly put the Sword of Justice into my hands? But oh! you Powers! If you will tyrannize, I am your Vice-gerent, and am warranted by your example; and with that he commanded his Courtiers speedily to pursue them, and threatned to hang them, if they came back without one, or both.

But

But now, to return to *Danpion*, who had overtaken *Amphigenia*, by that time the Coach was arrived at *Pandion's* Castle; so that some of the Souldiers that were upon the Walls, seeing a gallant and beautiful Lady, hunted by a man on Horse-back, with a drawn Sword (for *Danpion*, by reason of the madness of the Horse, had not time to imprison it in the Scabbard, and loath he was to disarm himself, knowing not what future accidents might require its service) they ran presently out of the Gates, and commanded them to yield *Danpion* not being accustomed to surrender on such easie terms, began to treat with them in the churlish language of War, and dispute his Title to Liberty; till at last he was confuted by the sharp Sophistry of multiplyed Swords: who, after they had argued a while in the school of War, at last prevailed, and led them to *Pandions* General; who at the first view of these two excellent and beautiful Personages, was possest with such extreme wonder, that every beam of their Beauty, was a bright Key, that lockt up his senses in the Prison of amazement.

As for *Danpion*, though his Habit became not one of his Birth and Greatness, yet he so became his Habit, as he seemed to put a Majesty on Poverty; that whilest his garb presented him as anothers servant, all those excellent endowments, that give height of mind in the lowest fortune, attended on him: His Eyes were graced with such a verecundious sternness, as seemed at once to allure and threaten; some terrifying flashes would glance from them, but yet with such a mixture of a well-becoming suavity, as inflamed the heart with a greater admiration of his Beauty: His Countenance (in which appeared no common Ayr) though something clouded, not with a dejecting, but rather such a tumid grief, as usually attends those great souls, whom no for-

fortunes can discompose, but those that deprive them of the exercise of Vertue; yet thorow those Clouds there shined such Rayes of an undaunted Majesty, as might well deserve the highest admiration in those mindes that esteem nothing vulgar.

But as for *Amphigenia*, she seemed a Person so incomparably excellent, tis fitter to leave the Soul extasied with the contemplation of her Beauty, than to attempt its Delineation, since no Tongue, nor Pen can pourtray them, but must be vast debtors to her Perfections. And that that added no smal lustre to her Excellencies, was her Magnanimity under this misfortune, chusing rather that her heart should break within, than her sorrow break out; and resolving, that Death should ravish her Soul from her Body, sooner than the saddest accident her Vertue from her Soul; and making it the chiefest point of Vertue, to be commander of her inward Passions, whilest her outward estate was a servant to Fortune: And this present misery, though circumstanced with all the evils that envy could wish for, or her self detest, not only her Person, but her Chastity being at the disposal of one, whom a double Antipathy, both as a man, and an enemy made infinitely hateful; yet by foyling it with her Vertue, she made serve, but as an Ornament to the beauty of her Vertues: So that the Clouds of sadness in her Countenance, made the brighter reflections of the beams of a stately Majesty.

Whilest *Pandion* was taken up with the Prospect of such Heavenly Aspects, the Coach-man (that had been the *Charon* that had hurried this sad Princess to such a Hell of misery) comes to him, and humbly craves a minutes conference: He consenting, the Coach-man informs him, who that beautiful Subject of his admiration was, and by what, and whose means, and for what end he had conveyed her thither; and as for the other,

he

he presumed he was some Attendant of the Kings, by whose command he pursued them.

This news was as a Charm to *Pandion*'s Passion, that gently did allay the surges of astonishment, and converted them into a smooth Sea of contentment: For now he doubted not but to procure the Kingdom, since he had gotten the Inheritrix within his Power, by making her to resign up her Right, to ransom her Chastity, or her Father his Power, to ransom her. And observing in the looks of *Dampion*, the Ensigns of a brave resolute mind, and fearing lest by his valour he should release the Princess, he gave strict charge to the chief Commander of the Castle, that if within a short space none came to redeem him, he should be put to Death, to satisfie for the blood of those of his men whom he had slain.

But as he was farther speaking, he was interrupted by a sudden Allarm, given to the Souldiers within by the Watch; who (it seems) had not only seen a Cloud of dust arise, as if some *Demogorgon* had belcht through a porous part of the earth, but they had also espyed, especially, when the Wind made a chasm in this dusty Region, the shining of Armour, which like portentous Comets threatned Destructions; or as glistring Stars were the Harbingers of a bloody day to ensue.

This Martial noise coming to *Pandions* ears, as the Prologue of a bloody Scene, by reason of his Authority, did challenge, with Authority from him, a particular Attendance; who loath to make negligence the Author of an irrecoverable Ruine, or his Ruine the mark of an unredeemable neglect, presently runs upon the Castle-walls, where he might espye vast Numbers of shining Swords, which though naked, where sheathed in a terrible brightness, and Armour, inlayed with Sun-beams, and Bucklers, that played at

Tenis with the Sun; and many other Objects, than might beget delight in a mind not already prægnant with the terror of approching danger.

Pandion already conceiving, that they were *Hiarbas*'s men, come in rescue of the Princess (as indeed they were) thought it none of the worst Policy, to retard their too speedy assault, by sending a Herauld with Proposals, and a challenge; which, after consultation with some of the chief Commanders, he did; the purport of whose Message was this: That both for putting a Period to that destructive War, whose terrible effects had hitherto been no other than the sacking of many famous Towns and Cities, the ransacking and plundring of many Lords and Gentlemen, and the general depopulating of the whole Kingdom; That the whole quarrel should be decided by the Persons most and onely concern'd, (which was the King and himself) in a single Combate; which proffer, in regard of the advantage he had in possessing, not onely the greater part of the Realm, but the Realms immediate Heir, he could not but judge just and honourable, upon which grounds he hoped it would be so esteemed and accepted.

The Herauld having his Message given him, clothed in the Apparel of his Office, attended by a Trumpet, and (as *Pandion* had commanded) carrying a Gantlet dipt in blood, rides to the Army, where he crayes audience of the King; which being granted, he flung down his Gantlet, and delivered his Challenge.

The King hearing it, replyed, That it was not the custom of Kings to descend to a private Duell with a Subject, much less with a Rebel; but if it was, that his Cause was not so unjust, that he feared success, nor his Souldiers such Cowards, as they feared to fight, nor his Condition so low, as to use desperate means,

nor

nor himself so unwise, as to leave his Cause, and Condition, Person, and Army, to the Governance and Arbitration of Fortune and Chaunce, which is apt ever to favour the rash and foolish: And were his Condition never so low, he would have him know, that Kings in their lowest estate, are highly considerable, and one grain of Majesty will weigh down many light pretences; though may be not in the Ballance of popular judgment, yet in theirs who poize the Universe.

And for his Kingdom and Daughter, though by he did not know what blind fortune he had attained some part of the first, and by a base inferior Combination with Traytors, such as himself, he had insnared the latter; yet let not (said he) that success heighten his presumption, nor encourage his perseverance, since the one will but add Unpardonableness, and the other an impossibility of recovery to his horrid Rebellion: Therefore (said he) I shall not seek to ransom the one with the other, but if he means to redeem himself, let him resign both to my Protection, and himself to my Mercy. With this answer the Herauld returned, and acquainted *Pandion*, who expected, and indeed desired no other; the end of his Message being onely to dally with Time, that paced by faster, than consisted with the well-fare of his affairs. But having now all things in a readiness, he marches forth with his men, and as he goes, commands the Captain of the Castle, that speedy execution be done upon *Hiarbas*'s servant, and charges him to be as vigilant of *Amphigenia*, as he would of his soul, were it in anothers keeping. The Captain having thus his Orders given him, goes to the Room where *Danpion* was, intending to release him out of the Prison, but to imprison him in the Grave; but as soon as he seeth him, as if *Danpion*'s beauty had turned him into Marble, he stands still, as if he grew to

the ground, and fixes his eye ſtedfaſtly upon him, as if he would inoculate his ſoul into him; at length, like one returned out of a Trance, he kneels down and kiſſes his hand. *Danpion* ſeeing this, at firſt amazed at his amazement, and now no leſs aſtoniſht at this Complement, thus ſpake to him: Sir (ſaid he) my fortunes require no ſuch condeſcenſions. Sir (ſaid the other) not only the loweſt condeſcenſions, but the higheſt ſoveraignty is your due by Deſcent and Deſert. Sir (replyed *Danpion*) as I have not ſo much vanity to think my ſelf worthy of the honour you impoſe upon me, nor ſo little gratitude, as not to teſtifie my reſentments, though in huge diſproportion to your civilities; ſo neither am I ſo happy, as not to be able to accuſe my thoughts with the ſurrendry of your Name and Perſon to Oblivion; which I muſt needs regiſter in the Catalogue of my misfortunes. Sir (ſaid the other) your Noble thoughts are too much buſied in the contemplation of goodneſs, ever to admit of ſuch diverſions, as the remembrance of ſo mean a Perſon as my ſelf, who have nothing in me that may merit regard, but that I once ſerved your Highneſs in the quality of a Foſter-father, being that ſame *Celadon* the Foreſter, who once had the care of your Royal Perſon in your infancy, whilſt your tender age, unable for ſelf-protection, expoſed you to the malice and tyranny of your Enemy *Hiarbas*. *Danpion* hearing this, fell upon his neck, and embraced him, and even wept with joy, the tears trickling down, like rain in Sun-ſhine. After ſome mutual teſtimony of great endearments that paſſed betwixt them, the Foreſter kneeled down, and asked him pardon for his trayterous adhering to his Enemy; but the reaſon of it (he ſaid) was partly through fear, being terrified with the loſs of all that nature and affection could entitle Precious, upon the leaſt intima-

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tion of discovery; and partly for gain, being bribed with liberal gifts, and great honors, above what he knew how to manage, being made Commander of the Castle where *Pandion* chiefly had his residence; all which he the more freely accepted, because he then dispaired of ever blessing his eyes with the sight of his Highness; supposing he had been torn in peices with some of that brutish Nation, whom he used for his sport to persecute.

This said, they fell into discourse about *Danpions* condition, whether there was any hopes or means for escape; the Forester having first informed him, how that *Hiarbas* was come with an Army to redeem his Daughter; then whether it was possible to procure admission to *Amphigenia*; and whether *Pandion* intended any injury or dishonor to her; and whether by force or stratagem she might be relealed: but as they were thus discoursing, some souldiers with a haste too slow for their minds, though too fast for their leggs, came stumbling into the room, and called away the Forester their Captain.

Long had they not been separated, ere *Danpion* heard a noise that sounded like a rude consort of many ill-agreeing voices, which seemed to keep time to the Martial Musick of clashing of swords, and justling of Armor; amongst which he heard from a neighboring Chamber such shrieks, as seemed to teach the Air in an unperfect manner the prefect language of misery, which by reason of its disordered convoy (the Air being variously divided with a strange confusion of noises) came not to his ears so distinctly as to give him information of the Author, yet by a strange sympathy, it seemed to wound his soul. His mind in travail with multitudes of conceptions, would fain have been eased of its tortures, with the knowledge of *Amphigenia*'s condition,

which he endeavored by a near acceſs to the Chamber, where all thoſe doleful births were generated; but ah! not to a freedom from, but an augmentation of his ſorrow, for he plainly, too plainly knew it be the voice of *Amphigenia*. With that, as if every ſhriek had been a Dart, not from ſorrow but from death, not from an ordinary death, but from a ſoul-torturing death, from a death made deadly with torments, having his ſenſes ſtupified, and his reaſon confounded, not with a ſorrow, rather a deſperate madneſs, he ran about exclaiming againſt Heaven, Hell, Earth, Men, Devils; Heaven for permitting her to be abuſed, Earth for being the Theatre of ſuch an accurſed Tragedy; Men for the Actors, & the Devils for the Inſpirers. Then he would cry out; Oh! *Celadon*! why didſt thou reſerve me for this? theſe are torments would make an *Atlas* grown, ſhould a thouſand Lyons Den within my breaſt, they would not tear me like one groan of *Amphigenia's*. Oh! curſed walls that hinder all my attempts. And cruel Heaven! that denyes me the common cure of miſery, a way to dye, which every ſlave can command; one dying groan would ſumm up all my miſeries. Tis true, as a Prince I ought to reſerve my ſelf for better fortunes, and not to abandon my ſelf though all the world forſake me; yet as a Lover of *Amphigenia*, I ought not to hope for joy whilſt ſhe remains a Captive to her enemies, and the contrary paſſion. Theſe and the like words did *Daxion* utter; and thus did he ſacrifize himſelf to an unexpreſſible paſſion, who in all things elſe ſhewed himſelf commander of an undaunted mind. But now to leave him, and return to *Pandion*, who perceiving that *Hiarbas* was reſolute in his purpoſes, and wiſe in his reſolutions, and ſtrong to execute what his wiſdom had reſolved upon, thought it more wiſdom to Treat with him peaceably, than to refer his cauſe to the Arbitration of War, whoſe partial de-

decision he feared, especially considering the unjustness of his cause had made him an Out-law to Heaven, from whom he could challenge no protection, and therefore he again sends an Envoy with certain Proposals to the King. The sum of which was this, That if the King regarded either his own or his Daughters safety or honor, he should retreat with his men, otherwise he must not hope for any other entertainment for himself or her, than what a mortal enemy would bestow on the most hateful person. And to let them see that his performance should be of an equal extent with his threatnings, before the messenger could deliver his errant, receive an answer, and return, *Pandion* had caused a Scaffold to be erected, whereon presently appeared a most excellent Lady, lead between two executioners, whom both by her Garments, and the Majesty that apparrelled her deportments, *Hiarbas* knew to be his Daughter, for there seemed in her (as well as he could perceive at such a distance) the same delicate loveliness, lovely excellency, Majestick sweetness, as were the ingredients of so divine a composition as *Amphigenia's* Beauty; and if the same perfections, then sure the same person, since none could boast of an equality with her, in whom appeared all the excellencies, not wherewith Nature had, but wherewith she could beautifie a body. A lamentable sight it was to see, the Diamond of the World set in an endless Ring of miseries; to see her act her own Tragedy, whose countenance seemed the Theatre of Love and Beauty; to see her to whom all hearts do homage, to bow to an injurious fortune. And that that did extort pity from the cruellest heart, was the manner of her gestures, wherewith she seemed to Antedate her misery, and make misery it self more miserable, at least more lamentable; for her eyes were fixt on Heaven, as if she meant to dart her Soul

thither, and prevent her enemies cruelty; her tongue not profuse of words, her sorrow seeming to feed it self with inward contemplation; yet those few wherein she embodied her thoughts, were guarded with such a captivating force, as would have compelled a Tyrants heart, to pitty her sorrow; but they were no sooner Midwived by her tongue, than swadled up in Air, and so bequeathed to Heaven, that few ears could boast themselves to be the Nurseries of such Divine off-springs of a Heavenly Soul. Her hands were clasped and folded each in other, and seemed to take their last embracements; her arms not extended at their length, but something bowing, seemed to embrace sorrow, not as an unjust effect of humane malice, but as a just result of a Divine decree.

In fine, in all her gestures, there was such a Majestick humility, conquering submission, unconquered Piety, solid devotion, as made a lively and beautiful representation, of what a great mind could do, depressed under the lowest fortune. But though the beholders, yea the actors were so acted by pity, as to pour forth their sense of her condition in tears, and (as it were) by a repentance to wash way the crime before Commission, yet at length as if the necessity of Commission had banished away all thoughts of the crime, not the act, when they saw *Hiarbas*'s men, marching in the order and posture they came into the Field, differing in nothing but in speedy motion, which too speedily gave them to understand, that their purpose was to redeem *Amphigenia* by force not by Treaty, they by *Pandions* command, presently separate her Head and Soul from her Body. But no sooner did the Air convey this sad and bloody spectacle to the eyes of *Hiarbas*, but he seemed as if rage and sorrow had borrowed his body to make a lively representation of the deadly pang of a thunder-stricken soul.

Flashes

Flashes flew from his eyes, as if he meant to set the world on fire in revenge of his Daughter; or as if he thought to use no other light, in scorn of the Sun, whom in his thoughts he accused of conspiracy with them. And he commands his men to fall on, and spare none but *Pandion*, that as he had been superlative in his Treasons, so he might be exemplary in his tortures. The King had no sooner spoke these, or the like words, but the signal was given, not for the battel, but (to the astonishment of *Pandion* and his whole Army, and of the Sun it self, which then hid his face in a cloud) for the execution of a plot between the General and his Commanders, which was to take their own King prisoner in the head of his Army, and to deliver him up to *Pandion*; which by reason the combination was so strong, was soon and easily effected without sedition or mutiny.

Pandion amazed at this sudden turn of the wheel of Fortune, knew not at first how to interpret it, but still stood upon his defence expecting some stratagem. And no less were his whole Army, though now by a strange fate Victorious, conquered with extremity of wonder; astonishment visibly tryumphing in every mans countenance, till at length their wonder was converted into joy, by the resignation of *Hiarbas* into *Pandions* possession; who considering it was not a time to indulge himself to any passion, when such strength of reason was required for the wise improvement of such an overture of fortune, thought it the best way now if ever, to fit *Hiarbas's* Crown for his own head, when melted in a Furnace of misfortune, it seemed apt to receive any form; and therefore causes strong Guards to be placed every where, and particularly about himself, and now stronger than ever, his necessity being greater, and his force more, by the addition

of

of *Hiarbias's* men. This done, he commands the Royal Robes to be produced, and in them *Hiarbas* to be attired, and so attired to go up on the Scaffold, which was by this time covered with purple Velvet, fringed and embroydered with Gold, and there to seat himself in a Throne on purpose prepared, with a Crown on his head, the Scepter in his hand, and the Sword born before him.

The King thus forced to act over a Pageant-like shew of Majesty, to adorn the tryumph of treachery, and to add solemnity to cruelty, sits in the Throne, with a heavy but imperious look, that the Beams of Majesty seemed to unite and centre in his contracted brow, and with a strange kind of force to write a Law, not of pity, but of a reverential adoring a King though distrest.

And whilst he thus sits, sometimes looking with an austere and scornful eye on *Pandion*, sometimes darting threats with a dauntless look at his souldiers, *Pandion* causes Heralds to proclame;

First, That he had ignobly usurped the Royal dignity, and detained it by force and fraud, from himself the lawful heir; which words pronounced, an Officer of State, appointed for that purpose, took away the Crown, and set it on *Pandions* head.

Secondly, That he had unjustly usurped the power of administration of Justice, to the general endamagement of the whole Realm, and to the particular injury of the just and lawful Soveraign; which pronounced, they took away the Sword, and caused it to be delivered to *Pandion*.

Thirdly, That as he had usurped the supreme power of judicature, so of Government; this proclamed, they took from him the Scepter, and gave it *Pandion*.

Fourthly,

Fourth, That he had usurped the Royal Throne, from the lawful inheritor; this was no sooner with a lowder voice than ordinary proclaimed, than the King was compelled to arise out of the Throne.

Lastly, It was proclaimed, that as he was by universal consent of the whole Kingdom, deposed from all soveraignty, so he must be despoyled of all Ensigns of Majesty, that *Pandion* might be therewith invested, to whom by an indubitate succession they belonged; upon which words *Hiarbas* was devested of the purple Robe, and forced to assist in the investiture of *Pandion*; which done, *Pandion* sits down in the Throne, and was proclaimed King of *Thessalia*, whilst *Hiarbas* was lead away a prisoner into the Castle, chained in fetters of Gold; who as he went would have spoke to the spectators, who consisted most of souldiers, but he was interrupted by great acclamations of the people, that cryed, *God save King* Pandion.

Thus was this great Prince, one not undeserving that title and power, had he not used unjust means to entitle him to that power, one whose soul was richly furnisht with all those endowments of Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, and Temperance, which are the simples that constitute a true Princely mind, and one who never before was unfortunate, unless in being too great a courter of Fortune; thus (I say) was this so brave, so great a Prince on the sudden thrown from the top of the highest pinacle of honor and soveraignty, being dead captive at Noon, for the world to behold a clear mirror of Fortunes prodigious levity, and an exact model of the inconstancy of humane felicity.

Pandion having sat a while in great state, arises out of his Throne, comes down from the Scaffold, and goes into his Castle attended with great numbers of

Lords

Lords and Commanders, and guarded with ſouldiers, *Hiarbas*'s General all the while bearing the ſword before him; where having pauſed a while on this ſudden, and no leſs ſtrange, than ſudden mutation, the thoughts of all men being at a ſtand, and not able to flye higher with admiration, to ſee an imperious ſword melted into an imperial Diadem, to ſee a Crown formed into fetters, treachery to generate Royalty, and Royalty to degenerate into miſery.

In fine, to ſee him who late thundered from a Throne, whoſe voice was power, and whoſe looks were Majeſty, to be dethron'd with the thunder of fortune, plundered of all power, and deplum'd of Majeſty: They at laſt fell into conſultation, how to eſtabliſh that power by prudence, they had acquired by policy; great fortunes requiring as great force of mind, to conquer thoſe difficulties that attended them once gotten, as they did force of body to conquer thoſe enemies that oppoſed their getting. After ſo[illegible] time ſpent in bandying to and fro, the various[illegible]cies of State, the mutynies, ſeditious uproars and tumults, that are the uſual effects of alterations in a Monarchical Government, and the beſt means to ſupply the one, and ſubdue the other, the reſult of all was this, that being *Pandion* would be thought to come to the Throne, not as a conqueror, but inheritor; and conſidering that the manyfold exactions and impoſitions, laid upon the people by *Hiarbas* to maintain his Army, had provoked them againſt both himſelf and them, the ſad effect whereof was palpably viſible in his depoſition and deſtruction; and that the greateſt part of the Kingdom was already in ſubjection and under the command of his Garriſons, and it was eaſie to raiſe a force to ſubdue that part that ſhould rebell, that therefore his Armies ſhould be disbanded, with pro-

miſes

miſes of plenary ſatisfaction for their ſervice, which (they ſaid) would be a great engagement to his people to Loyalty, when they ſaw him esteem their love, as his principal protection.

And as for the General, that had done ſuch eminent and loyal ſervice, he ſhould be eminently and Royally rewarded, and diſmiſſed with his men to march at his leiſure. And as for a Life-guard, it was thought rather decent, than convenient; not any neceſſity, but ceremony of State requiring it. Therefore a certain number of choice Warlike Gentlemen were culled out, to guard his Perſon, whereof *Celadon* was made Commander.

Theſe things concluded on, were accordingly executed; the Army being diſmiſt, with great thanks for their gallant ſervice; the perſon imployed in that office, telling them how highly the King reſented their fidelity, and eſteemed their valour, and that his rewards ſhould be parallel to his reſentment and eſteem.

This done, they further conſult about the diſpoſal of *Hiarbas's* Perſon; but as they ſat in Council, arguing *pro* and *con*, ſome making plain ſpeeches the Keys to their thoughts; others, Pathetical Orations, as windows to their deſires, but others attiring both their thoughts and deſires in ambiguous Expreſſions, which like changable Taffata might variouſly reflect their minds; they heard in a Room underneath, ſuch a conſort of doleful moans, as expreſt the woſull muſick of a grieved mind. Sometimes they might hear groans formed into words, and words transformed into groans, that ſorrow ſeemed to build an Airy Pyramis, under which it entombed all joy; the deep-fetcht groans reſembling the Baſis, as the ſhrill cries the Spire. *Pandion* hearing that, gave command, that the Authors of thoſe lamentations ſhould be brought before him, to

give

give an account wherefore they temporize with sorrow, when joy was the Genius of those smiling hours. No sooner was the command given forth, than obeyed, the Person being caused to appear, and no sooner appeared, than was known to be *Danpion*, by many of the Lords that had acquaintance with him, whilst he had acquaintance with a bright prosperity in *Hiarbas*'s Court; but to *Pandion* only to be that servant of *Hiarbas*, whom he had sentenced to dye; which when he saw not executed, he seemed like one that travelled far from himself, till the consideration that variety of occasions might well divert the mind of *Celadon*, interrupted the farther progress of his thoughts, and gave him occasion to charge strictly, that execution be speedily performed, threatning with a look so severe as seemed to antedate his threatning, no less than death for the least delay.

This said, the Prisoner was led away; but as he went, none but might have seen in him, a perfect image of captiv'd courage; his rage, not because he was to dye, but that any other than a victorious Launce should force him to dye, though imprisoned in his thoughts by resolution, yet flusht forth at his eyes; his countenance all the while representing the undaunted constancy wherewith he armed his mind, now he was to run the gauntlet with an invincible Enemy, yet at the same time attiring his looks in such a graceful Majesty, as if this was but his marriage-day with Death, having consideration rather to what might become his own Princely greatness, than the sordidness of his pale Spouse.

But just as he was going out of the door, on the sudden a voice bolted forth these words, *A Crown becomes not a Peasants head.*

Pandion hearing that, cryed out, What Treason's that? But scarce had the cadence of his voyce put a period

period to his speech, but a fearfull spectacle soon answered his fearfull Interrogation, and deprived him of his fear, by presenting the evil he feared; for presently there issued out from under the Hangings, men clad in Armour, with naked Swords, who seized on *Pandion* in the midst of all his Pomp, whilst he was dictating Lawes with his Looks, and commanding observance with his Brow, and hale him out of his Throne, disarray him of his Robes, rob him of that golden Jayl that imprison'd his head, and plunder him of all his splendor: So soon can a tempest of misery wash away a new gilded Fortune: Thus every Jewel of a Princes Diadem is a Star of most malignant influence to Usurpers.

Scarce this was done, before *Danpion* was call'd back with speed; and no sooner turned, than received by *Hiarbas*'s General, with all humility upon his knees; whom *Danpion* strictly observing, he knew to be his friend *Athalus*: With that he caused him to arise, and with great joy embraced him, telling him, that now he had found him to be a composition of sincere friendship, and that his soul was a meer extract of goodness, and many other expressions, whereby he testified his great resentments: After which, *Athalus* ushered him in among the Lords, to whom he made an eloquent Oration, in which he declared, how that this Person, whom they saw ready to be sacrifized to the revenge of a Traytor, was the true *Pandion*, rightful Heir to *Agis*; which he confirmed by many Arguments, but chiefly by *Celadon*'s acknowledgment then present, a chief Actor in this late turn; and that the other, that had hitherto deluded them, was but an Impostor, being a Peasants son, his father at present living in *Beotia*, and that his name was *Eumeus*; which was also confirmed by the free and unextorted confession of *Lymeus*, or the counterfeit *Pandion*. These

These things thus strangely brought about, Royal Apparel was presently brought for *Pandion*, who now commands *Hiarbas*'s speedy releasment, and that he should be brought to him; which done, he makes himself known to him, returning him infinite thanks for all received favours, telling him what a high-summ'd debt he had contracted from his Royal goodness.

After which, he began to clear himself of that inexcusable incivility, *Bascanius*'s malice and treachery had reproched him withall, confessing what flames *Amphigenia* had inkindled in his heart, which neither life nor death—but as he was farther speaking, the thoughts of *Amphigenia* divorced his mind from every thing but Revenge, that he presently commands that *Eumæus*, and all that had any hand in her death, should undergo the severest punishment the Law in its strictest interpretation could inflict.

Eumæus hearing this, fell down on his knees, and asked pardon, but was not at all regarded, till he confest that the Lady that was executed, was not *Amphigenia*, but another in her Apparel, whom (he said) he put to death, for endeavouring to betray him, and in that manner to terrifie *Hiarbas*.

Every man astonisht at the hearing of this, no less than if the Gods had come down from Heaven, to act wonders on Earth: but especially *Pandion* and *Hiarbas*, whose affection had increased their admiration, even to a transport: but recollecting themselves, they commanded she should be brought to them, that they might bless their eyes with sight of the most beautiful Lady, that ever made her Sex adored; which to their unexpressable joy, was soon performed.

Amphigenia appearing in a mean habit, but so, as her beauty seemed to put a Majesty on meanness: whom no sooner *Hiarbas* beheld, but he ran and em-

brac-

braced her with somthing more fondness of affection than became a wise Father, and more condescension, than was fit for a King in such a presence to declare.

And as for *Pandion*, the excess of joy at the first sight almost took away the act of seeing, and pillaged his memory of those high-flown expressions that the raptures of love had created in his fancy; but in an humble manner begged pardon for whatsoever of his, that in the strictest sense might be interpreted rudeness, which (he said) proceeded from an irresistible impulse of affection: And further he craved of her, that since it was not her pleasure, so much as to inparadize his Form in her thoughts, (for her eyes were somthing cast aside upon the wall, shewing a lofty kind of humility) but to make an inanimate creature the object of his envy, that yet she would permit his lips, as Pilgrims from his heart, to sacrifize the pure Oblations of his Love upon her hand, that pure shrine of pureness, and there to inscribe its Image, that when the beauties of her hand, might challenge a glance from her eyes, that glance might challenge remembrance from her thoughts, of the humblest of her servants, and the most passionately devoted to her Princely Vertues.

Having said this, he adventured to take her hand, and steal the riches of a Kiss, from that soft and delicate Treasury; which she permitted, with a countenance that shewed rather how she hated her captivity, than loved her Captive.

These salutations being past, *Amphigenia* was conducted to some Ladies, that hearing of all these Accidents, were come to congratulate their Princesses safety, and to wait upon her home to the Palace.

After which *Pandion* accompanyed by *Hiarbas*, attended by all the Lords and Gentlemen, guarded by *Athalus*'s Army (having left *Celadon* Commander

in chief of the Caſtle) preſently followed; where having ſteeped ſome time in an Ocean of delights, and bribed it with the choyceſt of Pleaſures, to mend its pace, *Pandion* was crowned in the chief City of *Theſſalia*, with all the joy and contentment, pomp and gallantry, as might either beget Loyalty to Soveraignty, or Reverence to Majeſty; both which, that the people might expreſs, they ſent up ſuch volleys of acclamations to the Clouds, as if they meant to ſtorm Heaven, and plunder it of its choyſeſt glories, wherewith to crown their King.

After which, *Hiarbas* would have departed to his own Kingdom of *Caonia*, together with his Daughter *Amphigenia*, there to have ſpent the ſmall remainder of his dayes: But *Pandion* would by no means permit it, telling him, that the whole Kingdom ſhould be as much at his command, as ever, only reſerving the Superiority to himſelf, acquainting him alſo, what Impoſitions of affection his Daughters worth had laid upon him; for which reaſons *Hiarbas* conſented to take up his abode in *Pandion's* Court, chiefly perſwaded thereunto, by the hopes of having ſuch an incomparable Prince for his Son in Law, by whoſe happy conjunction with his Daughter in marriage, the Soveraignty of *Theſſalia* might run in his Reins, which was ever the higheſt aym of his ambition.

Having thus led my Hero through all difficulties, into the Throne, and layd him in the lap of Fortune, it may be expected, that to compleat his happineſs, I ſhould have placed him in the Arms of his beloved *Amphigenia*.

But they that know the tedious intricacy, and perplexing (but yet fidling) difficulty there is in getting the love of a Coy Miſtreſs, will I hope excuſe me, if I give my Pen a *quietus eſt*, after ſo long a Pilgrimage.

I

I esteem Ambition a more tolerable, and Masculine distraction than Love: And therefore I had rather place my Hero in the more noble embraces of Fortune, than in the soft Effeminate Arms of a Lady; about which, I have not impertinent thoughts enow to spend.

Possibly I may be also thought too hard-hearted, in leaving my other Lovers succourless in their miseries, and not leading them out of their Labyrinths, by the Threed of my discourse: But the vulgar Rule of *Romances* may salve all, That the Knight must kill the Gyant, and get the Lady.

And those that are not pleased with this Conclusion, let them throw away as many idle hours as I have done, and they may compleat that Story, which hath now quite jaded and dull'd my Pen.

Finis coronat Opus.

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